

THE BOOK OF SNOBS

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THE
BOOK OF SNOBS

ETC. ETC.

BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE,
1887

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE genus "Snob" formed the subject of the earliest of Mr. Thackeray's studies of character. When he was an undergraduate of Cambridge, in 1829, there appeared an unpretending little weekly periodical entitled "The Snob: a Literary and Scientific Journal," not "conducted by members of the University," to which Mr. Thackeray was a contributor; and it probably owed its name and existence to him. Each number contained only six pages, of a small octavo size, printed on tinted paper of different colours, green, pink, and yellow; and, as if to complete the eccentricity of the periodical, its price was twopence-halfpenny. "The Snob" had but a short life, only eleven numbers having been published; the first being dated April 9, 1829, and the last, June 18, of the same year.

In those contributions which appear to have been written by Mr. Thackeray, indications are discernible of the fine satiric humour with which he ridiculed vulgarity and pretension in "The Book of Snobs." But as the Publishers believe that the Author would not himself have wished such fugitive papers, hastily thrown off in sport for his own amusement, at an early period of his life, to be republished, none of them have been included in this volume.

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THE BOOK OF SNOBS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.



PREFATORY REMARKS.

[The necessity of a Work on Snobs, demonstrated from History, and proved by felicitous illustrations—I am the individual destined to write that work—My vocation is announced in terms of great eloquence—I show that the world has been gradually preparing itself for the WORK and the MAN—Snobs are to be studied like other objects of Natural Science, and are a part of the Beautiful (with a large B)—They persuade all classes—Affecting instance of Colonel Snobley]

WE have all read a statement (the authenticity of which I take leave to doubt entirely, for upon what calculations, I should like to know, is it founded?)—we have all, I say, been favoured by perusing a remark that when the times and necessities of the world call for a Man, that individual is found. Thus at the French Revolution (which the reader will be pleased to have introduced so early), when it was requisite to administer a corrective dose to the nation, Robespierre was found, a most foul and nauseous dose indeed, and swallowed eagerly by the patient, greatly to the latter's ultimate advantage thus, when it became necessary to kick John Bull out of America, Mr Washington stepped forward, and performed that job to satisfaction: thus, when the Earl of Aldborough was unwell, Professor Holloway appeared with his pills, and cured his lordship, as per advertisement, &c. &c. Numberless instances might be adduced to show that when a nation is in great want, the relief is at hand; just as in the Pantomime (that microcosm), where when *Clown* wants anything—a warming-pan, a pump-handle,

a goose, or a lady's tippet—a fellow comes sauntering out and boohied the side-scenes with the very article in question.

Again, when men commence an undertaking, they always are prepared to show that the absolute necessities of the world demanded its completion.—Say it is a railroad: the directors begin by stating that "A more intimate communication between Bathershins and Dorrynane Beg is necessary for the advancement of civilisation, and demanded by the multitudinous acclamations of the great Irish people." Or suppose it is a newspaper: the prospectus states that "At a time when the Church is in danger, threatened from without by savage fanaticism and miscreant unbelief, and undermined from within by dangerous Jesuitism and suicidal Schism, a Want has been universally felt—a suffering people has looked abroad—for an Ecclesiastical Champion and Guardian. A body of Prelates and Gentlemen have therefore stepped forward in this our hour of danger, and determined on establishing the *Beadle* newspaper," &c. &c. One or other of these points at least is incontrovertible: the public wants a thing, therefore it is supplied with it; or the public is supplied with a thing, therefore it wants it.

I have long gone about with a conviction on my mind that I had a work to do—a Work, if you like, with a great W; a Purpose to fulfil; a Chasm to leap into, like Curtius, horse and foot; a Great Social Evil to Discover and to Remedy. That Conviction Has Pursued me for Years. It has Dogged me in the Busy Street; Seated Itself By Me in The Lonely Study; Jugged My Elbow as it Lifted the Wine-cup at The Festive Board; Pursued me through the Maze of Rotten Row; Followed me in Far Lands. On Brighton's Shingly Beach, or Margate's Sand, the Voice Outpiped the Roaring of the Sea; it Nestled in my Nightcap, and It Whispers, "Wake, Slumberer, thy Work Is Not Yet Done." Last Year, By Moonlight, in the Colosseum, the Little Sedulous Voice Came To Me and Said, "Smith, or Jones" (The Writer's Name Is Neither Here, nor There), "Smith or Jones, my fine fellow, this is all very well, but you ought to be at home writing your great work on SNORS."

When a man has this sort of vocation it is all nonsense attempting to elude it. He must speak out to the nation; he must *unbarm* himself, as James would say, or choke and die.

"Mark to yourself," I have often mentally exclaimed to your humble servant, "the gradual way in which you have been prepared for, and are now led by an irresistible necessity to enter upon your great labour. First, the World was made: then, as a matter of course, Snobs, they existed for years and years, and were no more known than America. But presently, *indignus patet talis*,—the people became darkly aware that there was such a race. Not above five-and-twenty years since, a name, an expressive monosyllable, arose to designate that race. That name has spread over England like railroads subsequently, Snobs are known and recognised throughout an Empire on which I am given to understand the Sun never sets. *Punch* appears at the ripe season, to chronicle their history, and the individual comes forth to write that history in *Punch*."

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful, it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish; to track Snobs through history, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles, to sink shafts in society, and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snobbishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never have heard, "beating with equal foot at poor men's doors and kicking at the gates of Emperors." It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of Snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs: to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

When I was taking the waters at Bagnigge Wells and living at the "Imperial Hotel" there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so invulnerable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was Lieutenant Colonel Snobley, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustaches: he loped, drawled, and left the "r's" out of his words: he was always flourishing about, and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna that filled the room with an odour of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him

* These papers were originally published in that popular periodical.

exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first*: then I handed him the paper: then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily and—and use my fork in the light of a toothpick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four-pronged fork?



CHAPTER I.

The Snob playfully Dealt with.

THERE are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by positive such persons as are Snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness; and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting Colonel Snobley; viz., the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man who, dining in my company at the "Europa Coffee-house" (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples), ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honourable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in nowise affecting Mr.

Marrowfat's honour, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias—indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend was, in this instance, the Snob *relative*. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise. I have seen, at the hospitable board of H. I. H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden—(who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants)—I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely-beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the balls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the



right, your humble servant on the left, of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess Dei Spinachi—his lending me the £1700. I almost burst into tears with joy—my voice trembled with emotion. "George, my boy!" I exclaimed, "George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!"

Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, "*Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*" I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her Ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the Continent, where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

In this point—and in this only—I confess myself a member of the Silver-Fork School; and if this tale but induce one of my readers to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly, and ask, "Do I or do I not eat peas with a knife?"—to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example, these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be, I flatter myself it will be allowed that I, at least, am a moral man.

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and Heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever)

—if I should go to one of the tea-parties in a dressing-gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz. pumps, a gold waistcoat, a crush hat, a sham frill, and a white choker—I should be insulting society, and *eating peas with my knife*. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory Snob. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for their common comfort.

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate self-laudation consumedly: but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

Being at Constantinople a few years since—(on a delicate mission),—the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an *extra negotiator*--Leckerbiss Pasha of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer palace at Bujukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee, and the Russian agent, Count de Diddloff, on his dexter side. Diddloff is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain: he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation; but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is—or was, alas! for a bowstring has done for him—a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers, and had flaps of bread for plates; the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafoetida, capsicunis, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely; and pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel, would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I never shall forget the look of poor Diddloff, when his Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball, and exclaiming, "Buk Buk" (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received

it : he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and, seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he drank off nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him : he was carried away from the dining-room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer-house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, said "Bismillah," licked my lips with easy gratification, and, when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once, *and the Treaty of Kabobanople was signed.* As for Diddloff, all was over with *him* : he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir Roderick Murchison saw him, under the No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

The moral of this tale, I need not say, is, that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down, and to do so with a smiling face.



CHAPTER II.

The Snob Royal.

LONG since, at the commencement of the reign of her present Gracious Majesty, it chanced "on a fair summer evening," as Mr. James would say, that three or four young cavaliers were drinking a cup of wine after dinner at the hostelry called the "King's Arms," kept by Mistress Anderson, in the Royal village of Kensington. 'Twas a balmy evening, and the wayfarers looked out on a cheerful scene. The tall elms of the ancient gardens were in full leaf, and countless chariots of the nobility of England whirled by to the neighbouring palace, where princely Sussex (whose income latterly only allowed him to give tea-parties) entertained his Royal niece at a State banquet. When the caroches of the nobles had set down their owners at the banquet-hall, their varlets and servitors came to quaff a flagon of nut-brown ale in the "King's Arms" gardens hard by. We watched these fellows from our lattice. By Saint Boniface, 'twas a rare sight !

The tulips in Mynheer Van Dunck's gardens were not more gorgeous than the liveries of these pie-coated retainers. All the flowers of the field bloomed in their ruffled bosoms, all the hues of the rainbow glamed in their plush breeches, and the long-caned ones walked up and down the garden with that charming solemnity, that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which has always had a frantic fascination for us. The walk was not wide enough for them as the shoulder-knots strutted up and down it in canary, and crimson, and light blue.

Suddenly, in the midst of their pride, a little bell was rung, a side door opened, and (after setting down their Royal Mistress) Her Majesty's own crimson footmen, with epaulets and black plushes, came in.

It was pitiable to see the other poor Johns slink off at this arrival! Not one of the honest private Plushes could stand up before the Royal Flunkeys. They left the walk; they sneaked into dark holes and drank their beer in silence. The Royal Plush kept possession of the garden until the Royal Plush dinner was announced, when it retired, and we heard from the pavilion where they dined, conservative cheers, and speeches, and Kentish fires. The other Flunkeys we never saw more.

My dear Flunkeys, so absurdly conceited at one moment and so abject at the next, are but the types of their masters in this world. *He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob*—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.

And this is why I have, with the utmost respect, ventured to place The Snob Royal at the head of my list, causing all others to give way before him, as the Flunkeys before the Royal representative in Kensington Gardens. To say of such and such a Gracious Sovereign that he is a Snob, is but to say that His Majesty is a man. Kings, too, are men and Snobs. In a country where Snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us they have succeeded to admiration.

For instance, James I. was a Snob, and a Scotch Snob, than which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears to have had not one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains; but read what the great Divines and Doctors of England said about him! Charles II., his grandson, was a rogue, but not a Snob; whilst Louis XIV., his old squarctoes of a contemporary,—the

great worshipper of Bigwiggery—has always struck me as a most undoubted and Royal Snob.

I will not, however, take instances from our own country of Royal Snobs, but refer to a neighbouring kingdom, that of Brentford—and its monarch, the late great and lamented Gorgius IV.. With the same humility with which the footmen at the "King's Arms" gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the Brentford nation bent down and truckled before Gorgius, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. 'And it's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks' opinion of a gentleman, when they gave Gorgius such a title.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble? In a word, ought not the Biography of a First Gentleman in Europe to be of such a nature that it might be read in Young Ladies' Schools with advantage, and studied with profit in the Seminaries of Young Gentlemen? I put this question to all instructors of youth—to Mrs. Ellis and the Women of England; to all Schoolmasters, from Doctor Hawtrey down to Mr. Squeers. I conjure up before me an awful tribunal of youth and innocence, attended by its venerable instructors (like the ten thousand red-cheeked charity-children in Saint Paul's), sitting in judgment, and Gorgius pleading his cause in the midst. Out of Court, out of Court, fat old Florizel! Beadles, turn out that bloated pinple-faced man!—If Gorgius *must* have a statue in the new Palace which the Brentford nation is building, it ought to be set up in the Flunkeys' Hall. He should be represented cutting out a coat, in which art he is said to have excelled. 'He also invented Maraschino punch, a shoe-buckle (this was in the vigour of his youth, and the prime force of his invention), and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world. 'He could drive a four-in-hand very nearly as well as the Brighton coachman, could fence elegantly, and, it is said, played the fiddle well. And he smiled with such irresistible fascination, that persons who were introduced into his august presence became his victims, body and soul, as a rabbit becomes the prey of a great big boa constrictor.

I would wager that if Mr. Widdicomb were, by a revolution, placed on the throne of Brentford, people would be equally fascinated by his irresistibly majestic smile, and tremble as they knelt down to kiss his hand. If he went to Dublin they would erect an obelisk on the spot where he first landed, as the Paddylanders did when Gorgius visited them. We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty; and where the most famous man of the country—the Baron of Bradwardine—coming on board the Royal yacht, and finding a glass out of which Gorgius had drunk, put it into his coat-pocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the Baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat-tails very much; and the inestimable relic was lost to the world for ever. O noble Bradwardine! what old-world superstition could set you on your knees before such an idol as that?

If you want to moralise upon the mutability of human affairs, go and see the figure of Gorgius in his real identical robes, at the waxwork.—Admittance one shilling. Children and flunkys sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence.

CHAPTER III.

The Influence of the Aristocracy on Snobs.

LAST Sunday week, being at church in this city, and the service just ended, I heard two Snobs conversing about the Parson. One was asking the other who the clergyman was? "He is Mr. So-and-so," the second Snob answered, "domestic chaplain to the Earl of What-d'ye-call-'im." "Oh, is he?" said the first Snob, with a tone of indescribable satisfaction.—The Parson's orthodoxy and identity were at once settled in this Snob's mind. He knew no more about the Earl than about the Chaplain, but he took the latter's character upon the authority of the former; and went home quite contented with his Reverence, like a little truckling Snob.

This incident gave me more matter for reflection even than the sermon: and wonderment at the extent and prevalence of Lordolatry in this country. What could it matter to Snob whether his Reverence were chaplain to his Lordship or not?

What Peerage-worship there is all through this free country. How we are all implicated in it; and more or less down on our knees.—And with regard to the great subject on hand, I think that the influence of the Peerage upon Snobbishness has been more remarkable than that of any other institution. The increase, encouragement, and maintenance of Snobs are among the "priceless services," as Lord John Russell says, which we owe to the nobility.

It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich; or he jobs successfully in the aid of a Minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer who makes a



multitude of fees and ascends the bench; and the country rewards him for ever with a gold coronet (with more or less balls or leaves) and a title, and a rank as legislator. "Your merits are so great," says the nation, "that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool: we think your services so remarkable that he shall have the reversion of your

honours when death vacates your noble shoes. If you are poor, we will give you such a sum of money as shall enable you and the eldest-born of your race for ever to live in fat and splendour. It is our wish that there should be a race set apart in this happy country, who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all Government jobs and patronages. We cannot make all your dear children Peers—that would make Peerage common and crowd the House of Lords uncomfortably—but the young ones shall have everything a Government can give: they shall get the pick of all the places: they shall be Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old Lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill: they shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they

were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank—get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer, or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours.”

How can we help Snobbishness with such a prodigious national institution erected for its worship? How can we help cringing to Lords? Flesh and blood can't do otherwise. What man can withstand this prodigious temptation? Inspired by what is called a noble emulation, some people grasp at honours and win them: others, too weak or mean, blindly admire and grovel before those who have gained them; others, not being able to acquire them, furiously hate, abuse, and envy. There are only a few bland and not-in-the-least-conceited philosophers, who can behold the state of society, viz., Toadyism, organised:—base Man-and-Mammon worship, instituted by command of law:—Snobbishness, in a word, perpetuated,—and mark the phenomenon calmly. And of these calm moralists, is there one, I wonder, whose heart would not throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a couple of dukes down Pall Mall? No: it is impossible, in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a Snob.

On one side it encourages the commoner to be snobbishly mean, and the noble to be snobbishly arrogant. When a noble Marchioness writes in her travels about the hard necessity under which steamboat travellers labour of being brought into contact “with all sorts and conditions of people:” implying that a fellowship with God's creatures is disagreeable to her Ladyship, who is their superior:—when, I say, the Marchioness of — writes in this fashion, we must consider that out of her natural heart it would have been impossible for any woman to have had such a sentiment; but that the habit of truckling and cringing, which all who surround her have adopted towards this beautiful and magnificent lady,—this proprietor of so many black and other diamonds,—has really induced her to believe that she is the superior of the world in general: and that people are not to associate with her except awfully at a distance. I recollect being once at the city of Grand Cairo, through which a European Royal Prince was passing India-wards. One night at the inn, there was a great disturbance: a man had drowned himself in the

well hard by : all the inhabitants of the hotel came bustling into the court, and amongst others your humble servant, who asked of a certain young man the reason of the disturbance. How was I to know that this young gent was a prince ? He had not his crown and sceptre on : he was dressed in a white jacket and felt hat : but he looked surprised at anybody speaking to him : answered an unintelligible monosyllable, and—*beckoned his aide-de-camp to come and speak to me*. It is our fault, not that of the great, that they should fancy themselves so far above us. If you *will* fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you, depend upon it : and if you and I, my dear friend, had Kotow performed before us every day—found people whenever we appeared grovelling in slavish adoration, we should drop into the airs of superiority quite naturally, and accept the greatness with which the world insisted upon endowing us.

Here is an instance, out of Lord L.—'s travels, of that calm, good-natured, undoubting way in which a great man accepts the homage of his inferiors. After making some profound and ingenious remarks about the town of Brussels, his Lordship says : " Staying some days at the Hôtel de Belle Vue—a greatly overrated establishment, and not nearly so comfortable as the Hôtel de France—I made acquaintance with Dr. L.—, the physician of the Mission. He was desirous of doing the honour of the place to me, and he ordered for us a *dîner en gourmand* at the chief restaurateur's, maintaining it surpassed the Rocher at Paris. Six or eight partook of the entertainment, and we all agreed it was infinitely inferior to the Paris display, and much more extravagant. So much for the copy."

And so much for the gentleman who gave the dinner. Dr. L.—, desirous to do his Lordship " the honour of the place," feasts him with the best victuals money can procure—and my Lord finds the entertainment extravagant and inferior. Extravagant ! it was not extravagant to *him*. Inferior ! Mr. L.— did his best to satisfy those noble jaws, and my Lord receives the entertainment, and dismisses the giver with a rebuke. It is like a three-tailed Pasha grumbling about an unsatisfactory backsheesh.

But how should it be otherwise in a country where Lordolatry is part of our creed, and where our children are brought up to respect the " Peerage " as the Englishman's second Bible ?

CHAPTER IV.

The "Court Circular," and its Influence on Snobs.

EXAMPLE is the best of precepts; so let us begin with a true and authentic story, showing how young aristocratic snobs are reared, and how early their Snobbishness may be made to bloom. A beautiful and fashionable lady—(pardon, gracious madam, that your story should be made public; but it is so moral that it ought to be known to the universal world)—told me that in her early youth she had a little acquaintance, who is now indeed a beautiful and fashionable lady too. In mentioning Miss Snobky, daughter of Sir Snobby Snobky, whose presentation at Court caused such a sensation, need I say more?

When Miss Snobky was so very young as to be in the nursery regions, and to walk of early mornings in St. James's Park, protected by a French governess and followed by a huge hirsute flunkey in the canary-coloured livery of the Snobkys, she used occasionally in these promenades to meet with young Lord Claude Lollipop, the Marquis of Sillabub's younger son. In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the Snobkys suddenly determined upon leaving town. Miss Snobky spoke to her female friend and confidante. "What will poor Claude Lollipop say when he hears of my absence?" asked the tender-hearted child.

"Oh, perhaps he won't hear of it," answers the confidante.

"My dear, he will read it in the papers," replied the dear little fashionable rogue of seven years old. She knew already her importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-be genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square,—who have no more chance of consorting with a Snobky than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—yet watched the movements of the Snobkys with interest, and were glad to know when they came to London, and left it.

Here is the account of Miss Snobky's dress, and that of her mother, Lady Snobky, from the papers:—

"MISS SNOBKY:

"Habit de Cour, composed of a yellow nankeen illusion dress over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed en tablier, with bouquets of Brussels sprouts: the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco, and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head-dress, carrots and lappets.

"LADY SNOBKY.

"Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil, and red-tape. Bodice and under-dress of sky-blue velveteen, trimmed with bouffants and nœuds of bell-pulls. Stomacher, a muffin. Head-dress, a bird's nest, with a bird of paradise, over a rich brass knocker en ferfonnière. This splendid costume, by Madame Crinoline, of Regent Street, was the object of universal admiration."

This is what you read. Oh, Mrs. Ellis! Oh, mothers, daughters, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing which is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, &c., of Snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?

You stuff the little rosy foot of a Chinese young lady of fashion into a slipper that is about the size of a salt-cruet, and keep the poor little toes there imprisoned and twisted up so long that the dwarfishness becomes irremediable. Later, the foot would not expand to the natural size were you to give her a washing-tub for a shoe, and for all her life she has little feet, and is a cripple. Oh, my dear Miss Wiggins, thank your stars that those beautiful feet of yours—though I declare when you walk they are so small as to be almost invisible—thank your stars that society never so practised upon them; but look around and see how many friends of ours in the highest circles have had their *brains* so prematurely and hopelessly pinched and distorted.

How can you expect that those poor creatures are to move naturally when the world and their parents have mutilated them so cruelly? As long as a *Court Circular* exists, how the deuce are people whose names are chronicled in it ever to believe themselves the equals of the cringing race which daily reads that abominable trash? I believe that ours is the only country in the world now where the *Court Circular* remains in full

flourish—where you read, "This day His Royal Highness Prince Pattypan was taken an airing in his go-cart." "The Princess Pimminy was taken a drive, attended by her ladies of honour, and accompanied by her doll," &c. We laugh at the solemnity with which 'Saint Simon announces that *Sa Majesté se médicamente aujourd'hui*. Under our very noses the same folly is daily going on. That wonderful and mysterious man, the author of the *Court Circular*, drops in with his budget at the newspaper offices every night. I once asked the editor of a paper to allow me to lie in wait and see him.

I am told that in a kingdom where there is a German King-Consort (Portugal it must be, for the Queen of that country married a German Prince, who is greatly admired and respected by the natives), whenever the Consort takes the diversion of shooting among the rabbit-warrens of Cintra, or the pheasant-preserves of Mafra, he has a keeper to load his guns, as a matter of course, and then they are handed to the nobleman, his equerry, and the nobleman hands them to the Prince, who blazes away—gives back the discharged gun to the nobleman, who gives it to the keeper, and so on. But the Prince *won't take the gun from the hands of the loader*.

As long as this unnatural and monstrous etiquette continues, Snobs there must be. The three persons engaged in this transaction are, for the time being, Snobs.

1. The keeper—the least Snob of all, because he is discharging his daily duty; but he appears here as a Snob, that is to say, in a position of debasement, before another human being (the Prince), with whom he is only allowed to communicate through another party. A free Portuguese gamekeeper, who professes himself to be unworthy to communicate directly with any person, confesses himself to be a Snob.

2. The nobleman in waiting is a Snob. If it degrades the Prince to receive the gun from the gamekeeper, it is degrading to the nobleman in waiting to execute that service. He acts as a Snob towards the keeper, whom he keeps from communication with the Prince—a Snob towards the Prince, to whom he pays a degrading homage.

3. The King-Consort of Portugal is a Snob for insulting fellow-men in this way. There's no harm in his accepting the services of the keeper directly; but indirectly he insults the service

performed, and the two servants who perform it; and therefore, I say, respectfully, is a most undoubted, though Royal Sn-b.

And then you read in the *Diario do Governo*—"Yesterday, His Majesty the King took the diversion of shooting in the woods of Cintra, attended by Colonel the Honourable Whisker-ando Sombrero. His Majesty returned to the Necessidades to lunch, at," &c. &c.

Oh! that *Court Circular*! once more, I exclaim. Down with the *Court Circular*—that engine and propagator of Snob-bishness! I promise to subscribe for a year to any daily paper that shall come out without a *Court Circular*—were it the *Morning Herald* itself. When I read that trash, I rise in my wrath; I feel myself disloyal, a regicide, a member of the Calf's Head Club. The only *Court Circular* story which ever pleased me, was that of the King of Spain, who in great part was roasted, because there was not time for the Prime Minister to command the Lord Chamberlain to desire the Grand Gold Stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkys to request the Housemaid of Honour to bring up a pail of water to put His Majesty out.

I am like the Pasha of three tails, to whom the Sultan sends his *Court Circular*, the bowstring.

It *chokes* me. May its usage be abolished for ever.

CHAPTER V.

What Snobs admire.

Now let us consider how difficult it is even for great men to escape from being Snobs. It is very well for the reader, whose fine feelings are disgusted by the assertion that Kings, Princes, Lords, are Snobs, to say, "You are confessedly a Snob yourself. In professing to depict Snobs, it is only your own ugly mug which you are copying with a Narcissus-like conceit and fatuity." But I shall pardon this explosion of ill-temper on the part of my constant reader, reflecting upon the misfortune of his birth and country. It is impossible for *any* Briton, perhaps, not to be a Snob in some degree. If people can be convinced of this

fact, an immense point is gained, surely. If I have pointed out the disease, let us hope that other scientific characters may discover the remedy.

If you, who are a person of the middle ranks of life, are a Snob,—you whom nobody flatters particularly; you who have no toadies; you whom no cringing flunkeys or shopmen bow out of doors; you whom the policeman tells to move on; you who are jostled in the crowd of this world, and amongst the Snobs our brethren: consider how much harder it is for a man to escape who has not your advantages, and is all his life long subject to adulation; the butt of meanness: consider how difficult it is for the Snob's idol not to be a Snob.



As I was discoursing with my friend Eugenio in this impressive way, Lord Buckram passed us, the son of the Marquis of Bagwig, and knocked at the door of the family mansion in Red Lion Square. His noble father and mother occupied, as everybody knows, distinguished posts in the Courts of late Sovereigns. The Marquis was Lord of the Pantry, and her Ladyship, Lady of the Powder Closet to Queen Charlotte. Buck (as I call him, for we are very familiar) gave me a nod as he passed, and I proceeded to show Eugenio how it was impossible that this nobleman should not be one of ourselves, having been practised upon by Snobs all his life.

His parents resolved to give him a public education, and sent him to school at the earliest possible period. The Reverend

Otto Rose, D.D., Principal of the Preparatory Academy for young noblemen and gentlemen, Richmond Lodge, took this little Lord in hand, and fell down and worshipped him. He always introduced him to fathers and mothers who came to visit their children at the school. He referred with pride and pleasure to the most noble the Marquis of Bagwig, as one of the kind friends and patrons of his Seminary. He made Lord Buckram a bait for such a multiplicity of pupils, that a new wing was built to Richmond Lodge, and thirty-five new little white dimity beds were added to the establishment. Mrs. Rose used to take out the little Lord in the one-horse chaise with her when she paid visits, until the Rector's lady and the Surgeon's wife almost died with envy. His own son and Lord Buckram having been discovered robbing an orchard together, the Doctor flogged his own flesh and blood most unmercifully for leading the young Lord astray. He parted from him with tears. There was always a letter directed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Bagwig, on the Doctor's study table, when any visitors were received by him.

At Eton, a great deal of Snobbishness was thrashed out of Lord Buckram, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking tuft-hunters followed him. Young Cræsus lent him three-and-twenty brand-new sovereigns out of his father's bank. Young Snaily did his exercises for him, and tried "to know him at home;" but Young Bull licked him in a fight of fifty-five minutes, and he was caned several times with great advantage for not sufficiently polishing his master Smith's shoes. Boys are not *all* toadies in the morning of life.

But when he went to the University, crowds of toadies sprawled over him. The tutors toadied him. The fellows in hall paid him great clumsy compliments. The Dean never remarked his absence from Chapel, or heard any noise issuing from his rooms. A number of respectable young fellows (it is among the respectable, the Baker Street class, that Snobbishness flourishes, more than among any set of people in England)—a number of these clung to him like leeches. There was no end now to Cræsus's loans of money; and Buckram couldn't ride out with the hounds, but Snaily (a timid creature by nature) was in the field, and would take any leap at which his friend chose to ~~ride~~. Young Rose came up to the same college, having been

kept back for that express purpose by his father. He spent a quarter's allowance in giving Buckram a single dinner; but he knew there was always pardon for him for extravagance in such a cause; and a ten-pound note always came to him from home when he mentioned Buckram's name in a letter. What wild visions entered the brains of Mrs. Podge and Miss Podge, the wife and daughter of the Principal of Lord Buckram's College, I don't know, but that reverend old gentleman was too profound a flunkey by nature ever for one minute to think that a child of his could marry a nobleman. He therefore hastened on his daughter's union with Professor Crab.

When Lord Buckram, after taking his honorary degree (for Alma Mater is a Snob, too, and truckles to a Lord like the rest)—when Lord Buckram went abroad to finish his education, you all know what dangers he ran, and what numbers of caps were set at him. Lady Tcach and her daughters followed him, from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Baden-Baden; Miss Leggitt burst into tears before his face when he announced his determination to quit Naples, and fainted on the neck of her mamma; Captain Macdragon, of Macdragonstown, county Tipperary, called upon him to “explene his intintions with respect to his sishter, Miss Amalia Macdragon, of Macdragonstown,” and proposed to shoot him unless he married that spotless and beautiful young creature, who was afterwards led to the altar by Mr. Muff, at Cheltenham. If perseverance and forty thousand pounds down could have tempted him, Miss Lydia Crœsus would certainly have been Lady Buckram. Count Towrowski was glad to take her with half the money, as all the genteel world knows.

And now, perhaps, the reader is anxious to know what sort of a man this is who wounded so many ladies' hearts, and who has been such a prodigious favourite with men. If we were to describe him it would be personal. Besides, it really does not matter in the least what sort of man he is, or what his personal qualities are.

Suppose he is a young nobleman of a literary turn, and that he published poems ever so foolish and feeble, the Snobs would purchase thousands of his volumes: the publishers (who refused my *Passion-Flowers*, and my grand Epic at any price) would give him his own. Suppose he is a nobleman of a jovial turn, and has a fancy for wrenching off knockers, frequenting gin-

shops, and half-murdering policemen : the public will sympathise good-naturedly with his amusements, and say he is a hearty honest fellow. Suppose he is fond of play and the turf, and has a fancy to be a blackleg, and occasionally condescends to pluck a pigeon at cards : the public will pardon him, and many honest people will court him, as they would court a house-breaker if he happened to be a Lord. Suppose he is an idiot :



yet, by the glorious constitution, he is good enough to govern us. Suppose he is an honest high-minded gentleman : so much the better for himself. But he may be an ass, and yet respected ; or a ruffian, and yet be exceedingly popular ; or a rogue, and yet excuses will be found for him. Snobs will still worship him. Male Snobs will do him honour, and females look kindly upon him, however hideous he may be.

CHAPTER VI.

On some Respectable Snobs.

HAVING received a great deal of obloquy for dragging monarchs, princes, and the respected nobility into the Snob category, I trust to please everybody in the present chapter, by stating my firm opinion that it is among the *respectable* classes of this vast and happy empire that the greatest profusion of Snobs is to be

found. I pace down my beloved Baker Street (I am engaged on a life of Baker, founder of this celebrated street), I walk in Harley Street (where every other house has a hatchment), Wimpole Street, that is as cheerful as the Catacombs—a dingy Mausoleum of the genteel :—I rove round Regent's Park, where the plaster is patching off the housewalls ; where Methodist preachers are holding forth to three little children in the green enclosures, and puffy valetudinarians are cantering in the solitary mud :—I thread the doubtful zig-zags of Mayfair, where Mrs. Kitty Lorimer's brougham may be seen drawn up next door to old Lady Lollipop's beloved family coach ;—I roam through Belgravia, that pale and polite district, where all the inhabitants look prim and correct, and the mansions are painted a faint whity-brown ; I lose myself in the new squares and terraces of the brilliant brand-new Bayswater-and-Tyburn-Junction line ; and in one and all of these districts the same truth comes across me. I stop before any house at hazard, and say, "O house, you are inhabited—O knocker, you are knocked at—O undressed flunkey, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid—by Snobs." It is a tremendous thought that ; and it is almost sufficient to drive a benevolent mind to madness to think that perhaps there is not one in ten of those houses where the "Peerage" does not lie on the drawing-room table. Considering the harm that foolish lying book does, I would have all the copies of it burned, as the barber burned all Quixote's books of humbugging chivalry.



Look at this grand house in the middle of the square. The Earl of Loughcorrib lives there : he has fifty thousand a year. A *déjeuner dansant* given at his house last week cost, who knows how much ? The mere flowers for the room and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds. That man in drab trousers, coming crying down the steps, is a dun : Lord Loughcorrib has

ruined him, and won't see him : that is his Lordship peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy ways, Loughcorrib : thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality ; a rogue who passes forged notes upon society ;—but I am growing too eloquent.

You see that fine house, No. 23, where a butcher's boy is ringing the area-bell. He has three mutton-chops in his tray. They are for the dinner of a very different and very respectable family ; for Lady Susan Scrapper, and her daughters, Miss Scrapper and Miss Emily Scrapper. The domestics, luckily for them, are on board wages—two huge footmen in light blue and canary, a fat steady coachman who is a Methodist, and a butler who would never have stayed in the family but that he was orderly to General Scrapper when the General distinguished himself at Walcheren. His widow sent his portrait to the United Service Club, and it is hung up in one of the back dressing-closets there. He is represented at a parlour window with red curtains ; in the distance is a whirlwind, in which cannon are firing off ; and he is pointing to a chart, on which are written the words "Walcheren, Tobago."

Lady Susan is, as everybody knows by referring to the "British Bible," a daughter of the great and good Earl Bagwig before mentioned. She thinks everything belonging to her the greatest and best in the world. The first of men naturally are the Buckrams, her own race : then follow in rank the Scrapers. The General was the greatest general ; his eldest son, Scrapper Buckram Scrapper, is at present the greatest and best ; his second son the next greatest and best ; and herself the paragon of women.

Indeed, she is a most respectable and honourable lady. She goes to church of course : she would fancy the Church in danger if she did not. She subscribes to the church and parish charities ; and is a directress of many meritorious charitable institutions—of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, the Washerwomen's Asylum, the British Drummers' Daughters' Home, &c. &c. She is a model of a matron.

The tradesman never lived who could say that his bill was not paid on the quarter-day. The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence ; for while she walks out protected by John, that domestic has always two or three mendicancy tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all

London who gets her name more often printed for such a sum of money.

Those three mutton-chops which you see entering at the kitchen-door will be served on the family-plate at seven o'clock this evening, the huge footman being present, and the butler in black, and the crest and coat-of-arms of the Scrapers blazing everywhere. I pity Miss Emily Scraper—she is still young—young and hungry. Is it a fact that she spends her pocket-money on buns? Malicious tongues say so; but she has very little to spare for buns, the poor little hungry soul! For the fact is, that when the footmen, and the ladies'-maids, and the fat coach-horses, which are jobbed, and the six dinner-parties in the season, and the two great solemn evening-parties, and the rent of the big house, and the journey to an English or foreign watering-place for the autumn, are paid, my Lady's income has dwindled away to a very small sum, and she is as poor as you or I.

You would not think it when you saw her big carriage rattling up to the drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of her plumes, lappets, and diamonds, waving over her Ladyship's sandy hair and majestic hooked nose;—you would not think it when you hear "Lady Susan Scraper's carriage" bawled out at midnight so as to disturb all Belgravia;—you would not think it when she comes rustling into church, the obsequious John behind with the bag of Prayer-books. Is it possible, you would say, that so grand and awful a personage as that can be hard-up for money? Alas! so it is.

She never heard such a word as Snob, I will engage, in this wicked and vulgar world. And, O stars and garters! how she would start if she heard that she—she, as solemn as Minerva—she, as chaste as Diana (without that heathen goddess's unlady-like propensity for field-sports)—that she too was a Snob!

A Snob she is, as long as she sets that prodigious value upon herself, upon her name, upon her outward appearance, and indulges in that intolerable pomposity; as long as she goes parading abroad, like Solomon in all his glory; as long as she goes to bed—as I believe she does—with a turban and a bird of paradise in it, and a Court train to her night-gown; as long as she is so insufferably virtuous and condescending; as long as she does not cut at least one of those footmen down into mutton-chops for the benefit of the young ladies.

I had my notions of her from my old schoolfellow,—her son Sydney Scrapper—a Chancery barrister without any practice—the most placid, polite, and genteel of Snobs, who never exceeded his allowance of two hundred a year, and who may be seen any evening at the "Oxford and Cambridge Club," simpering over the *Quarterly Review*, in the blameless enjoyment of his half-pint of port.

CHAPTER VII.

On some Respectable Snobs.

LOOK at the next house to Lady Susan Scrapper's. The first mansion with the awning over the door; that canopy will be let down this evening for the comfort of the friends of Sir Alured and Lady S. de Mogyns, whose parties are so much admired by the public and the givers themselves.

Peach-coloured liveries laced with silver, and pea-green plush

inexpressibles, render the De Mogyns' flunkeys the pride of the ring when they appear in Hyde Park, where Lady de Mogyns, as she sits upon her satin cushions, with her dwarf spaniel in her arms, only bows to the very selectest of the genteel. Times are altered now with Mary Anne, or, as she calls herself, Marian de Mogyns.



She was the daughter of Captain Flack of the Rathdrum Fencibles, who crossed with his regiment over from Ireland to Caermarthenshire ever so many years ago, and defended Wales from

the Corsican invader. The Rathdrums were quartered at Pontydwlm, where Marian wooed and won her De Mogyns, a young banker in the place. His attentions to Miss Flack at a

race ball were such that her father said De Mogyns must either die on the field of honour, or become his son-in-law. He preferred marriage. His name was Muggins then, and his father—a flourishing banker, army contractor, smuggler, and general jobber—almost disinherited him on account of this connection. There is a story that Muggins the Elder was made a baronet for having lent money to a R-y-l p-rs-n-ge. I do not believe it. The R-y-l Family always paid their debts, from the Prince of Wales downwards.

Howbeit, to his life's end he remained simple Sir Thomas Muggins, representing Pontydwldm in Parliament for many years after the war. The old banker died in course of time, and, to use the affectionate phrase common on such occasions, "cut up" prodigiously well. His son, Alfred Smith Mogyns, succeeded to the main portion of his wealth, and to his titles and the bloody hand of his scutcheon. It was not for many years after that he appeared as Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth de Mogyns, with a genealogy found out for him by the Editor of "Fluke's Peerage," and which appears as follows in that work:—

"DE MOGYNS.—Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth, 2nd Baronet. This gentleman is a representative of one of the most ancient families of Wales, who trace their descent until it is lost in the mists of antiquity. A genealogical tree beginning with Shem is in the possession of the family, and is stated by a legend of many thousand years' date to have been drawn on papyrus by a grandson of the patriarch himself. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the immense antiquity of the race of Mogyns.

"In the time of Boadicea, Hogyn Mogyn, of the hundred Beeves, was a suitor and a rival of Caractacus for the hand of that Princess. He was a person gigantic in stature, and was slain by Suetonius in the battle which terminated the liberties of Britain. From him descended directly the Princes of Pontydwldm, Mogyn of the Golden Harp (see the 'Mabinogion' of Lady Charlotte Guest), Bogyn-Merodac-ap-Mogyn (the black fiend son of Mogyn), and a long list of bards and warriors, celebrated both in Wales and Armorica. The independent Princes of Mogyn long held out against the ruthless Kings of England, until finally Gam Mogyns made his submission to Prince Henry, son of Henry IV., and, under the name of Sir David Gam de Mogyns, was distinguished at the battle of Agincourt. From him the present Baronet is descended. (And here the descent follows in order until it comes to) Thomas

Muggins, first Baronet of Pontydwdlm Castle, for 23 years Member of Parliament for that borough, who had issue, Alured Mogyns Smyth, the present Baronet, who married Marian, daughter of the late General P. Flack, of Ballyflack, in the Kingdom of Ireland, of the Counts Flack of the H. R. Empire. Sir Alured has issue, Alured Caradoc, born 1819, Marian, 1811, Blanche Adeliza, Emily Doria, Adelaide Obleans, Katinka Ros-topchin, Patrick Flack, died 1809.

"Arms—a mullion garbled, gules, on a saltire reversed of the second. Crest—a tom-tit rampant regardant. MOTTO.—*Ung Roy ung Mogyns.*"

It was long before Lady de Mogyns shone as a star in the fashionable world. At first, poor Muggins was in the hands of the Flacks, the Clancys, the Tooles, the Shanahans, his wife's Irish relations; and whilst he was yet but heir-apparent, his house overflowed with claret and the national nectar, for the benefit of his Hibernian relatives. Tom Tufto absolutely left the street in which they lived in London, because he said "it was infected with such a confounded smell of whisky from the house of those *Iwish* people."

It was abroad that they learned to be genteel. They pushed into all foreign Courts, and elbowed their way into the halls of Ambassadors. They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized young lords travelling with their bear-leaders. They gave parties at Naples, Rome, and Paris. They got a Royal Prince to attend their *soirées* at the latter place, and it was here that they first appeared under the name of De Mogyns, which they bear with such splendour to this day.

All sorts of stories are told of the desperate efforts made by the indomitable Lady de Mogyns to gain the place she now occupies, and those of my beloved readers who live in middle life, and are unacquainted with the frantic struggles, the wicked teuds, the intrigues, cabals, and disappointments which, as I am given to understand, reign in the fashionable world, may bless their stars that they at least are not *fashionable* Snobs. The intrigues set afoot by the De Mogyns to get the Duchess of Buckskin to her parties, would strike a Talleyrand with admiration. She had a brain fever after being disappointed of an invitation to Lady Aldermanbury's *thé dansant*, and would have committed suicide but for a ball at Windsor. I have the following story from my noble friend Lady Clapperclaw herself.

Lady Kathleen O'Shaughnessy that was, and daughter of the Earl of Turfanthunder :—

"When that ojoue disguised Irishwoman, Lady Muggins, was struggling to take her place in the world, and was bringing out her hidjous daughter Blanche," said old Lady Clapperclaw—" (Marian has a hump-back and doesn't show, but she's the only lady in the family)—when that wretched Polly Muggins was bringing out Blanche, with her radish of a nose, and her carrots of ringlets, and her turnip for a face, she was most anxious—as her father had been a cow-boy on my father's land—to be patronised by us, and asked me point-blank, in the midst of a silence at Count Volauvent's, the French Ambassador's dinner, why I had not sent her a card for my ball ?

" 'Because my rooms are already too full, and your Ladyship would be crowded inconveniently,' says I ; indeed, she takes up as much room as an elephant : besides, I wouldn't have her, and that was flat.

"I thought my answer was a settler to her : but the next day she comes weeping to my arms—' Dear Lady Clapperclaw,' says she, ' it's not for *me* ; I ask it for my blessed Blanche ! a young creature in her first season, and not at your ball ! My tender child will pine and die of vexation. I don't want to come. I will stay at home to nurse Sir Alured in the gout. Mrs. Bolster is going, I know ; she will be Blanche's chaperon.'

" 'You wouldn't subscribe for the Rathdrum blanket and potato fund ; you, who come out of the parish,' says I, ' and whose grandfather, honest man, kept cows there.'

" 'Will twenty guineas be enough, dearest Lady Clapperclaw ?'

" 'Twenty guineas is sufficient,' says I, and she paid them ; so I said, ' Blanche may come, but not you, mind : ' and she left me with a world of thanks.

" 'Would you believe it ?—when my ball came, the horrid woman made her appearance with her daughter ! ' Didn't I tell you not to come ? ' said I, in a mighty passion. ' What would the world have said ? ' cries my Lady Muggins : ' my carriage is gone for Sir Alured to the Club ; let me stay only ten minutes, dearest Lady Clapperclaw.'

" 'Well, as you are here, madam, you may stay and get your supper,' I answered, and so left her, and never spoke a word more to her all night.

"And now," screamed out old Lady Clapperclaw, clapping her hands, and speaking with more brogue than ever, "what do you think, after all my kindness to her, the wicked, vulgar, odious, impudent upstart of a cowboy's granddaughter, has done?—she cut me yesterday in Hy' Park, and hasn't sent me a ticket for her ball to-night, though they say Prince George is to be there."

Yes, such is the fact. In the race of fashion the resolute and active De Mogyns has passed the poor old Clapperclaw. Her progress in gentility may be traced by the sets of friends whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She has struggled so gallantly for polite reputation that she has won it; pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced degree by degree.

Her Irish relations were first sacrificed; she made her father dine in the steward's room, to his perfect contentment; and would send Sir Alured thither likewise, but that he is a peg on which she hopes to hang her future honours; and is, after all, paymaster of her daughters' fortunes. He is meek and content. He has been so long a gentleman that he is used to it, and acts the part of governor very well. In the day-time he goes from the "Union" to "Arthur's," and from "Arthur's" to the "Union." He is a dead hand at piquet, and loses a very comfortable maintenance to some young fellows, at whist, at the "Travellers'."

His son has taken his father's seat in Parliament, and has of course joined Young England. He is the only man in the country who believes in the De Mogynses, and sighs for the days when a De Mogyns led the van of battle. He has written a little volume of spoony puny poems. He wears a lock of the hair of Laud, the Confessor and Martyr, and fainted when he kissed the Pope's toe at Rome. He sleeps in white kid-gloves, and commits dangerous excesses upon green tea.

CHAPTER VIII.

Great City Snobs.

THERE is no disguising the fact that this series of papers is making a prodigious sensation among all classes in this Empire. Notes of admiration (!), of interrogation (?), of remonstrance, approval, or abuse, come pouring into *Mr. Punch's* box. We have been called to task for betraying the secrets of three different families of De Mogyns; no less than four Lady Susan Scrapers have been discovered; and young gentlemen are quite shy of ordering half-a-pint of port and simpering over the *Quarterly Review* at the Club, lest they should be mistaken for Sydney Scraper, Esq. "What *can* be your antipathy to Baker Street?" asks some fair remonstrant, evidently writing from that quarter.

"Why only attack the aristocratic Snobs?" says one estimable correspondent: "are not the snobbish Snobs to have their turn?"—"Pitch into the University Snobs!" writes an indignant gentleman (who spelt *elegant* with two *l's*).—"Show up the Clerical Snob," suggests another.—"Being at Meurice's Hotel, Paris, some time since," some wag hints, "I saw Lord B. leaning out of the window with his boots in his hand, and bawling out, 'Garçon, cirez-moi ces bottes.' Oughtn't he to be brought in among the Snobs?"

No; far from it. If his Lordship's boots are dirty, it is because he is Lord B., and walks. There is nothing snobbish in having only one pair of boots, or a favourite pair; and certainly nothing snobbish in desiring to have them cleaned. Lord B., in so doing, performed a perfectly natural and gentlemanlike action; for which I am so pleased with him that I should like to have him designed in a favourable and elegant attitude, and put at the head of this Chapter in the place of honour. No, we are not personal in these candid remarks. As Phidias took the pick of a score of beauties before he completed a Venus, so have we to examine, perhaps, a thousand Snobs, before one is expressed upon paper.

Great City Snobs are the next in the hierarchy, and ought to be considered. But here is a difficulty. The great City Snob is commonly most difficult of access. Unless you are a capitalist, you cannot visit him in the recesses of his bank parlour

in Lombard Street. Unless you are a sprig of nobility there is little hope of seeing him at home. In a great City Snob firm there is generally one partner whose name is down for charities, and who frequents Exeter Hall; you may catch a glimpse of another (a scientific City Snob) at my Lord N——'s *soirées*, or the lectures of the London Institution; of a third (a City Snob of taste) at picture-auctions, at private views of exhibitions, or at the Opera or the Philharmonic. But intimacy is impossible, in most cases, with this grave, pompous, and awful being.

A mere gentleman may hope to sit at almost anybody's table—to take his place at my Lord Duke's in the country—to dance a quadrille at Buckingham Palace itself—(beloved Lady Wilhelmina Wagglewiddle! do you recollect the sensation we made at the ball of our late adored Sovereign Queen Caroline at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith?) but the City Snob's doors are, for the most part, closed to him; and hence all that one knows of this great class is mostly from hearsay.

In other countries of Europe, the Banking Snob is more expansive and communicative than with us, and receives all the world into his circle. For instance, everybody knows the princely hospitalities of the Scharlaschild family at Paris, Naples, Frankfort, &c. They entertain all the world, even the poor, at their *fêtes*. Prince Polonia, at Rome, and his brother, the Duke of Strachino, are also remarkable for their hospitalities. I like the spirit of the first-named nobleman. Titles not costing much in the Roman territory, he has had the head clerk of the banking-house made a Marquis, and his Lordship will screw a *bajocco* out of you in exchange as dexterously as any commoner could do. It is a comfort to be able to gratify such grantees with a farthing or two; it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good. The Polonias have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognisance (a mushroom *or* on an azure field) quartered in a hundred places in the city with the arms of the Colonnas and Dorias.

Our City Snobs have the same mania for aristocratic marriages. I like to see such. I am of a savage and envious nature,—I like to see these two humbugs which, dividing, as they do, the social empire of this kingdom between them, hate each other naturally, making truce and uniting, for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat, swelling with pride of race, the descendant of illustrious Norman robbers,

whose blood has been pure for centuries, and who looks down upon common Englishmen as a free-born American does on a nigger,—I like to see old Stiffneck obliged to bow down his head and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup of humiliation poured out by Pump and Aldgate's butler. "Pump and Aldgate," says he, "your grandfather was a bricklayer, and his hod is still kept in the bank. Your pedigree begins in a workhouse; mine can be dated from all the Royal palaces of Europe. I came over with the Conqueror; I am own cousin to Charles Martel, Orlando Furioso, Philip Augustus, Peter the Cruel, and Frederick Barbarossa. I quarter the Royal Arms of Brentford in my coat. I despise you, but I want money; and I will sell you my beloved daughter, Blanche Stiffneck, for a hundred thousand pounds, to pay off my mortgages. Let your son marry her, and she shall become Lady Blanche Pump and Aldgate."

Old Pump and Aldgate clutches at the bargain. And a comfortable thing it is to think that birth can be bought for money. So you learn to value it. Why should we, who don't possess it, set a higher store on it than those who do? Perhaps the best use of that book, the "Peerage," is to look down the list, and see how many have bought and sold birth,—how poor sprigs of nobility somehow sell themselves to rich City Snobs' daughters, how rich City Snobs purchase noble ladies—and so to admire the double baseness of the bargain.

Old Pump and Aldgate buys the article and pays the money. The sale of the girl's person is blessed by a Bishop at St. George's, Hanover Square, and next year you read, "At Roehampton, on Saturday, the Lady Blanche Pump, of a son and heir."

After this interesting event, some old acquaintance, who saw young Pump in the parlour at the bank in the City, said to him, familiarly, "How's your wife, Pump, my boy?"

Mr. Pump looked exceedingly puzzled and disgusted, and, after a pause, said, "*Lady Blanche Pump* is pretty well, I thank you."

"Oh, I thought she was your wife!" said the familiar brute, Snooks, wishing him good-bye; and ten minutes after, the story was all over the Stock Exchange, where it is told, when young Pump appears, to this very day.

We can imagine the weary life this poor Pump, this martyr,

to Mammon, is compelled to undergo. Fancy the domestic enjoyments of a man who has a wife who scorns him; who cannot see his own friends in his own house; who, having deserted the middle rank of life, is not yet admitted to the higher; but who is resigned to rebuffs and delay and humiliation, contented to think that his son will be more fortunate.

It used to be the custom of some very old-fashioned clubs in this city, when a gentleman asked for change for a guinea, always to bring it to him in *washed silver*: that which had passed immediately out of the hands of the vulgar being considered "as too coarse to soil a gentleman's fingers." So, when the City Snob's money has been washed during a generation



or so; has been washed into estates, and woods, and castles, and town-mansions, it is allowed to pass current as real aristocratic coin. Old Pump sweeps a shop, runs off messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. Pump the Second becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. Pump Tertius goes on with the bank; but his chief business in life is to become the father of Pump Quartus, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat, and takes his seat as Baron Pumpington, and his race rules hereditarily over this nation of Snobs.

CHAPTER IX.

On some Military Snobs.

As no society in the world is more agreeable than that of well-bred and well-informed military gentlemen, so, likewise, none is more insufferable than that of military Snobs. They are to be found of all grades, from the General Officer, whose padded old



breast twinkles over with a score of stars, clasps, and decorations, to the budding cornet, who is shaving for a beard, and has just been appointed to the Saxe-Coburg Lancers.

I have always admired that dispensation of rank in our

country, which sets up this last-named little creature (who was flogged only last week because he could not spell) to command great whiskered warriors, who have faced all dangers of climate and battle; which, because he has money to lodge at the agent's, will place him over the heads of men who have a thousand times more experience and desert: and which, in the course of time, will bring him all the honours of his profession, when the veteran soldier he commanded has got no other reward for his bravery than a berth in Chelsea Hospital, and the veteran officer he superseded has slunk into shabby retirement, and ends his disappointed life on a threadbare half-pay.

When I read in the *Gazette* such announcements as "Lieutenant and Captain Grig, from the Bombardier Guards, to be Captain, *vice* Grizzle, who retires," I know what becomes of the Peninsular Grizzle; I follow him in spirit to the humble country town where he takes up his quarters, and occupies himself with the most desperate attempts to live like a gentleman, on the stipend of half a tailor's foreman; and I picture to myself little Grig rising from rank to rank, skipping from one regiment to another, with an increased grade in each, avoiding disagreeable foreign service, and ranking as a colonel at thirty;—all because he has money, and Lord Grigsby is his father, who had the same luck before him. Grig must blush at first to give his orders to old men in every way his betters. And as it is very difficult for a spoiled child to escape being selfish and arrogant, so it is a very hard task indeed for this spoiled child of fortune not to be a Snob.

It must have often been a matter of wonder to the candid reader, that the army, the most enormous job of all our political institutions, should yet work so well in the field; and we must cheerfully give Grig, and his like, the credit for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it. The Duke's dandy regiments fought as well as any (they said better than any, but that is absurd). The great Duke himself was a dandy once, and jobbed on, as Marlborough did before him. But this only proves that dandies are brave as well as other Britons—as all Britons. Let us concede that the high-born Grig rode into the entrenchments at Sobraon as gallantly as Corporal Wallop, the ex-ploughboy.

The times of war are more favourable to him than the periods of peace. Think of Grig's life in the Bombardier Guards, or

the Jack-boot Guards ; his marches from Windsor to London, from London to Windsor, from Knightsbridge to Regent's Park ; the idiotic services he has to perform, which consist in inspecting the pipeclay of his company, or the horses in the stable, or bellowing out " Shoulder humps ! Carry humps ! " all which duties the very smallest intellect that ever belonged to mortal man would suffice to comprehend. The professional duties of a footman are quite as difficult and various. The red-jackets who hold gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street could do the work just as well as those vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little lieutenants, who may be seen sauntering about Pall Mall, in high-heeled little boots, or rallying round the standard of their regiment in the Palace Court, at eleven o'clock, when the band plays. Did the beloved reader ever see one of the young fellows staggering under the flag, or, above all, going through the operation of saluting it ? It is worth a walk to the Palace to witness that magnificent piece of tomfoolery.

I have had the honour of meeting once or twice an old gentleman, whom I look upon to be a specimen of army-training, and who has served in crack regiments, or commanded them, all his life. I allude to Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c. &c. His manners are irreproachable generally ; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough Snob.

A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old, and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere : his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes : he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses. He never read a book in his life, and, with his purple, old gouty fingers, still writes a school-boy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells filthy garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank

and his services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence ; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us, with a stupid and artless candour which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none : too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in the world. About Waterloo Place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

Lest it should be imagined that I am of so obstinate a misanthropic nature as to be satisfied with nothing, I beg (for the comfort of the forces) to state my belief that the army is not composed of such persons as the above. He has only been selected for the study of civilians and the military, as a specimen of a prosperous and bloated Army Snob. No ; when epaulets are not sold ; when corporal punishments are abolished, and Corporal Smith has a chance to have his gallantry rewarded as well as that of Lieutenant Grig ; when there is no such rank as ensign and lieutenant (the existence of which rank is an absurd anomaly, and an insult upon all the rest of the army), and should there be no war, I should not be disinclined to be a major-general myself.

I have a little sheaf of Army Snobs in my portfolio, but shall pause in my attack upon the forces till next week.



CHAPTER X.

Military Snobs.

WALKING in the Park yesterday with my young friend Tagg, and discoursing with him upon the next number of the Snob, at the very nick of time who should pass us but two very good specimens of Military Snobs,—the Sporting Military Snob, Captain Rag, and the "larking" or raffish Military Snob, Ensign Famish. Indeed, you are fully sure to meet them lounging on horseback, about five o'clock, under the trees by the Serpentine, examining critically the innuendoes of the flashy broughams which parade up and down "the Lady's Mile."

Tagg and Rag are very well acquainted, and so the former, with that candour inseparable from intimate friendship, told me his dear friend's history. Captain Rag is a small dapper North-country man. He went when quite a boy into a crack light cavalry regiment, and by the time he got his troop had cheated all his brother officers so completely, selling them lame horses for sound ones, and winning their money by all manner of strange and ingenious contrivances, that his Colonel advised him to retire; which he did without much reluctance, accommodating a youngster, who had just entered the regiment, with a glandered charger at an uncommonly stiff figure.



He has since devoted his time to billiards, steeple-chasing, and the turf. His headquarters are "Rummer's," in Conduit Street, where he keeps his kit; but he is ever on the move in the exercise of his vocation as a gentleman-jockey and gentleman-leg.

According to *Bell's Life*, he is an invariable attendant at all races, and an actor in most of them. He rode the winner at Leamington; he was left for dead in a ditch a fortnight ago at

Harrow ; and yet there he was, last week, at the Croix de Berny, pale and determined as ever, astonishing the *badands* of Paris by the elegance of his seat and the neatness of his rig, as he took a preliminary gallop on that vicious brute "The Disowned;" before starting for "the French Grand National."

He is a regular attendant at the Corner, where he compiles a limited but comfortable libretto. During the season he rides often in the Park, mounted on a clever, well-bred pony. He is to be seen escorting that celebrated horsewoman, Fanny Highflyer, or in confidential converse with Lord Thimblegrig, the eminent handicapper.

He carefully avoids decent society, and would rather dine off a steak at the "One Tun" with Sam Snaffle the jockey, Captain O'Rourke, and two or three other notorious turf robbers, than with the choicest company in London. He likes to announce at "Rummer's" that he is going to run down and spend his Saturday and Sunday in a friendly way with Hocus, the leg, at his little box near Epsom : where, if report speak true, many "rummish plants" are concocted.

He does not play billiards often, and never in public : but when he does play, he always contrives to get hold of a good flat, and never leaves him till he has done him uncommonly brown. He has lately been playing a good deal with Famish.

When he makes his appearance in the drawing-room, which occasionally happens at a hunt-meeting or a race-ball, he enjoys himself extremely.

His young friend is Ensign Famish, who is not a little pleased to be seen with such a smart fellow as Rag, who bows to the best turf company in the Park. Rag lets Famish accompany him to Tattersall's, and sells him bargains in horse-flesh, and uses Famish's cab. That young gentleman's regiment is in India, and he is at home on sick leave. He recruits his health by being intoxicated every night, and fortifies his lungs, which are weak, by smoking cigars all day. The policemen about the Haymarket know the little creature, and the early cabmen salute him. The closed doors of fish and lobster shops open after service, and vomit out little Famish, who is either tipsy and quarrelsome—when he wants to fight the cabmen ; or drunk and helpless—when some kind friend (in yellow satin) takes care of him. All the neighbourhood, the cabmen, the police, the early potato-men, and the friends in yellow satin, know the young

fellow, and he is called Little Bobby by some of the very worst reprobates in Europe.

His mother, Lady Fanny Famish, believes devoutly that Robert is in London solely for the benefit of consulting the physician ; is going to have him exchanged into a dragoon regiment, which doesn't go to that odious India ; and has an idea that his chest is delicate, and that he takes gruel every evening, when he puts his feet in hot water. Her Ladyship resides at Cheltenham, and is of a serious turn.

Bobby frequents the " Union-Jack Club " of course ; where he breakfasts on pale ale and devilled kidneys at three o'clock ; where beardless young heroes of his own sort congregate, and make merry, and give each other dinners ; where you may see half-a-dozen of young rakes of the fourth or fifth order lounging and smoking on the steps ; where you behold Slapper's long-tailed leggy mare in the custody of a red-jacket until the Captain is primed for the Park with a glass of curaçoa ; and where you see Hobby, of the Highland Buffs, driving up with Dobby, of the Madras Fusiliers, in the great banging, swinging cab, which the latter hires from Rumble of Bond Street.

In fact, Military Snobs are of such number and variety, that a hundred weeks of *Punch* would not suffice to give an audience to them. There is, besides the disreputable old Military Snob, who has seen service, the respectable old Military Snob, who has seen none, and gives himself the most prodigious martinet airs. There is the Medical-Military Snob, who is generally more outrageously military in his conversation than the greatest *sabreur* in the army. There is the Heavy-Dragoon Snob, whom young ladies admire, with his great stupid pink face and yellow moustaches—a vacuous, solemn, foolish, but brave and honourable Snob. There is the Amateur-Military Snob, who writes Captain on his card because he is a Lieutenant in the Bungay Militia. There is the Lady-killing Military Snob ; and more, who need not be named.

But let no man, we repeat, charge *Mr. Punch* with disrespect for the Army in general—that gallant and judicious Army, every man of which, from F. M. the Duke of Wellington, &c., downwards—(with the exception of H. R. H. Field-Marshal Prince Albert, who, however, can hardly count as a military man)—reads *Punch* in every quarter of the globe.

Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the

Army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language. And you who doubt if chivalry exists, or the age of heroism has passed by, think of Sir Henry Hardinge, with his son, "dear little Arthur," riding in front of the lines at Ferozeshah. I hope no English painter will endeavour to illustrate that scene; for who is there to do justice to it? The history of the world contains no more brilliant and heroic picture. No, no; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour, and describe them with such modest manliness—*such* are not Snobs. Their country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *Punch*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and says, Heaven save them!



CHAPTER XI.

On Clerical Snobs.

AFTER Snobs-Military, Snobs-Clerical suggest themselves quite naturally, and it is clear that, with every respect for the cloth, yet having a regard for truth, humanity, and the British public, such a vast and influential class must not be omitted from our notices of the great Snob world.

Of these Clerics there are some whose claim to snobbishness is undoubted, and yet it cannot be discussed here; for the same reason that *Punch* would not set up his show in a Cathedral, out of respect for the solemn service celebrated within. There are some places where he acknowledges himself not privileged to make a noise, and puts away his show, and silences his drum, and takes off his hat, and holds his peace.

And I know this, that if there are some Clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, "Fie upon them, fie upon them!" while, though the press is always ready to yell and beliove excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the many good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men, who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour.

My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same : and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the Church by going thither often.

But you who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings ; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside ; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious



alleys upon his sacred business ;—do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him.

Every man can do that. When old Father Noah was overtaken in his cups, there was only one of his sons that dared to make merry at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family. Let us too turn away silently, nor huzza like a parcel of school-boys because some big young rebel suddenly starts up and whops the schoolmaster.

I confess, though, if I had by me the names of those seven or eight Irish bishops, the probates of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals, and who died leaving behind them some two hundred thousand pounds apiece—I would like to put *them* up as patrons of my Clerical Snobs, and operate upon them as successfully as I see from the newspapers Mr. Eisenberg, Chiropodist, has lately done upon "His Grace the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Tapioca."

And I confess that when those Right Reverend Prelates come up to the gates of Paradise with their probates of wills in their hands, I think that their chance is . . . But the gates of Paradise is a far way to follow their Lordships; so let us trip down again, lest awkward questions be asked there about our own favourite vices too.

And don't let us give way to the vulgar prejudice, that clergymen are an overpaid and luxurious body of men. When that eminent ascetic, the late Sydney Smith—(by the way, by what law of nature is it that so many Smiths in this world are called Sydney Smith?)—lauded the system of great prizes in the Church,—without which he said gentlemen would not be induced to follow the clerical profession, he admitted most pathetically that the clergy in general were by no means to be envied for their worldly prosperity. From reading the works of some modern writers of repute, you would fancy that a parson's life was passed in gorging himself with plum-pudding and portwine; and that his Reverence's fat chaps were always greasy with the crackling of tithe pigs. Caricaturists delight to represent him so: round, short-necked, pimple-faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat, like a black-pudding, a shovel-hatted fuzz-wigged Silenus. Whereas, if you take the real man, the poor fellow's flesh-pots are very scantily furnished with meat. He labours commonly for a wage that a tailor's foreman would despise: he has, too, such claims upon his dismal income as most philosophers would rather grumble to meet; many tithes are levied upon *his* pocket, let it be remembered, by those who grudge him his means of livelihood. He has to dine with the Squire: and his wife must dress neatly; and he must "look like a gentleman," as they call it, and bring up his six great hungry sons as such. Add to this, if he does his duty, he has such temptations to spend his money as no mortal man could

withstand. Yes; you who can't resist purchasing a chest of cigars, because they are so good; or an ormolu clock at Howell and James's, because it is such a bargain; or a box at the Opera, because Lablache and Grisi are divine in the *Puritani*: fancy how difficult it is for a parson to resist spending a half-crown when John Breakstone's family are without a loaf; or "standing" a bottle of port for poor old Polly Rabbits, who has her thirteenth child; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little Bob Scarecrow, whose breeches are sadly out at elbows. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson.

But what is this? Instead of "showing up" the parsons, are we indulging in maudlin praises of that monstrous black-coated race? O saintly Francis, lying at rest under the turf; O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! O noble and dear old Elias! how should he who knows you not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever casts ridicule upon either!



CHAPTER XII.

On Clerical Snobs and Snobbishness.

"DEAR MR. SNOB," an amiable young correspondent writes, who signs himself Snobling, "ought the clergyman who, at the request of a noble Duke, lately interrupted a marriage ceremony between two persons perfectly authorised to marry, to be ranked or not among the Clerical Snobs?"

This, my dear young friend, is not a fair question. One of the illustrated weekly papers has already seized hold of the clergyman, and blackened him most unmercifully, by representing him in his cassock performing the marriage service. Let that be sufficient punishment; and, if you please, do not press the query.

It is very likely that if Miss Smith had come with a license to marry Jones, the parson in question, not seeing old Smith present, would have sent off the beadle in a cab to let the old gentleman know what was going on; and would have delayed

the service until the arrival of Smith senior. He very likely thinks it his duty to ask *all* marriageable young ladies, who come without their papa, why their parent is absent ; and, no doubt, *always* sends off the beadle for that missing governor.

Or, it is very possible that the Duke of Cœurdélion was Mr. What-d'ye-call-'im's most intimate friend, and has often said to him, "What-d'ye-call-'im, my boy, my daughter must never marry the Captiving. If ever they try at your church, I beseech you, considering the terms of intimacy on which we are, to send off Rattan in a hack-cab to fetch me."

In either of which cases, you see, dear Snobling, that though the parson would not have been authorised, yet he might have been excused for interfering. He has no more right to stop my marriage than to stop my dinner, to both of which, as a free-born Briton, I am entitled by law, if I can pay for them. But, consider pastoral solicitude, a deep sense of the duties of his office, and pardon this inconvenient, but genuine zeal.

But if the clergyman did in the Duke's case what he would *not* do in Smith's ; if he has no more acquaintance with the Cœurdélion family than I have with the Royal and Serene House of Saxe-Coburg Gotha,—*then*, I confess, my dear Snobling, your question might elicit a disagreeable reply, and one which I respectfully decline to give. I wonder what Sir George Tufto would say, if a sentry left his post because a noble lord (not in the least connected with the service) begged the sentinel not to do his duty.

Alas ! that the beadle who canes little boys and drives them out, cannot drive worldliness out too ; and what is worldliness but snobbishness ? When, for instance, I read in the newspapers that the Right Reverend the Lord Charles James administered the rite of confirmation to *a party of the juvenile nobility* at the Chapel Royal,—as if the Chapel Royal were a sort of ecclesiastical Almack's, and young people were to get ready for the next world in little exclusive genteel knots of the aristocracy, who were not to be disturbed in their journey thither by the company of the vulgar :—when I read such a paragraph as that (and one or two such generally appear during the present fashionable season), it seems to me to be the most odious, mean, and disgusting part of that odious, mean, and disgusting publication, the *Court Circular* ; and that snobbishness is therein carried to quite an awful pitch. What, gentle-

men, can't we even in the Church acknowledge a republic? There, at least, the Heralds' College itself might allow that we all of us have the same pedigree, and are direct descendants of Eve and Adam, whose inheritance is divided amongst us.

I hereby call upon all Dukes, Earls, Baronets, and other potentates, not to lend themselves to this shameful scandal and error, and beseech all Bishops who read this publication to take the matter into consideration, and to protest against the continuance of the practice, and to declare, "We *won't* confirm or christen Lord Tomnoddy, or Sir Carnaby Jenks, to the exclusion of any other young Christian;" the which declaration if their Lordships are induced to make, a great *lapis offensionis* will be removed, and the Snob Papers will not have been written in vain.

A story is current of a celebrated *nouveau-riche*, who having had occasion to oblige that excellent prelate the Bishop of Bullocksmithy, asked his Lordship, in return, to confirm his children privately in his Lordship's own chapel; which ceremony the grateful prelate accordingly performed. Can satire go farther than this? Is there, even in this most amusing of prints, any more *naïve* absurdity? It is as if a man wouldn't go to heaven unless he went in a special train, or as if he thought (as some people think about vaccination) Confirmation more effectual when administered at first hand. When that eminent person, the Begum Sumroo, died, it is said she left ten thousand pounds to the Pope, and ten thousand to the Archbishop of Canterbury,—so that there should be no mistake,—so as to make sure of having the ecclesiastical authorities on her side. This is only a little more openly and undisguisedly snobbish than the cases before alluded to. A well-bred Snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honours as a *parvenu* Snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them; and a high-born Marchioness or Duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds, as Queen Quashyboo, who sews a pair of epaulets on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

It is not out of disrespect to my "Peerage," which I love and honour (indeed, have I not said before, that I should be ready to jump out of my skin if two Dukes would walk down Pall Mall with me?)—it is not out of disrespect for the individuals, that I wish these titles had never been invented; but, consider, if there were no tree, there would be no shadow; and how much more

honest society would be, and how much more serviceable the clergy would be (which is our present consideration), if these temptations of rank and continual baits of worldliness were not in existence, and perpetually thrown out to lead them astray.

I have seen many examples of their falling away. When, for instance, Tom Sniffle first went into the country as Curate for Mr. Fuddlestone (Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone's brother), who resided on some other living, there could not be a more kind, hardworking, and excellent creature than Tom. He had his aunt to live with him. His conduct to his poor was admirable. He wrote annually reams of the best-intentioned and most vapid



sermons. When Lord Brandyball's family first came down into the country, and invited him to dine at Brandyball Park, Sniffle was so agitated that he almost forgot how to say grace, and upset a bowl of currant-jelly sauce in Lady Fanny Toffy's lap.

What was the consequence of his intimacy with that noble family? He quarrelled with his aunt for dining out every night. The wretch forgot his poor altogether, and killed his old nag by always riding over to Brandyball, where he revelled in the maddest passion for Lady Fanny. He ordered the neatest new clothes and ecclesiastical waistcoats from London; he appeared with corazza-shirts, lacquered boots, and perfumery; he bought

a blood-horse from Bob Toffy : was seen at archery meetings, public breakfasts,—actually at cover ; and, I blush to say, that I saw him in a stall at the Opera ; and afterwards riding by Lady Fanny's side in Rotten Row. He *double-barrelled* his name (as many poor Snobs do), and, instead of T. Sniffle, as formerly, came out, in a porcelain card, as Rev. T. D'Arcy Sniffle, Burlington Hotel.

The end of all this may be imagined : when the Earl of Brandyball was made acquainted with the curate's love for Lady Fanny, he had that fit of the gout which so nearly carried him off (to the inexpressible grief of his son, Lord Alicompayne), and uttered that remarkable speech to Sniffle, which disposed of the claims of the latter :—" If I didn't respect the Church, sir," his Lordship said, " by Jove, I'd kick you downstairs." His Lordship then fell back into the fit aforesaid ; and Lady Fanny, as we all know, married General Podager.

As for poor Tom, he was over head and ears in debt as well as in love : his creditors came down upon him. Mr. Hemp, of Portugal Street, proclaimed his name lately as a reverend outlaw ; and he has been seen at various foreign watering-places ; sometimes doing duty ; sometimes " coaching " a stray gentleman's son at Carlsruhe or Kissingen ; sometimes—must we say it?—lurking about the roulette-tables with a tuft to his chin.

If temptation had not come upon this unhappy fellow in the shape of Lord Brandyball, he might still have been following his profession, humbly and worthily. He might have married his cousin with four thousand pounds, the wine-merchant's daughter (the old gentleman quarrelled with his nephew for not soliciting wine-orders from Lord B. for him) : he might have had seven children, and taken private pupils, and eked out his income, and lived and died a country parson.

Could he have done better? You who want to know how great, and good, and noble such a character may be, read Stanley's " Life of Doctor Arnold."



CHAPTER XIII.

On Clerical Snobs.

AMONG the varieties of the Snob Clerical, the University Snob and the Scholastic Snob ought never to be forgotten : they form a very strong battalion in the black-coated army.

The wisdom of our ancestors (which I admire more and more every day) seemed to have determined that the education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost any man, armed with a birch and a regulation cassock and degree, might undertake the charge ; and many an honest country



gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes very good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him, and will not purchase a horse without the strongest warranty and the closest inspection ; but sends off his son, young John Thomas, to school without asking any questions about the Schoolmaster, and places the lad at Switchester College, under Dr. Block, because he (the good old English gentleman) had been at Switchester, under Dr. Buzwig, forty years ago.

We have a love for all little boys at school ; for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch* :—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read ! He will not have his young friends to be Snobs in the future,

or to be bullied by Snobs, or given over to such to be educated. Our connection with the youth at the Universities is very close and affectionate. The candid undergraduate is our friend. The pompous old College Don trembles in his common-room, lest we should attack him and show him up as a Snob.

When railroads were threatening to invade the land which they have since conquered, it may be recollected what a shrieking and outcry the authorities of Oxford and Elton made, lest the iron abominations should come near those seats of pure learning, and tempt the British youth astray. The supplications were in vain; the railroad is in upon them, and the old-world institutions are doomed. I felt charmed to read in the papers the other day a most veracious puffing advertisement headed, "To College and back for Five Shillings." "The College Gardens (it said) will be thrown open on this occasion; the College youths will perform a regatta; the Chapel of King's College will have its celebrated music;"—and all for five shillings! The Goths have got into Rome; Napoleon Stephenson draws his republican lines round the sacred old cities; and the ecclesiastical big-wigs who garrison them must prepare to lay down key and crosier before the iron conqueror.

If you consider, dear reader, what profound snobbishness the University System produced, you will allow that it is time to attack some of those feudal middle-age superstitions. If you go down for five shillings to look at the "College Youths," you may see one sneaking down the court without a tassel to his cap; another with a gold or silver fringe to his velvet trencher; a third lad with a master's gown and hat, walking at ease over the sacred College grass-plats, which common men must not tread on.

He may do it because he is a nobleman. Because a lad is a lord, the University gives him a degree at the end of two years which another is seven in acquiring. Because he is a lord, he has no call to go through an examination. Any man who has not been to college and back for five shillings, would not believe in such distinctions in a place of education, so absurd and monstrous do they seem to be.

The lads with gold and silver lace are sons of rich gentlemen, and called Fellow Commoners; they are privileged to feed better than the pensioners, and to have wine with their victuals, which the latter can only get in their rooms.

The unlucky boys who have no tassels to their caps, are called *sizars*—*servitors* at Oxford—(a very pretty and gentlemanlike title). A distinction is made in their clothes because they are poor; for which reason they wear a badge of poverty and are not allowed to take their meals with their fellow-students.

When this wicked and shameful distinction was set up, it was of a piece with all the rest—a part of the brutal, unchristian, blundering feudal system. Distinctions of rank were then so strongly insisted upon, that it would have been thought blasphemy to doubt them, as blasphemous as it is in parts of the United States now for a nigger to set up as the equal of a white man. A ruffian like Henry VIII. talked as gravely about the divine powers vested in him, as if he had been an inspired prophet. A wretch like James I. not only believed that there was in himself a particular sanctity, but other people believed him. Government regulated the length of a merchant's shoes as well as meddled with his trade, prices, exports, machinery. It thought itself justified in roasting a man for his religion, or pulling a Jew's teeth out if he did not pay a contribution, or ordered him to dress in a yellow gabardine, and locked him in a particular quarter.

Now a merchant may wear what boots he pleases, and has pretty nearly acquired the privilege of buying and selling without the Government laying its paws upon the bargain. The stake for heretics is gone; the pillory is taken down; Bishops are even found lifting up their voices against the remains of persecution, and ready to do away with the last Catholic Disabilities. Sir Robert Peel, though he wished it ever so much, has no power over Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's grinders, or any means of violently handling that gentleman's jaw. Jews are not called upon to wear badges: on the contrary, they may live in Piccadilly, or the Minories, according to fancy; they may dress like Christians, and do sometimes in a most elegant and fashionable manner.

Why is the poor College servitor to wear that name and that badge still? Because Universities are the last places into which reform penetrates. But now that she can go to College and back for five shillings, let her travel down thither.

CHAPTER XIV.

On University Snobs.

ALL the men of Saint Boniface will recognise Hugby and Crump in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and Crump is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University Snob.

At five-and-twenty, Crump invented three new metres, and



published an edition of an exceedingly improper Greek Comedy, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of Schnupfenius and Schnapsius. These services to religion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church, and he is now President of Saint Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

Crump thinks Saint Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President the highest in England. He expects the fellows and tutors to pay him the same sort of service that Cardinals pay to the Pope. I am sure Crawler would have no

objection to carry his trencher, or Page to hold up the skirts of his gown as he stalks into chapel. He roars out the responses there as if it were an honour to heaven that the President of Saint Boniface should take a part in the service, and in his own lodge and college acknowledges the Sovereign only as his superior.

When the allied monarchs came down, and were made Doctors of the University, a breakfast was given at Saint Boniface ; on which occasion Crump allowed the Emperor Alexander to walk before him, but took the *pas* himself of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher. He was going to put the Hetman Platoff to breakfast at a side-table with the under college tutors ; but he was induced to relent, and merely entertained that distinguished Cossack with a discourse on his own language, in which he showed that the Hetman knew nothing about it.

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Llama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge ; but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor ; and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady, whispers, "Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing ;" or "Gentlemen, the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down ;" or words to a similar effect.

To do Crump justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronises them than otherwise ; and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation :—"I was a Charity-boy," says he ; "see what I am now : the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world." The argument being, that this is a capital world for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

Hugby owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture, or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He

used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, cager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family; and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, "My Lord Duke." It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

When the late lamented Lord Glenlivat, who broke his neck at a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing Hugby's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the Reverend Mr. Hugby, when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's.

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to Lord Glenlivat's friend, Bob Tizzy, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the college pump-handle; filed St. Boniface's nose smooth with his face; carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacco-nests; painted the senior proctor's horse pea-green, &c. &c.; and Bob (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when Glenlivat nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful *jeu-d'esprit*, apologised to the tutor, and accepted the rustication.

Hugby cried when Glenlivat apologised: if the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue. "My Lord," said he, "in your conduct on this and all other occasions, you have acted as becomes a gentleman; you have been an honour to the University, as you will be to the peerage, I am sure, when the amiable vivacity of youth is calmed down, and you are called upon to take your proper share in the government of the nation." And when his Lordship took leave of the University, Hugby presented him

with a copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" (Hugby was once private tutor to the sons of the Earl of Muffborough), which Glenlivat presented in return to Mr. William Ramm, known to the fancy as the Tutbury Pet, and the sermons now figure on the boudoir-table of Mrs. Ramm, behind the bar of her house of entertainment, "The Game Cock and Spurs," near Woodstock, Oxon.



At the beginning of the long vacation, Hugby comes to town, and puts up in handsome lodgings near St. James's Square; rides in the Park in the afternoon; and is delighted to read his name in the morning papers among the list of persons present

at Muffborough House, and the Marquis of Farintosh's evening parties. He is a member of Sydney Scraper's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret.

Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when tavern doors open, whence issue little girls with great jugs of porter; when charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'tators; when Sheeny and Moses are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven Dials; when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down High Street,—sometimes, I say, you may see Hugby coming out of the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the curate himself, and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a house over which is inscribed, "Hugby, Haberdasher." It is the mother of the Rev. F. Hugby, as proud of her son in his white choker as Cornelia of her jewels at Rome. That is old Hugby bringing up the rear with the Prayer-books, and Betsy Hugby the old maid, his daughter,—old Hugby, Haberdasher and Churchwarden.

In the front room upstairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle; of the Earl of Muffborough, K.X., Lord-Lieutenant for Diddlesex; an engraving, from an almanac, of Saint Boniface College, Oxon; and a sticking-plaster portrait of Hugby when young, in a cap and gown. A copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" is on the book-shelf, by the "Whole Duty of Man," the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the "Oxford University Calendar." Old Hugby knows part of this by heart; every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow, nobleman, and undergraduate.

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders; but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

CHAPTER XV.

On University Snobs.

I SHOULD like to fill several volumes with accounts of various University Snobs ; so fond are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they. I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs : their amusements, habits, jealousies ; their innocent artifices to entrap



young men ; their picnics, concerts, and evening parties. I wonder what has become of Emily Blades, daughter of Blades, the Professor of the Mandingo language ? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sat in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catherine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar. Are you married, fair Emily of the shoulders ? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them !—what a waist !—what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown !—what a cameo, the size of a muffin ! There were thirty-six young men of the

University in love at one time with Emily Blades : and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep deep commiseration—the rage, fury, and uncharitableness, in other words—with which the Miss Trumps (daughters of Trumps, the Professor of Phlebotomy) regarded her, because she *didn't* squint, and because she *wasn't* marked with the small-pox.

As for the young University Snobs, I am getting too old, now, to speak of such very familiarly. My recollections of them lie in the far far past—almost as far back as Pelham's time.

We *then* used to consider Snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel ; who wore highlows and no straps ; who walked two hours on the Trumpington road every day of their lives ; who carried off the college scholarships, and who over-rated themselves in hall. We were premature in pronouncing our verdict of youthful Snobbishness. The man without straps fulfilled his destiny and duty. He eased his old governor, the curate in Westmoreland, or helped his sisters to set up the ladies' school. He wrote a "Dictionary," or a "Treatise on Conic Sections," as his nature and genius prompted. He got a fellowship : and then took to himself a wife, and a living. He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing to belong to the "Oxford and Cambridge Club ;" and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons. No, no, *he* is not a Snob. It is not straps that make the gentleman, or highlows that unmake him, be they ever so thick. My son, it is you who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pineapples and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret.

One looks back to what was called "a wine-party" with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinkin g bad wines, telling *bad* stories, singing bad songs over and over again. Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in, in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the gyp administering soda-water.

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, who prided themselves on giving *recherche* little French dinners. Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs.

There were what used to be called "dressy" Snobs:—Jimmy, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camellia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid-gloves twice a day;—Jessamy, who was conspicuous for his "jewellery,"—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirt-studs;—Jacky, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled,—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs.

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang: who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London coaches—a stage in and out—and might be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race or a boxing-match; and rode flat-races, and kept bull-terriers. Worse Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-foot ditch; but who hunted because Glenlivat and Cinqbars hunted. The Billiard Snob and the Boating Snob were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in universities.

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the spouting clubs, and who believed as a fact that Government always had an eye on the University for the selection of orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps Robespierre and the Koran, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world.

But the worst of all University Snobs are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. Smith becomes acquainted with great people at College, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. Jones has fine acquaintances, and lives after their fashion like a gay free-hearted fellow as he is, and ruins his father, and robs his sister's portion,

-and cripples his younger brother's outset in life, for the pleasure of entertaining my lord, and riding by the side of Sir John. And though it may be very good fun for Robinson to fuddle himself at home as he does at College, and to be brought home by the policeman he has just been trying to knock down—think what fun it is for the poor old soul his mother!—the half-pay captain's widow, who has been pinching herself all her life long, in order that that jolly young fellow might have a University education.

CHAPTER XVI.

On Literary Snobs.

WHAT will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies, indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to *gorger* his own flesh and blood?

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't Brutus chop his off-



spring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman; if the latter's death could do the State any service.

But the fact is, that in the literary profession **THERE ARE NO SNOBS.** Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to

each other. You *may*, occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother: but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend *Mr. Punch's* person, and say, *Mr. P.* has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the Apollo or Antinous, which we are accustomed to consider as our standards of beauty: does this argue malice on my part towards *Mr. Punch*? Not in the least. It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does his duty with the utmost gentleness and candour.

An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners

is always worth having, and I think, in this respect, the work of an eminent American, Mr. N. P. Willis, is eminently valuable and impartial. In his "*History of Ernest Clay*," a crack magazine-writer, the reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the great lion of society.

He takes the *pas* of dukes and earls; all the nobility crowd to



see him : I forget how many baronesses and duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heart-broken countesses and dear marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in *Punch*.

If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of Mrs. Barnaby ! What delightful good company do you meet with in Mrs. Armytage ! She seldom introduces you to anybody under a marquis ! I don't know anything more delicious than the pictures of genteel life in "Ten Thousand a Year," except perhaps the "Young Duke," and "Coningsby." There's a modest grace about *them*, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear sir,—to true blood.

And what linguists many of our writers are ! Lady Bulwer, Lady Londonderry, Sir Edward himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease which sets them far above their continental rivals, of whom not one (except Paul de Kock) knows a word of English.

And what Briton can read without enjoyment the works of James, so admirable for terseness ; and the playful humour and dazzling off-hand lightness of Ainsworth ? Among other humourists, one might glance at a Jerrold, the chivalrous advocate of Toryism and Church and State ; an à Beckett, with a lightsome pen, but a savage earnestness of purpose ; a Jeames, whose pure style, and wit unmingled with buffoonery, was relished by a congenial public.

Speaking of critics, perhaps there never was a review that has done so much for literature as the admirable *Quarterly*. It has its prejudices, to be sure, as which of us has not ? It goes out of its way to abuse a great man, or lays mercilessly on to such pretenders as Keats and Tennyson ; but, on the other hand, it is the friend of all young authors, and has marked and nurtured all the rising talent of the country. It is loved by everybody. There, again, is *Blackwood's Magazine*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire ; that review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners ; and, while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *beaux esprits* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable

contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *Athenæum* is well known; and the bitter wit of the too difficult *Literary Gazette*. The *Examiner* is perhaps too timid, and the *Spectator* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

Above all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession*. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If Jones dines with a lord, Smith never says Jones is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does Jones, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor Brown, the young penny-a-liner.

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign; and it is probable that towards the end of the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel.

They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are

generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know, am I to write about Literary Snobs?



CHAPTER XVII.

On Literary Snobs.

IN A LETTER FROM "ONE OF THEMSELVES" TO MR. SMITH,
THE CELEBRATED PENNY-A-LINER.

MY DEAR SMITH,—Of the many indignant remonstrants who have written regarding the opinion expressed in the last lecture, that there were no Snobs in the Literary Profession, I have thought it best to address you personally, and, through you, the many gentlemen who are good enough to point out instances of literary characters whom they are pleased to think have the best claim to the rank of Snob. "Have you read poor Theodore Crook's Life, as given in the *Quarterly*?" asks one; "and does any one merit the title of Snob more than that poor fellow?" "What do you say to Mrs. Cruor's novels, and Mrs. Wollop's works of fashionable fiction?" writes some misogynist. "Was not Tom Macau a Snob when he dated from Windsor Castle?" asks a third. A fourth—who is evidently angry on a personal matter, and has met with a slight from Tom Fustian since he has come into his fortune—begs us to show up that celebrated literary man. "What do you say to Crawley Spoker, the man who doesn't know where Bloomsbury Square is—the Marquis of Borgia's friend?" writes an angry patriot, with the Great Russell Street postmark. "What do you say to Bendigo de Minorities?" demands another curious inquirer.

I think poor Crook's Life a wholesome one. It teaches you not to put your trust in great people—in great, splendid, and titled Snobs. It shows what the relations between the poor Snob and the rich Snob are. Go to a great man's table, dear Smith, and know your place there. Cut jokes, make songs, grin and chatter for him as his monkey does, and amuse him, and eat your victuals, and elbow a Duchess, and be thankful, you rogue! Isn't it pleasant to read your name among the fashion-

ables in the papers?—Lord Hookham, Lord Charles Snivey, Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Cruor's works and Mrs. Wollop's novels are also wholesome, if not pleasant reading. For these ladies, moving at the tip-top of fashion, as they undoubtedly do, and giving accurate pictures of the genteel, serve to warn many honest people who might otherwise be taken in, and show fashionable life to be so utterly stupid, mean, tedious, drivelling, and vulgar, as to reconcile spirits otherwise discontented to mutton and Bloomsbury Square.

As for the Right Honourable Mr. Macau—I perfectly well recollect the noise which was made about that Right Honourable gentleman's audacity in writing a letter from Windsor Castle, and think—that he was a Snob for putting such an address to his letter?—No; only that the Public was a Snob for making such a pother about it,—the public—that looks at Windsor Castle with terror, and thinks it blasphemy to speak familiarly about it.

In the first place, Mr. Macau was there, and therefore could not be anywhere else. Why should he, then, being at one place, date his letter from any other? Then, I conceive, he has as good a right to be in Windsor Castle as the Royal Albert himself. Her Majesty (be it spoken with the respect that so awful a theme merits!) is the august housekeeper of that public residence. Part of her royal duty is a gracious hospitality and reception of the chief officers of the nation; therefore I opine that Mr. Macau had as good a right to his apartment at Windsor Castle as to his red box in Downing Street; and had no call to go to Windsor in secret, or to be ashamed of going thither, or to conceal his residence there.

As for honest Tom Fustian, who has cut "Libertas"—"Libertas" must suffer under the calamity—until Tom publishes another novel; about a month before which time, *Libertas*, as critic of the *Weekly Tomahawk*, will probably receive a most affectionate invitation to Fustianville Lodge. About this time Mrs. Fustian will call upon Mrs. *Libertas* (in her yellow chariot lined with pink, and a green hammercloth) and make the tenderest inquiries about the dear little children. All this is very well, but *Libertas* should understand his place in the world; an author is made use of when wanted, and then dropped; he must consent to mix with the genteel world upon these conditions, and Fustian

belongs to the world now that he has a yellow chariot and pink lining.

All the world cannot be expected to be so generous as the Marquis of Borgia, Spoker's friend. That *was* a generous and high-minded nobleman—a real patron if not of letters at least of literary men. My Lord left Spoker almost as much money as he left to Centsuisse, his valet—forty or fifty thousand pounds apiece to *both* of the honest fellows. And they deserved it. There are some things, dear Smith, that Spoker knows ; though he *doesn't* know where Bloomsbury Square is—and some very queer places too.

And, finally, concerning young Ben de Minories. What right have I to hold up that famous literary man as a specimen of the great Britannic Literary Snob? Mr. De Minories is not only a man of genius (as you are, my dear Smith, though your washer-woman duns you for her little bill), but he has achieved those advantages of wealth which you have not, and we should respect him as our chief and representative in the circles of the fashion. When the Choctaw Indians were here some time ago, who was the individual whose self and house were selected to be shown to those amiable foreigners as models of the establishment and the person of "an English gentleman"? Of all England, De Minories was the man that was selected by Government as the representative of the British Aristocracy. I know it's true. I saw it in the papers : and a nation never paid a higher compliment to a literary man.

And I like to see him in his public position—a quill-driver, like one of us—I like to see him because he makes our profession *respected*. For what do we admire Shakspeare so much as for his wondrous versatility? He must have *been* everything he describes : Falstaff, Miranda, Caliban, Marc Antony, Ophelia, Justice Shallow—and so I say De Minories must know more of politics than any man, for he has been (or has offered to be) everything. In the morning of life Joseph and Daniel were sponsors for the blushing young neophyte, and held him up at the font of freedom. It would make a pretty picture ! Circumstances occasioned him to quarrel with the most venerable of his godfathers, and to modify the opinions advanced on the generosity of his youth. Would he have disliked a place under the Whigs? Even with them, it is said, the young patriot was ready to serve his country. Where would Peel be now had he

known his value? I turn from the harrowing theme, and depict to myself the disgust of the Romans when Coriolanus encamped before the Porta del Popolo, and the mortification of Francis the First when he saw the Constable Bourbon opposite to him at Pavia. "Raro antecedentem, &c., deseruit pede Pœna claudo" (as a certain poet remarks); and I declare I know nothing more terrible than Peel, at the catastrophe of a sinister career—Peel writhing in torture, with Nemesis de Minorities down upon him!

I know nothing in Lemprière's Dictionary itself more terrific than that picture of godlike vengeance. What! Peel thought to murder Canning, did he? and to escape because the murder was done twenty years ago? No, no. What! Peel thought to repeal the Corn Laws, did he? In the first place, before Corn bills or Irish bills are settled let us know who was it that killed Lord George Bentinck's "relative"? Let Peel answer for that murder to the country, to the weeping and innocent Lord George, and to Nemesis de Minorities, his champion.

I call his interference real chivalry. I regard Lord George's affection for his uncle-in-law as the most elegant and amiable of the qualities of that bereaved young nobleman—and I am proud, dear Smith, to think that it is a man of letters who backs him in his disinterested feud; that if Lord George is the head of the great English country party, it is a man of letters who is viceroy over him. Happy country! to have such a pair of saviours. Happy Lord George! to have such a friend and patron—happy men of letters! to have a man out of their ranks the chief and saviour of the nation.



CHAPTER XVIII.

On some Political Snobs.

I DON'T know where the Snob-Amateur finds more specimens of his favourite species than in the political world. Whig Snobs, Tory and Radical Snobs, Conservative and Young England Snobs, Official and Parliamentary Snobs, Diplomatic Snobs, and About-the-Court Snobs present themselves to the imagination in numberless and graceful varieties, so that I scarcely know which to show up first.

My private friends are aware that I have an aunt who is a

Duchess, and, as such, Lady of the Powder-Closet ; and that my cousin, Lord Peter, is Pewter-Stick in Waiting and Groom of the Dust-Pan. Had these dear relatives been about to hold their positions, nothing would have induced me to be savage upon that dismal branch of the political Snobs to which they belong ; but her Grace and Lord Peter are going out with the present administration ; and perhaps it will alleviate the bitterness occasioned by their own resignation, if we have a little fun and abuse of their successors.

This is written before the Ministerial changes are avowed ; but I hear in the best society (indeed, Tom Spiffle told me at the Baron de Houndsditch's *dinner* at Twickenham last week) that Lionel Rampant succeeds to my cousin Peter's Pewter-Stick ; Toffy is next to certain of the Dust-Pan ; whilst the Powder-Closet has been positively promised to Lady Gules.

What the deuce can her ladyship want with such a place ? is a question which suggests itself to my simple mind. If I had thirty thousand a year, if I had gouty feet (though this is a profound secret), and an amiable epileptic husband at home like Lord Gules, and a choice of town and country houses, parks, castles, villas, books, cooks, carriages, and other enjoyments and amusements, would I become a sort-of-a-kind of a what-d'ye-call-'em—of an upper servant, in fact—to a personage ever so illustrious and beloved ? Would I forsake my natural rest, my home and society, my husband, family, and independence, to take charge of any powder-puff in any establishment ; to speak under my breath, to stand up for hours before any young prince, however exalted ? Would I consent to ride backwards in a carriage, when the delicacy of my constitution rendered that mode of transit peculiarly odious to me, because there was a scutcheon, surmounted by an imperial crown, on the panels, of which the chief was a field or with three lions gules ? No. I would yield in affection for my Institutions to none ; but I would cultivate my loyalty, and respect my Crown *de loin*. For, say what you will, there is always something ludicrous and mean in the character of a flunkey. About a neat-handed Phillis, who lays your table and brushes your carpet without pretension ; a common servant who brushes your boots and waits behind your chair in his natural and badly-made black coat, there is no absurdity or incongruity ; but when you get to a glorified flunkey in lace, plush, and aiguillettes, wearing a bouquet that nobody wears, a

powdered head that nobody wears, a gilt cocked-hat only fit for a baboon,—I say the well-constituted man can't help grinning at this foolish, monstrous, useless, shameful caricature of a man which Snobbishness has set up to worship it ; to straddle behind its carriage with preternatural calves ; to carry its prayer-book to church in a velvet bag ; to hand it little three-cornered notes, bowing solemnly over a silver tea-tray, &c. There is something shameful and foolish, I say, in John as at present constituted.

We can't be men and brothers as long as that poor devil is made to antic before us in his present fashion—as long as the unfortunate wretch is not allowed to see the insult passed upon him by that ridiculous splendour. This reform must be done. We have abolished negro slavery. John must now be *emancipated from plush*. And I expect that flunkeys unborn will thank and bless PUNCH ; and if he has not a niche beside William Wilberforce in the Palace of Westminster, at least he ought to have a statue in the waiting-room where the servants assemble.

And if John is ridiculous, is not a Pewter-stick in waiting? If John in his yellow plush inexpressibles dangling behind my lady's carriage, or sauntering up and down before Saint James's Palace while his mistress is spreading out her train at the Drawing-room is an object of the saddest contempt, poor fellow, of the most ludicrous splendour—one of the most insane and foolish live caricatures which this present age exhibits—is my Lord Peter the Pewter-Stick far behind him? And do you think, my dear sir, that the public will bear this kind of thing for many centuries longer? How long do you suppose Court Circulars will last, and those tawdry old-world humiliating ceremonials which they chronicle? When I see a body of befeaters in laced scarlet ; a parcel of tradesmen dressed up as soldiers, and calling themselves Gentlemen Pensioners, and what not ; a theatre manager (though this I acknowledge, by the way, is seldom enough) grinning before Majesty with a pair of candles, and walking backwards, in a Tom-Fool's coat, with a sword entangling his wretched legs ; a bevy of pompous officers of the household bustling and strutting and clearing the way—am I filled with awe at the august ceremony? Ought it to inspire respect? It is no more genuine than the long faces of mutes at a funeral—no more real than Lord George Bentinck's grief about Mr. Canning, let us say. What is it makes us all laugh at the picture in the last number which picture is alone worth the price of the volume), of " PUNCH

Presenting y^e Tenth Volume to y^e Queene"? The admirable manner in which the Gothic art and ceremony is ridiculed; the delightful absurdity and stiffness; the outrageous aping of decorum; the cumbrous ludicrous nonsensical splendour. Well; the real pageant is scarcely less absurd—the Chancellor's wig and mace almost as old and foolish as the Jester's cap and bauble. Why is any Chancellor, any Stage-Manager, any Pewter-Stick, any John called upon to dress himself in any fancy dress, or to wear any badge? I respect my Bishop of London, my Right Reverend Charles James, just as much since he left off a wig as I did when he wore one. I should believe in the sincerity of his piety, even though a John, in purple raiment (looking like a sort of half-pay Cardinal), *didn't* carry his lordship's prayer-books in a bag after him to the Chapel Royal; nor do I think Royalty would suffer, or Loyalty be diminished, if Gold, Silver, and Pewter-Sticks were melted, and if the *grandes charges à la Cour*—Ladies of the Powder-Closet, Mistresses of the Pattens, and the like, were abolished *in sæcula sæculorum*.

And I would lay a wager, that by the time PUNCH has published his eightieth volume, the ceremonies whereof we have here been treating will be as dead as the Corn Laws, and the nation will bless PUNCH and Peel for destroying both.



CHAPTER XIX.

On Whig Snobs.

WE don't know—we are too modest to calculate (every man who sends in his contributions to Mr. PUNCH's broad sheet is modest) the effect of our works, and the influence which they may have on society and the world.

Two instances—*à propos* of the above statement of opinion—occurred last week. My dear friend and fellow-contributor Jones (I shall *call* him Jones, though his patronymic is one of the most distinguished in this Empire) wrote a paper entitled "Black Monday," in which the claims of the Whigs to office were impartially set forth, and their title to heaven-born statesmanship rather sceptically questioned. The *sic vos non vobis* was Jones's argument. The Whigs don't roam the fields and buzz from flower to flower, as the industrious bees do; but they

take possession of the hives and the honey. The Whigs don't build the nests like the feathered songsters of the grove, but they come in for those nests and the eggs which they contain. They magnanimously reap what the nation sows, and are perfectly contented with their mode of practice, and think the country ought to love and admire them excessively for condescending to take advantage of its labour.

This was Jones's argument. "You let Cobden do all the work," says he, "and having done it, you appropriate the proceeds calmly to yourselves, and offer him a fifteenth-rate place in your sublime corps." Jones was speaking of the first and abortive attempt of the Whigs to take office last year: when they really offered Richard Cobden a place something better than that of a Downing Street messenger; and actually were good enough to propose that he should enjoy some such official dignity as that of carrying Lord Tom Noddy's red box.

What ensued last week, when Peel gave in his adhesion to Free Trade, and meekly resigning his place and emoluments, walked naked out of office into private life? John Russell and Company stepped in to assume those garments which, according to that illustrious English gentleman, the Member for Shrewsbury, the Right Honourable Baronet had originally "conveyed" from the Whigs, but which (according to Jones and every contributor to *Punch*) the Whigs themselves had abstracted from Richard Cobden, Charles Villiers, John Bright, and others, —what, I say, ensued? Dare you come forward, O Whigs? Jones exclaimed.—O Whig Snobs! I cry out with all my heart, you put Richard Cobden and his fellows into the rear rank, and claimed the victory which was won by other and better swords than your puny twiddling Court blades ever were! Do you mean to say that *you* are to rule; and Cobden is to be held of no account? It was thus that at a contest for Shrewsbury, more severe than any Mr. B. Disraeli ever encountered, one Falstaff came forward and claimed to have slain Hotspur, when the noble Harry had run him through. It was thus in France that some dandified representatives of the people looked on when Hoche or Bonaparte won the victories of the Republic.

What took place in consequence of *Punch's* remonstrance? *The Whigs offered a seat in the Cabinet to Richard Cobden.* With humble pride, I say, as a member of the *Punch* adminis-

tration, that a greater compliment was never offered to our legislative body.

And now with respect to my own little endeavour to advance our country's weal. Those who remember the last week's remarks on Political Snobs must recollect the similitude into which, perforce, we entered—the comparison of the British Flunkey with the Court Flunkey—the great official Household Snob. Poor John in his outrageous plush and cocked-hat, with his absurd uniform, facings, aiguillettes; with his cocked-hat, bag-wig, and powder; with his amazing nosegay in his bosom, was compared to the First Lord of the Dustpan, or the Head Groom of the Pantry, and the motto enforced on the mind was, “Am I not a man and a brother?”

The result of this good-humoured and elegant piece of satire is to be found in the *Times* newspaper of Saturday, the 4th July:—

“We understand that situations in the Household have been offered to his grace the Duke of Stilton, and his grace the Duke of Doublegloucester. Their graces have declined the honour which was proposed to them, but have nevertheless signified their intention of supporting publicly the new administration.”

Could a public writer have a greater triumph? I make no manner of doubt that the Duke's alluded to have, upon perusal and consideration of the last chapter of Snobs, determined that they will wear no livery, however august; that they will take no service, however majestic, but content themselves with the modesty of their independence, and endeavour to live reputably upon five hundred or a thousand pounds *per diem*. If *Punch* has been able to effect these reforms in a single week—to bring the great Whig party to acknowledge that there are, after all, as great, nay, better men than they in this wicked world—to induce the great Whig magnates to see that servitude—servitude to the greatest Prince out of the smallest and most illustrious Court in Deutschland—does not become their station,—why, we are barked of the best part of our article on Whig Snobs. The paper is already written.

Perhaps the race is extinct (or on the verge of extinction), with its progeny of puny philosophers, and dandy patriots, and polite philanthropists, and fond believers in House of Commons traditions. Perhaps My Lord and Sir Thomas will condescend, from their parks and halls, to issue manifestoes to the towns

and villages, and say, "We approve of the wishes of the people to be represented. We think that their grievances are not without foundation, and we place ourselves at their head in our infinite wisdom, in order to overcome the Tories, their enemies and our own." Perhaps, I say, the magnificent Whigs have at last discovered that without a regiment, volunteer officers, ever so bedizened with gold lace, are not particularly efficient; that without a ladder even the most aspiring Whigs cannot climb to eminence; that the nation, in a word, no more cares for the Whigs than it cares for the Stuart dynasty, or for the Heptarchy, or for George Canning, who passed away some few hundred years afterwards; or for any collapsed tradition. The Whigs? Charles Fox was a great man in his time, and so were the archers with their long-bows at Agincourt. But gunpowder is better. The world keeps moving. The great time-stream rushes onward; and just now a few little Whigging heads and bodies are bobbing and kicking on the surface.

My dearest friend, the period of submersion comes, and down they go, down among the dead men, and what need have we to act as humanity-men, and hook out their poor little bodies?

A paper about Whig Snobs is therefore absurd!

CHAPTER XX.

On Conservative or Country-Party Snobs.

IN the whole Court of King Charles there was no more chivalrous and loyal a Conservative than Sir Geoffrey Hudson, Knight; who, though not much bigger than a puppy dog, was as brave as the biggest lion, and was ready to fight anybody of any stature. Of the same valour and intrepidity was the ingenious hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha, who would level his lance, cry his war-cry, and gallop at a windmill, if he mistook it for a giant or any other nuisance; and though nobody ever said that the Don's wits were of the sound order—every one acknowledged his courage and constancy, his gentle bearing, and purity of purpose.

We all of us have a compassionate sweetness of temper for all half-witted persons—for all ludicrous poor dwarfs engaged in enterprises utterly beyond their ability; for all poor blind,

cracked, honest idiots, who fancy that they are heroes or commanders or emperors or champions—when they are only a little way removed from a strait-waistcoat, and barely tolerated at large.

In regard of Political Snobs, the more I consider them the more this feeling of compassion predominates, until, were all the papers upon Snobs to be written in the same key, we should have, instead of a lively and facetious series of essays, a collection that would draw tears even from undertakers, and would be about as jovial as Doctor Dodd's "Prison Thoughts" or Law's "Serious Call." We cannot afford (I think) to scorn and laugh at Political Snobs; only to pity them. There is Peel. If ever there was a Political Snob—a dealer in cant and commonplaces—an upholder of shams and a pompous declaimer of humbugs—Heaven knows *he* was a Snob. But he repents and shows signs of grace: he comes down on his knees and confesses his errors so meekly, that we are melted at once. We take him into our arms and say, "Bobby my boy, let bygones be bygones; it is never too late to repent. Come and join us, and don't make Latin quotations, or vent claptraps about your own virtue and consistency; or steal anybody's clothes any more." We receive him, and protect him from the Snobs, his ex-companions, who are howling without, and he is as safe in Judy's arms as in his mamma's.

Then there are the Whigs. They rejoice in power; they have got what they panted for—that possession in Downing Street for which, to hear some of them, you would have fancied they were destined by Heaven. Well—now they are in place—to do them justice they are comporting themselves with much meekness. They are giving a share of their good things to Catholics as well as Protestants. They don't say, "No Irish need apply," but enliven the Cabinet with a tolerable sprinkling of the brogue. Lord John comes before his constituents with a humble and



contrite air, and seems to say, "Gentlemen! Although the Whigs are great, there is something, after all, greater—I mean the People, whose servants we have the honour to be, and for whose welfare we promise to work zealously." Under such dispositions, who can be angry with Whig Snobs?—only a misanthropic ruffian who never took in a drop of the milk of human kindness.

Finally, there are the Conservative, or—as the poor devils call themselves now—the Country-Party Snobs. Can anybody be angry with *them*? Can any one consider Don Quixote an accountable being, or feel alarmed by Geoffrey Hudson's demeanour when he arms in a fury and threatens to run you through?

I had gone down last week (for the purpose of meditating, at ease and in fresh air, upon our great subject of Snobs) to a secluded spot called the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich, when, interrupted by the arrival of many scores of most wholesome-looking men, in red faces and the fairest of linen, I asked Augustus Frederick, the waiter, what this multitude was that was come down to create a scarcity amongst the whitebait? "Don't you know, sir?" says he; "it's THE COUNTRY-PARTY." And so it was. The real, original, unbending, no-surrender aristocrats; the men of the soil; our old old leaders; our Plantagenets; our Somersets; our Disraelis; our Hudsons; and our Stanleys. They have turned out in force, and for another struggle; they have taken "the Rupert of debate," Geoffrey Stanley, for leader, and set up their standard of "No Surrender" on Whitebait Hill.

As long as we have Cromwell and the Ironsides, the honest Country-Party are always welcome to Rupert and the Cavaliers. Besides, hasn't the member for Pontefract* come over to us? and isn't it all up with the good old cause now he has left it?

My heart then, far from indulging in rancour towards those poor creatures, indulged only in the softest emotions in their behalf; I blessed them as they entered the dinner-room by twos and threes, as they consigned their hats to the waiters with preternatural solemnity, and rushed in to conspire. Worthy, chivalrous, and mistaken Snobs, I said, mentally. "Go and reclaim your rights over bowls of water-soupy; up with your

* The late Lord Houghton, as Mr. Mouckton Milnes, was at this time member for Pontefract.

silver forks and chivalry of England, and pin to earth the manufacturing caitiffs who would rob you of your birthrights. Down with all Cotton-spinners! Saint George for the Country-Party! A Geoffrey to the rescue!" I respect the delusion of those poor souls. What! repeal the repeal of the Corn Laws? Bring us back the good old Tory times? No, no. Humpty-Dumpty has had a great fall, and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can't put Humpty-Dumpty straight again.

Let the honest creatures cry out "No Surrender!" and let us laugh as we are winning, and listen to them in good-humour. We know what "No Surrender" means—any time these fifteen



years. "It is the nature of the popular *bellua*," says the dear old *Quarterly Review*, with its usual grace and polite felicity of illustration, "never to be sated, and to increase in voracity and audacity by every sop that is thrown to it." Bit by bit, day by day, ever since the Reform Bill, the poor devils whom the old *Quarterly* represents have had to feed the popular *bellua*—as anybody may see who reads the periodical in question. "No Surrender!" bellows the *Quarterly*, but *Bellua* demands a Catholic Emancipation Act, and bolts it, and is not satisfied;—a Reform Act—a Corporation and Test Act—a Free-Trade Act—*Bellua* swallows all. O horror of horrors! O poor dear bewildered old *Quarterly*! O Mrs. Gamp! O Mrs. Harris!

When everything is given up, and while you are still shrieking "No Surrender!" *Bellua* will be hungry still, and end by swallowing up the Conservative party too.

And shall we be angry with the poor victim? Have you ever seen the *bellua* called a cat with a mouse in preserve? "No Surrender!" pipes the poor little long-tailed creature, scudding from corner to corner. *Bellua* advances, pats him good-humouredly on the shoulder, tosses him about quite playfully, and—gobbles him at the proper season.

Brother Snobs of England! That is why we let off the Conservative and Country-Party Snob so easily.



CHAPTER XXI.

Are there any Whig Snobs?

FORTUNATELY this is going to be quite a little chapter. I am not going, like Thomas of Finsbury, to put ugly questions to Government, or obstruct in any way the march of the great Liberal Administration. The best thing we can do is not to ask questions at all, but to trust the Whigs implicitly, and rely on their superior wisdom. They are wiser than we are. A kind Providence ordained that they should govern us, and endowed them with universal knowledge. Other people change their opinions: they never do. For instance, Peel avows that his opinions on the Corn Laws have gone right round—the Whigs have never changed; they have always held the Free-Trade doctrines; they have always been wise and perfect. We didn't know it: but it's the fact—Lord John says so. And the great Whig chiefs go down to their constituents, and congratulate themselves and the world that Commercial Freedom is the Law of the Empire, and bless Heaven for creating Whigs to expound this great truth to the world. Free Trade! Heaven bless you! the Whigs invented Free Trade—and everything else that ever *has* been invented. Some day or other—when the Irish Church goes by the board; when, perhaps, the State Church follows it; when Household Suffrage becomes an acknowledged truth; when Education actually does become National; when even the Five Points of Thomas of Finsbury come to be visible to the naked eye—you will see the Whigs always *were* advocates for

Household Suffrage; that *they* invented National Education; that *they* were the boys who settled the Church Question; and that they had themselves originated the Five Points, of which Feargus O'Connor was trying to take the credit. Where there's Perfection there can't be Snobbishness. The Whigs have known and done—know and do—will know and do—everything.

And again, you can't expect reasonably to find many Snobs among them. There are so few of them. A fellow who writes a book about the Aristocracy of England, and calls himself Hampden Junior (and who is as much like John Hampden as Mr. PUNCH is like the Apollo Belvedere), enumerates a whole host of trades, and names of Englishmen who have been successful in them; and finds that the aristocracy has produced—no good tin-men, let us say, or lawyers, or tailors, or artists, or divines, or dancers on the tight-rope, or persons of other callings; whereas out of the People have sprung numbers more or less who have distinguished themselves in the above professions. The inference of which is, that the aristocracy is the inferior, the people the superior race. This is rather hard of Hampden Junior, and not quite a fair argument against the infamous and idiotic aristocracy; for it is manifest that a lord cannot play upon the fiddle, or paint pictures by a natural gift and without practice; that men adopt professions in order to live, and if they have large and comfortable means of livelihood are, not uncommonly, idle. The sham Hampden, I say, does not consider that their lordships have no call to take upon themselves the exercise of the above-named professions; and, above all, omits to mention that the people are as forty thousand to one to the nobility; and hence, that the latter could hardly be expected to produce so many distinguished characters as are to be found in the ranks of the former.

In like manner (I am willing to confess the above illustration is confoundedly long, but in a work on Snobs a Radical Snob may have a passing word as well as another), I say, there can't be many Snobs among Whigs; there are so very few Whigs among men.

I take it, there are not above one hundred real downright live Whigs in the world—some five and twenty, we will say, holding office; the remainder ready to take it. You can't expect to find many of the sort for which we are seeking in such a small company. How rare it is to meet a real acknowledged Whig!

Do you know one? Do you know what it is to be a Whig? I can understand a man being anxious for this measure or that, wishing to do away with the sugar duties, or the corn duties, or the Jewish disabilities, or what you will; but in that case, if Peel will do my business and get rid of the nuisance for me, he answers my purpose just as well as anybody else with any other name. I want my house set in order, my room made clean; I do not make particular inquiries about the broom and the dust-pan.

To be a Whig you must be a reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe not only that the Corn Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be tranquil, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street; if the people will have reforms, why of course you can't help it; but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs', and that everything they give us is a blessing. When Lord John the other day blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us all how the Whigs had got the Corn Bill for us, I declare I think we both believed it. It wasn't Cobden and Villiers and the people that got it—it was the Whigs, somehow, that *outroyed* the measure to us.

They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There *is* what Thomas of Finsbury almost blasphemously called "A Whig Dodge,"—and beats all other dodges. I am not a Whig myself (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so, as to say I'm not King Pippin in a golden coach, or King Hudson, or Miss Burdett-Coutts)—I'm not a Whig; but, oh, how I should like to be one!



CHAPTER XXII.

On the Snob Civilian.

NOTHING can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will which has been exhibited by the Pekins of the public press, and a great body of Civilian Snobs in the country, towards the most beloved of our institutions; that Institution, the health of which is always drunk after the Church at public dinners—the

British Army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon Military Snobs—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the warlike Clubs, in messes, and other soldatesque societies; but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated Cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and Clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linendrapery line should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and bread and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter *their* shrill cries of horror at the account of the Floggings at Hounslow*—to suppose, I say, that society should make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much—the audacity of Civilian Snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the Pekins, and am authorised to say, after a conversation with Mr. PUNCH, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that *the Army must be protected*.

The answer which is always to be made to the Civilian Snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable,—He knows nothing about it. How the deuce can *you* speculate about the army, Pekin, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusee?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the military papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Ensign and Lieutenant Grigg of the Guards, Captain Famish of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their

* Much excitement had been caused by the death of a private of the 7th Hussars, in consequence of a severe flogging to which he was sentenced for striking his sergeant.

time is passed in laborious military studies ; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age? By the time Grigg is a Colonel (and, to be sure, knowledge grows much more rapidly in the Guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a Colonel at five-and-twenty), and Famish has reached the same rank—these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the army ; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they? These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn ; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent—Snobbish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier as Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington? If the Great Captain of the Age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have *you* to object? *You're* not flogged. You are a Pekin. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice ; to submit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you ; but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the Great Captain of the Age, would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the Chiefs of the army, and the Cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon in the Tower, along with the boots and the thumb screws of the Spanish Armada. But, say you, very likely the Great Captain of *his* Age, the Duke of Alva, might have considered thumb screws and boots just as necessary for discipline as the Cat is supposed to be now. Pekin ! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the Articles of War, and remember that the majority of officers of the British Army, from his grace down to Ensign Grigg, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane. When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the Cat over him, not only men, but officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible

spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature : yes ! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural : put a bayonet into a man's hand, he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman : very few men of their own natural choice would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as Colonel Whyte and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving-brush stuck by way of ornament in front ; the whole system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran : we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way Ensign Grigg, just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men ! There is as much social difference between Ensign Grigg and the big gladiator, as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of thousands of men eat, march, sleep, and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—Grigg and his clan riding by and superintending ; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it ; they are told to strip, and they do it ; or to flog, and they do it ; to murder or to be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and twopence a day for beer and tobacco. For nothing more :—no hope—no ambition—no chance for old days but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men, in time of war, when their labour is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery ! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed, that to cross it is next to a miracle. There was *one* Mameluke escaped when Mehemet Ali ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them ; so certainly a stray officer

or two *may* have come from the ranks, but he is a wonder. No ; such an Institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionably great. When the tipsy young Lieutenant of the 4th Dragoons cut at his Adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well ; when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the Great Captain of the Age, who pardoned the gentleman-offender. There must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilians, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, Mr. PUNCH declares, to be said to other great Commanders and Field-M Marshals besides the historic Conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven ! a Field-Marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august Family Field-Marshal, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak :-

"Your Royal Highness," we say, - "your Royal Highness (who has the ear of the Head of the Army), pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we intreat and implore that no English Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the Cat. Say, that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier ; and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if your Royal Highness Prince Albert will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say, that you will be the most beloved of Field-M Marshals, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people and the British army, than ever was rendered by any Field-Marshal since the days of Malbrook."

CHAPTER XXIII.

On Radical Snobs.

As the principles of *Punch* are eminently Conservative, it might be thought that anything we could say about Radical Snobs would bear an impress of prejudice and bigotry, and I had thought of letting off the poor Radical Snobs altogether; for persecution they had enough in former days, Heaven knows, when to be a Radical was to be considered a Snob, and every flunkey who could use his pen was accustomed to prate about "the great unwashed," and give himself airs at the expense of "the greasy multitude." But the multitude have the laugh on their side of late years, and can listen to these pretty jokes with good-humour.

Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snob. When a man preaches to you that all noblemen are tyrants, that all clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all capitalists are scoundrels banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression.

For instance, although I hate military flogging, as the most brutal and odious relic we have left of the wicked torturing old times, and have a private opinion that officers of crack dragoon regiments are not of necessity the very wisest of human creatures, yet when I see Quackley the Coroner giving himself sham airs of patriotism, and attacking the men for the crime of the system--(of which you and I are as much guilty as Colonel Whyte, unless we do our utmost to get it repealed).--I find myself led over to the browbeaten side, and inclined to take arms against Quackley. Yesterday, a fellow was bawling by my windows an account of the trial at Hounslow, and "the infamous tyranny of a brootle and savidge Kurnal, hall to be ad for the small charge of Won Apny." Was tha. fellow a Radical patriot, think you, or a Radical Snob? and which was it that he wanted--to put down flogging or to get money?

What was it that made Sir Robert Peel so popular of late days in the country? I have no question but that it was the attacks of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons. Now they have

left off abusing him, somehow we are leaving off loving him. Nay, he made a speech last week, about the immorality of lotteries and the wickedness of Art-Unions, which caused some kind friends to say—"Why, the man is just as fond of humbug and solemn cant as ever."

THIS is the use that Radical Snobs, or all political Snobs, are made for,—to cause honest folk to rally over to the persecuted side ; and I often think, that if the world goes on at its present rate—the people carrying all before them ; the aristocracy always



being beaten after the ignominious *simulacrum* of a battle ; the Church bowled down ; the revolution triumphant ; and (who knows ?) the monarchy shaken—I often think old PUNCH will find himself in opposition as usual, and deploring the good old days and the advent of Radicalism along with poor old Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris.

Perhaps the most dangerous specimen of the Radical Snob to be found in the three kingdoms is that branch of Snobs called Young Ireland, who have been making a huge pother within the

last fortnight, and who have found a good deal of favour in this country of late years.

I don't know why we have been so fond of this race : except that it wrote pretty poems, and murdered the Saxons in melodious iambs, and got a character for being honest somehow, in opposition to old Mr. O'Connell, to whom the English prejudice denied that useful quality. We are fond of anything strange here, and perhaps our taste is not very classical. We like Tom Thumb ; we like the Yankee melodists ; we like the American Indians ; and we like the Irish howl. Young Ireland has howled to considerable effect in this country ; and the "Shan Van Voght," and the "Men of '98," have been decidedly popular. If the O'Brien, and the O'Toole, and the O'Dowd, and the O'Whack, and the Mulholligan would take Saint James's Theatre, the war-cry of Aodh O'N'yal and the Battle of the Blackwater, and the Galloglass Chorus might bring in a little audience even in the hot weather.

But this I know, that if any party ever fulfilled the condition of Snobs, Young Ireland has. Is ludicrous conceit Snobbishness ? Is absurd arrogance, peevish ill-temper, utter weakness accompanied by tremendous braggadocio, Snobbishness ? Is Tibbs a Snob or not ? When the little creature threatens to thrash Tom Cribb ; and when Tom, laughing over his great broad shoulders, walks good-humouredly away, is Tibbs a Snob, who stands yelling after him and abusing him—or a hero, as he fancies himself to be ?

A martyr without any persecutors is an utter Snob ; a frantic dwarf who snaps his fingers (as close as he can lift them) under the nose of a peaceable giant, is a Snob ; and the creature becomes a most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin. Young Ireland shrieking piteously with nobody hurting him, or waving his battle-axed hand on his battlemented wall, and bellowing his war-cry of Bug-Abbo—and roaring out melodramatic tomfoolery—and fancying himself a champion and a hero, is only a ludicrous little humbug ; but when he finds people to believe his stories, that the liberated Americans are ready to rally round the green banner of Erin—that the battalions of France is hastening to succour the enemy of the Saxon, he becomes a Snob so dangerous and malevolent, that Mr. PUNCH loses his

usual jocularly in regarding him, and would see him handed over to proper authorities without any ill-timed compassion.

It was this braggart violence of soul that roused the Punchine wrath against Mr. O'Connell, when, mustering his millions upon the green hills of Erin, he uttered those boasts and menaces which he is now proceeding, rather demurely, to swallow. And as for pitying the Young Irelanders any longer because they are so honest, because they write such pretty verses, because they would go to the scaffold for their opinions—our hearts are not tender enough for this kind of commiseration. A set of young gentlemen might choose to publish a paper advocating arson, or pointing out the utility of murder—a regard for our throats and our property would lead us not to pity these interesting young patriots too tenderly; and we have no more love for young Ireland and her leaders and their schemes, than for regenerate England under the martyrs Thistlewood and Ings.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A little about Irish Snobs.

YOU do not, to be sure, imagine that there are no other Snobs in Ireland than those of the amiable party who wish to make pikes of iron railroads (it's a fine Irish economy), and to cut the throats of the Saxon invaders. These are of the venomous sort; and had they been invented in his time, St. Patrick would have banished them out of the kingdom along with the other dangerous reptiles.

I think it is the Four Masters, or else it's Olaus Magnus, or else it's certainly O'Neill Daunt, in the "Catechism of Irish History," who relates that when Richard the Second came to Ireland, and the Irish chiefs did homage to him, going down on their knees—the poor simple creatures!—and worshipping and wondering before the English king and the dandies of his Court, my lords the English noblemen mocked and jeered at their uncouth Irish admirers, mimicked their talk and gestures, pulled their poor old beards, and laughed at the strange fashion of their garments.

The English Snob rampant always does this to the present day. There is no Snob in existence, perhaps, that has such an indomitable belief in himself: that sneers you down all the rest

of the world besides, and has such an insufferable, admirable, stupid contempt for all people but his own—nay, for all sets but his own. "Gwacious Gad!" what stories about "the Iwish" these young dandies accompanying King Richard must have had to tell, when they returned to Pall Mall, and snoked their cigars upon the steps of "White's!"

The Irish snobbishness develops itself not in pride so much as in servility and mean admirations, and trumpery imitations of their neighbours. And I wonder De Tocqueville and De Beaumont, and the *Times* Commissioner, did not explain the Snobbishness of Ireland as contrasted with our own. Ours is that of Richard's Norman Knights, haughty, brutal, stupid, and perfectly self-confident;—theirs, of the poor, wondering, kneeling, simple chieftains. They are on their knees still before English fashion—these simple, wild people; and indeed it is hard not to grin at some of their *naïve* exhibitions.

Some years since when a certain great orator was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he used to wear a red gown and a cocked hat, the splendour of which delighted him as much as a new curtain-ring in her nose or a string of glass-beads round her neck charms Queen Quasheencaboo. He used to pay visits to people in this dress; to appear at meetings hundreds of miles off, in the red velvet gown. And to hear the people crying "Yes, me Lard!" and "No, me Lard!" and to read the prodigious accounts of his Lordship in the papers: it seemed as if the people and he liked to be taken in by this twopenny splendour. Twopenny



magnificence, indeed, exists all over Ireland, and may be considered as the great characteristic of the Snobbishness of that country.

When Mrs. Mulholligan, the grocer's lady, retires to Kingstown, she has "Mulholliganville" painted over the gate of her villa; and receives you at a door that won't shut, or gazes at you out of a window that is glazed with an old petticoat.

Be it ever so shabby and dismal, nobody ever owns to keeping a shop. A fellow whose stock in trade is a penny roll or a tumbler of lollipops, calls his cabin the "American Flour Stores," or the "Depository for Colonial Produce," or some such name.

As for Inns, there are none in the country; Hotels abound, as well furnished as Mulholliganville; but again there are no such people as landlords and landladies; the landlord is out with the hounds, and my Lady in the parlour talking with the Captain or playing the piano.

If a gentleman has a hundred a year to leave to his family they all become gentlemen, all keep a nag, ride to hounds, and swagger about in the "Phaynix," and grow tufts to their chins like so many real aristocrats.

A friend of mine has taken to be a painter, and lives out of Ireland, where he is considered to have disgraced the family by choosing such a profession. His father is a wine-merchant; and his elder brother an apothecary.

The number of men one meets in London and on the Continent who have a pretty little property of five-and-twenty hundred a year in Ireland is prodigious: those who *will* have nine thousand a year in land when somebody dies are still more numerous. I myself have met as many descendants from Irish kings as would form a brigade.

And who has not met the Irishman who apes the Englishman, and who forgets his country and tries to forget his accent, or to smother the taste of it, as it were? "Come dine with me, my boy," says O'Dowd of O'Dowdstown: "you'll *find us all English there*;" which he tells you with a brogue as broad as from here to Kingstown Pier. And did you never hear Mrs. Captain Macmanus talk about "I-ah-land," and her account of her "fawther's esteet?" Very few men have rubbed through the world without hearing and witnessing some of these Hibernian phenomena—these twopenny splendours.

And what say you to the summit of society—the Castle—with

sham king, and sham lords-in-waiting, and sham loyalty, and a sham Haroun Alraschid, to go about in a sham disguise, making-believe to be affable and splendid? That Castle is the pink and pride of Snobbishness. A *Court Circular* is bad enough, with two columns of print about a little baby that's christened—but think of people liking a sham *Court Circular*!

I think the shams of Ireland are more outrageous than those of any country. A fellow shows you a hill and says, "That's the highest mountain in all Ireland;" or a gentleman tells you he is descended from Brian Boroo, and has his five-and-thirty hundred a year; or Mrs. Macmanus describes her fawther's esteet; or ould Dan rises and says the Irish women are the loveliest, the Irish men the bravest, the Irish land the most fertile in the world: and nobody believes anybody—the latter doesn't believe his story nor the hearer:—but they make-believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug.

O Ireland! O my country! (for I make little doubt that I am descended from Brian Boroo too) when will you acknowledge that two and two make four, and call a pikestaff a pikestaff?—that is the very best use you can make of the latter. Irish Snobs will dwindle away then, and we shall never hear tell of Hereditary Bondsmen.



CHAPTER XXV.

Party-Giving Snobs.

OUR selection of Snobs has lately been too exclusively of a political character. "Give us private Snobs," cry the dear ladies. (I have before me the letter of one fair correspondent of the fishing village of Brighthelmstone in Sussex, and could her commands ever be disobeyed?) "Tell us more, dear Mr. Snob, about your experience of Snobs in society." Heaven bless the dear souls!—they are accustomed to the word now—the odious, vulgar, horrid, unpronounceable word slips out of their lips with the prettiest glibness possible. I should not wonder if it were used at Court amongst the Maids of Honour. In the very best society I know it is. And why not? Snobbishness is vulgar—the mere words are not: that which we call a Snob, by any other name would still be Snobbish.

Well, then. As the season is drawing to a close: as many

hundreds of kind souls, snobbish or otherwise, have quitted London; as many hospitable carpets are taken up; and window-blinds are pitilessly papered with the *Morning Herald*; and mansions once inhabited by cheerful owners are now consigned to the care of the housekeeper's dreary *locum tenens*—some mouldy old woman who, in reply to the hopeless clanging of the bell, peers at you for a moment from the area, and then slowly unbolting the great hall-door, informs you my Lady has left town, or that "the family's in the country," or "gone up the Rind,"—or what not: as the season and parties are over, why not consider Party-giving Snobs for a while, and review the



conduct of some of those individuals who have quitted the town for six months?

Some of those worthy Snobs are making-believe to go yachting, and, dressed in telescopes and pea-jackets, are passing their time between Cherbourg and Cowes; some living higgledy-piggledy in dismal little huts in Scotland, provisioned with canisters of portable soup, and fricandeaux hermetically sealed in tin, are passing their days slaughtering grouse on the

moors; some are dozing and bathing away the effects of the season at Kissingen, or watching the ingenious game of *trente-et-quarante* at Hombourg and Ems. We can afford to be very bitter upon them now they are all gone. Now there are no more parties, let us have at the Party-giving Snobs. The dinner-giving, the ball-giving, the *déjeuner*-giving, the *conversazione*-giving Snobs—Lord! Lord! what havoc might have been made amongst them had we attacked them during the plethora of the season! I should have been obliged to have a guard to defend me from fiddlers and pastrycooks, indignant at the abuse of their patrons. Already I'm told that, from some flippant and unguarded expressions considered derogatory to Baker Street and Harley Street, rents have fallen in these

respectable quarters ; and orders have been issued that at least Mr. Snob shall be asked to parties there no more. Well, then—now they are *all* away, let us frisk at our ease, and have at everything, like the bull in the china-shop. They mayn't hear of what is going on in their absence, and, if they do, they can't bear malice for six months. We will begin to make it up with them about next February, and let next year take care of itself. We shall have no more dinners from the dinner-giving Snobs : no more balls from the ball-givers : no more *conversaciones* (thank Mussy ! as Jeames says) from the *Conversazione* Snob : and what is to prevent us from telling the truth ?

The snobbishness of *Conversazione* Snobs is very soon disposed of : as soon as that cup of washy bohea that is handed to you in the tea-room ; or the muddy remnant of ice that you grasp in the suffocating scuffle of the assembly upstairs.

Good heavens ! What do people mean by going there ? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms ? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it ? After being rammed to a jelly in a doorway (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful) ; after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four hundredth time that night ; and, if she's *very* glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss ? I wouldn't kiss her for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted ? Am I ? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way ?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society ; whose dictates we all of us obey.

Well ; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Botibol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty, we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ("The Death-Shriek ;" "Dannens ;" "The Faggot of Joan of Arc ;" and "Translations from the German"—of course). The *conversazione*-women salute each other, calling each other "My dear Lady Ann" and "My dear good Eliza," and hating each other, as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronise her Fridays.

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax-candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call "the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps"—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. "The Great Cacafogo," Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by. "A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument—the Hetman Platoff's pianist, you know."

To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy ; a faint sprinkling of misses ; six moody-looking Lords, perfectly meek and solemn ; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery ; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons ; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione routés*, whom you meet everywhere—who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment ; the three last-caught lions of the season—Higgs the traveller, Biggs the novelist, and Toffey, who has come out so on the Sugar question ; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife ; and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes. *Que sais-je ?* Who are the owners of all those showy

scarfs and white neckcloths?—Ask little Tom Frig, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings in Jermyn Street, with his gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

You go up (with your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in a corner. "Oh, Mr. Snob, I'm afraid you're sadly satirical."

That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor Cacafofo is quavering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link boy, with that unnecessary lantern of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour's Lordship's cab.

And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Dining-out Snobs.

IN England Dinner-giving Snobs occupy a very important place in society, and the task of describing them is tremendous. There was a time in my life when the consciousness of having eaten a man's salt rendered me dumb regarding his demerits, and I thought it a wicked act and a breach of hospitality to speak ill of him.

But why should a saddle-of-mutton blind you, or a turbot and lobster-sauce shut your mouth for ever? With advancing age, men see their duties more clearly. I am not to be hoodwinked any longer by a slice of venison, be it ever so fat; and as for being dumb on account of turbot and lobster-sauce—of course I am: good manners ordain that I should be so, until I have swallowed the compound—but not afterwards; directly the

victuals are discussed, and John takes away the plate, my tongue begins to wag. Does not yours, if you have a pleasant neighbour?—a lovely creature, say, of some five-and-thirty, whose daughters have not yet quite come out—they are the best talkers. As for your young misses, they are only put about the table to look at—like the flowers in the centre-piece. Their blushing youth and natural modesty preclude them from that easy, confidential, conversational *abandon* which forms the



delight of the intercourse with their dear mothers. It is to these, if he would prosper in his profession, that the Dining-out Snob should address himself. Suppose you sit next to one of these, how pleasant it is, in the intervals of the banquet, actually to abuse the victuals and the giver of the entertainment! It's twice as *piquant* to make fun of a man under his very nose.

"What is a Dinner-giving Snob?" some innocent youth, who is not *répandu* in the world, may ask—or some simple reader who has not the benefits of London experience.

My dear sir, I will show you—not all, for that is impossible—but several kinds of Dinner-giving Snobs. For instance, suppose you, in the middle rank of life, accustomed to Mutton, roast on Tuesday, cold on Wednesday, hashed on Thursday, &c., with small means and a small establishment, choose to waste the

former and set the latter topsy-turvy by giving entertainments unnaturally costly—you come into the Dinner-giving Snob class at once. Suppose you get in cheap made-dishes from the pastrycook's, and hire a couple of greengrocers, or carpet-beaters, to figure as footmen, dismissing honest Molly, who waits on common days, and bedizen your table (ordinarily ornamented with willow-pattern crockery) with twopenny-half-penny Birmingham plate. Suppose you pretend to be richer

and grander than you ought to be—you are a Dinner-giving Snob. And oh, I tremble to think how many and many a one will read this !

A man who entertains in this way—and, alas, how few do not !—is like a fellow who would borrow his neighbour's coat to make a show in, or a lady who flaunts in the diamonds from next door—a humbug, in a word, and amongst the Snobs he must be set-down.

A man who goes out of his natural sphere of society to ask Lords, Generals, Aldermen, and other persons of fashion, but is niggardly of his hospitality towards his own equals, is a Dinner-giving Snob. My dear friend, Jack Tufthunt, for example, knows *one* Lord whom he met at a watering-place : old Lord Mumble, who is as toothless as a three-months'-old baby, and as mum as an undertaker, and as dull as—well, we will not particularise. Tufthunt never has a dinner now but you see this solemn old toothless patrician at the right hand of Mrs. Tufthunt—Tufthunt is a Dinner-giving Snob.

Old Livermore, old Soy, old Chutney the East Indian Director, old Cutler the Surgeon, &c.,—that society of old fogies, in fine, who give each other dinners round and round, and dine for the mere purpose of guttling—these, again, are Dinner-giving Snobs.

Again, my friend Lady MacScrew, who has three grenadier funkeys in lace round the table, and serves up a scrag-of-mutton on silver, and dribbles you out bad sherry and port by thimblefuls, is a Dinner-giving Snob of the other sort ; and I confess, for my part, I would rather dine with old Livermore or old Soy than with her Ladyship.

Stinginess is snobbish. Ostentation is snobbish. Too great profusion is snobbish. Tuft-hunting is snobbish. But I own there are people more snobbish than all those whose defects are above mentioned : viz., those individuals who can, and don't give dinners at all. The man without hospitality shall never sit *sub isdem trabibus* with me. Let the sordid wretch go mumble his bone alone !

What, again, is true hospitality ? Alas, my dear friends and brother Snobs ! how little do we meet of it after all ! Are the motives *pure* which induce your friends to ask you to dinner ? This has often come across me. Does your entertainer want something from you ? For instance, I am not of a suspicious

turn ; but it *is* a fact that when Hookey is bringing out a new work, he asks the critics all round to dinner ; that when Walker has got his picture ready for the exhibition, he somehow grows exceedingly hospitable, and has his friends of the press to a quiet cutlet and a glass of Sillery. Old Hunks the miser, who died lately (leaving his money to his housekeeper) lived many years on the fat of the land, by simply taking down, at all his friends', the names and Christian names of *all the children*. But though you may have your own opinion about the hospitality of your acquaintances ; and though men who ask you from sordid motives are most decidedly Dinner-giving Snobs, it is best not to inquire into their motives too keenly. Be not too curious about the mouth of a gift-horse. After all, a man does not intend to insult you by asking you to dinner.

Though, for that matter, I know some characters about town who actually consider themselves injured and insulted if the dinner or the company is not to their liking. There is Guttleton, who dines at home off a shilling's-worth of beef from the cook-shop ; but if he is asked to dine at a house where there are not peas at the end of May, or cucumbers in March along with the turbot, thinks himself insulted by being invited. " Good Ged ! " says he, " what the deuce do the Forkers mean by asking *me* to a family dinner ? I can get mutton at home ; " or, " What infernal impertinence it is of the Spooners to get *entrées* from the pastrycook's, and fancy that I am to be deceived with their stories about their French cook ! " Then, again, there is Jack Puddington—I saw that honest fellow t'other day quite in a rage, because, as chance would have it, Sir John Carver asked him to meet the very same party he had met at Colonel Cramley's the day before, and he had not got up a new set of stories to entertain them. Poor Dinner-giving Snobs ! you don't know what small thanks you get for all your pains and money ! How we Dining-out Snobs sneer at your cookery, and pooh-pooh your old hock, and are incredulous about your four-and-six-penny champagne, and know that the side-dishes of to-day are *réchauffés* from the dinner of yesterday, and mark how certain dishes are whisked off the table untasted, so that they may figure at the banquet to-morrow. Whenever, for my part, I see the head man particularly anxious to *escamoter* a fricandeau or a blanc-manger, I always call out, and insist upon massacring it with a spoon. All this sort of conduct makes one popular with

the Dinner-giving Snobs. One friend of mine, I know, has made a prodigious sensation in good society, by announcing *à propos* of certain dishes when offered to him, that he never eats aspic except at Lord Tittup's, and that Lady Jiminy's *chef* is the only man in London who knows how to dress—*Filet en serpenté*—or *Suprême de volaille aux truffes*.



CHAPTER XXVII.

Dinner-giving Snobs further considered.

IF my friends would but follow the present prevailing fashion, I think they ought to give me a testimonial for the paper on Dinner-giving Snobs, which I am now writing. What do you say now to a handsome comfortable dinner-service of plate (*not* including plates, for I hold silver plates to be sheer wantonness, and would almost as soon think of silver tea-cups), a couple of neat teapots, a coffee-pot, trays, &c., with a little inscription to my wife, Mrs. Snob; and a half-score of silver tankards for the little Snoblings, to glitter on the homely table where they partake of their quotidian mutton?

If I had my way, and my plans could be carried out, dinner-giving would increase as much on the one hand as dinner-giving Snobbishness would diminish:—to my mind the most amiable part of the work lately published by my esteemed friend (if upon a very brief acquaintance he will allow me to call him so), Alexis Soyer, the Regenerator—what he (in his noble style) would call the most succulent, savoury, and elegant passages—are those which relate, not to the grand banquets and ceremonial dinners, but to his “dinner at home.”

The “dinner at home” ought to be the centre of the whole system of dinner-giving. Your usual style of meal—that is, plentiful, comfortable, and in its perfection—should be that to which you welcome your friends, as it is that of which you partake yourself.

For, towards what woman in the world do I entertain a higher regard than towards the beloved partner of my existence, Mrs. Snob? Who should have a greater place in my affections than her six brothers (three or four of whom we are pretty sure will favour us with their company at seven o'clock), or her angelic

mother, my own valued mother-in-law?—for whom, finally, would I wish to cater more generously than for your very humble servant, the present writer? Now, nobody supposes that the Birmingham plate is had out, the disguised carpet-beaters introduced to the exclusion of the neat parlour-maid, the miserable *entrées* from the pastrycook's ordered in, and the children packed



off (as it is supposed) to the nursery, but really only to the staircase, down which they slide during the dinner-time, waylaying the dishes as they come out, and fingering the round bumps on the jellies, and the forced-meat balls in the soup,—nobody, I say, supposes that a dinner at home is characterised by the horrible ceremony, the foolish makeshifts, the mean pomp and ostentation, which distinguish our banquets on grand field-days.

Such a notion is monstrous. I would as soon think of having my dearest Bessy sitting opposite me in a turban and bird of paradise, and showing her jolly mottled arms out of blond sleeves in her famous red satin gown : ay, or of having Mr. Toole every day, in a white waistcoat, at my back, shouting, "Silence *faw* the chair !"

Now, if this be the case ; if the Brummagem-plate pomp and the processions of disguised footmen are odious and foolish in everyday life, why not always ? Why should Jones and I, who are in the middle rank, alter the modes of our being to assume an *éclat* which does not belong to us—to entertain our friends, who (if we are worth anything and honest fellows at bottom) are men of the middle rank too, who are not in the least deceived by

our temporary splendour, and who play off exactly the same absurd trick upon us when they ask us to dine?

If it be pleasant to dine with your friends, as all persons with good stomachs and kindly hearts will, I presume, allow it to be, it is better to dine twice than to dine once. It is impossible for men of small means to be continually spending five-and-twenty or thirty shillings on each friend who sits down to their table. People dine for less. I myself have seen, at my favourite Club (the Senior United Service), His Grace the Duke of Wellington quite contented with the joint—one-and-three, and half-pint of sherry wine—nine; and if his Grace, why not you and I?

This rule I have made, and found the benefit of. Whenever I ask a couple of Dukes and a Marquis or so to dine with me, I set them down to a piece of beef, or a leg-of-mutton and trimmings. The grandees thank you for this simplicity, and appreciate the same. My dear Jones, ask any of those whom you have the honour of knowing, if such be not the case.

I am far from wishing that their Graces should treat me in a similar fashion. Splendour is a part of their station, as decent comfort (let us trust), of yours and mine. Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow-pattern. And being perfectly contented (indeed humbly thankful - for look around, O Jones, and see the myriads who are not so fortunate), to wear honest linen, while magnificos of the world are adorned with cambric and point-lace, surely we ought to hold as miserable, envious fools, those wretched Beaux Tibbs's of society, who sport a lace dickey, and nothing besides,—the poor silly jays, who trail a peacock's feather behind them, and think to simulate the gorgeous bird whose nature it is to strut on palace-terraces, and to flaunt his magnificent fan-tail in the sunshine!

The jays with peacocks' feathers are the Snobs of this world: and never, since the days of *Aesop*, were they more numerous in any land than they are at present in this free country.

How does this most ancient apologue apply to the subject in hand—the dinner giving Snob! The imitation of the great is universal in this city, from the palaces of Kensingtonia and Belgravina, even to the remotest corner of Brunswick Square. Peacocks' feathers are stuck in the tails of most families. Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitates the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill, genteel scream. O you misguided dinner-giving

Snobs, think how much pleasure you lose, and how much mischief you do with your absurd grandeurs and hypocrisies! You stuff each other with unnatural forced-meats, and entertain each other to the ruin of friendship (let alone health) and the destruction of hospitality and good-fellowship—you, who but for the peacock's tail might chatter away so much at your ease, and be so jovial and happy!

When a man goes into a great set company of dinner-giving and dinner-receiving Snobs, if he has a philosophical turn of mind, he will consider what a huge humbug the whole affair is: the dishes, and the drink, and the servants, and the plate, and the host and hostess, and the conversation, and the company, —the philosopher included.



The host is smiling, and hobnobbing, and talking up and down the table; but a prey to secret terrors and anxieties, lest the wines he has brought up from the cellar should prove insufficient; lest a corked bottle should destroy his calculations; or our friend the carpet-beater, by making some *bévue*, should disclose his real quality of green-grocer, and show that he is not the family butler.

The hostess is smiling resolutely through all the courses, smiling through her agony; though her heart is in the kitchen, and she is speculating with terror lest there be any disaster there. If the *soufflé* should collapse, or if Wiggins does not send the ices in time—she feels as if she would commit suicide—that smiling, jolly woman!

The children upstairs are yelling, as their maid is crimping their miserable ringlets with hot tongs, tearing Miss Emmy's hair out by the roots, or scrubbing Miss Polly's dumpy nose with mottled soap till the little wretch screams herself into fits. The young males of the family are employed, as we have stated, in piratical exploits upon the landing-place.

The servants are not servants, but the before-mentioned retail tradesmen.

The plate is not plate, but a mere shiny Birmingham lacquer ; and so is the hospitality, and everything else.

The talk is Birmingham talk. The wag of the party, with bitterness in his heart, having just quitted his laundress, who is dunning him for her bill, is firing off good stories ; and the opposition wag is furious that he cannot get an innings. Jawkins, the great conversationalist, is scornful and indignant with the pair of them, because he is kept out of court. Young Muscadel, that cheap dandy, is talking Fashion and Almack's out of the *Morning Post*, and disgusting his neighbour, Mrs. Fox, who reflects that she has never been there. The widow is vexed out of patience, because her daughter Maria has got a place beside young Cambric, the penniless curate, and not by Colonel Goldmore, the rich widower from India. The Doctor's wife is sulky, because she has not been led out before the barrister's lady ; old Doctor Cork is grumbling at the wine, and Guttleton sneering at the cookery.

And to think that all these people might be so happy, and easy, and friendly, were they brought together in a natural unpretentious way, and but for an unhappy passion for peacocks' feathers in England. Gentle shades of Marat and Robespierre ! when I see how all the honesty of society is corrupted among us by the miserable fashion-worship, I feel as angry as Mrs. Fox just mentioned, and ready to order a general *battue* of peacocks.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

Some Continental Snobs.

Now that September has come, and all our Parliamentary duties are over, perhaps no class of Snobs are in such high feather as the Continental Snobs. I watch these daily as they commence their migrations from the beach at Folkestone. I see shoals of them depart (not perhaps without an innate longing too to quit the Island along with those happy Snobs). Farewell, dear friends, I say : you little know that the individual who regards you from the beach is your friend and historiographer and brother.

I went to-day to see our excellent friend Snooks, on board the "Queen of the French;" many scores of Snobs were there on the deck of that fine ship, marching forth in their pride and bravery. They will be at Ostend in four hours; they will inundate the Continent next week; they will carry into far lands the famous image of the British Snob. I shall not see them—but am with them in spirit: and indeed there is hardly a country in the known and civilised world in which these eyes have not beheld them.

I have seen Snobs, in pink coats and hunting-boots, scouring over the Campagna of Rome; and have heard their oaths and their well-known slang in the galleries of the Vatican, and under



the shadowy arches of the Colosseum. I have met a Snob on a dromedary in the desert, and picknicking under the Pyramid of Cheops. I like to think how many gallant British Snobs there are, at this minute of writing, pushing their heads out of every window in the courtyard of "Meurice's" in the Rue de Rivoli; or roaring out, "Garson, du pang," "Garson, du vang;" or swaggering down the Toledo at Naples; or even how many will be on the look-out for Snooks on Ostend Pier,—for Snooks, and the rest of the Snobs on board the "Queen of the French."

Look at the Marquis of Carabas and his two carriages. My Lady Marchioness comes on board, looks round with that happy air of mingled terror and unpertinence which distinguishes her

Ladyship, and rushes to her carriage, for it is impossible that she should mingle with the other Snobs on deck. There she sits, and will be ill in private. The strawberry leaves on her chariot-panels are engraved on her Ladyship's heart. If she were going to heaven instead of to Ostend, I rather think she would expect to have *des places réservées* for her, and would send to order the best rooms. A courier, with his money-bag of office round his shoulders—a huge scowling footman, whose dark pepper-and-salt livery glistens with the heraldic insignia of the Carabases—a brazen-looking, tawdry French *femme de chambre* (none but a female pen can do justice to that wonderful tawdry toilette of the lady's-maid *en voyage*)—and a miserable *dame de compagnie*, are ministering to the wants of her Ladyship and her King Charles's spaniel. They are rushing to and fro with eau-de-Cologne, pocket-handkerchiefs, which are all fringe and cipher, and popping mysterious cushions behind and before, and in every available corner of the carriage.

The little Marquis, her husband, is walking about the deck in a bewildered manner, with a lean daughter on each arm: the carrot-tufted hope of the family is already smoking on the fore-deck in a travelling costume checked all over, and in little lacquer-tipped jean boots, and a shirt embroidered with pink boa-constrictors. What is it that gives travelling Snobs such a marvelous propensity to rush into a costume? Why should a man not travel in a coat, &c., but think proper to dress himself like a harlequin in mourning? See, even young Aldermanbury, the tallow merchant, who has just stepped on board, has got a travelling-dress gaping all over with pockets; and little Tom Tapeworm, the lawyer's clerk out of the City, who has but three-weeks' leave, turns out in gaiters and a brand-new shooting-jacket, and must let the moustaches grow on his little snuffy upper lip, forsooth!

Pompey Hicks is giving elaborate directions to his servant, and asking loudly, "Davis, where's the dressing-case?" and "Davis, you'd best take the pistol-case into the cabin." Little Pompey travels with a dressing-case, and without a beard: whom he is going to shoot with his pistols, who on earth can tell? and what he is to do with his servant but wait upon him, I am at a loss to conjecture.

Look at honest Nathan Houndsditch and his lady, and their little son. What a noble air of blazing contentment illuminates

the features of those Snobs of Eastern race! What a toilette Houndsditch's is! What rings and chains, what gold-headed canes and diamonds, what a tuft the rogue has got to his chin (the rogue! he will never spare himself any cheap enjoyment!). Little Houndsditch has a little cane with a gilt head and little mosaic ornaments—altogether an extra air. As for the lady, she is all the colours of the rainbow: she has a pink parasol with a white lining, and a yellow bonnet, and an emerald-green shawl, and a shot-silk pelisse; and drab boots and rhubarb-coloured gloves; and parti-coloured glass buttons, expanding from the size of a fourpenny-piece to a crown, glitter and twiddle all down the front of her gorgeous costume. I have said before, I like to look at "the Peoples" on their gala days, they are so picturesquely and outrageously splendid and happy.

Yonder comes Captain Bull: spick and span, tight and trim; who travels for four or six months every year of his life; who does not commit himself by luxury of raiment or insolence of demeanour, but I think is as great a Snob as any man on board. Bull passes the season in London, sponging for dinners, and sleeping in a garret near his Club. Abroad, he has been everywhere; he knows the best wine at every inn in every capital in Europe, lives with the best English company there; has seen every palace and picture-gallery from Madrid to Stockholm; speaks an abominable little jargon of half-a-dozen languages—and knows nothing—nothing. Bull hunts tufts on the Continent, and is a sort of amateur courier. He will scrape acquaintance with old Carabas before they make Ostend; and will remind his Lordship that he met him at Vienna twenty years ago, or gave him a glass of Schnapps up the Righi. We have said Bull knows nothing! he knows the birth, arms, and pedigree of all the Peerage, has poked his little eyes into every one of the carriages on board—their panels noted and their crests surveyed; he knows all the Continental stories of English scandal—how Count Towrowski ran off with Miss Baggs at Naples—how *very* thick Lady Smigsmag was with young Cornichon of the French Legation at Florence—the exact amount which Jack Deuceace won of Bob Greengoose at Baden—what it is that made the Staggs settle on the Continent: the sum for which the O'Goggarty estates are mortgaged, &c. If he can't catch a lord, he will hook on to a baronet, or else the old wretch will catch hold of some beardless young stripling of fashion, and show him "life" in various and

amiable and inaccessible quarters. Faugh! the old brute! If he has every one of the vices of the most boisterous youth, at least he is comforted by having no conscience. He is utterly stupid, but of a jovial turn. He believes himself to be quite a respectable member of society: but perhaps the only good action he ever did in his life is the involuntary one of giving an example to be avoided, and showing what an odious thing in the social picture is that figure of the debauched old man who passes through life rather a decorous Silenus, and dies some day in his garret, alone, unrepenting, and unnoted, save by his astonished heirs, who find that the dissolute old miser has left money behind him. See! he is up to old Carabas already! I told you he would.

Yonder you see the old Lady Mary MacScrew, and those middle-aged young women her daughters; they are going to cheapen and haggle in Belgium and up the Rhine until they meet with a boarding-house where they can live upon less board-wages than her Ladyship pays her footmen. But she will exact and receive considerable respect from the British Snobs located in the watering-place which she selects for her summer residence, being the daughter of the Earl of Haggistoun. That broad-shouldered buck, with the great whiskers and the cleaned white kid-gloves, is Mr. Phelim Clancy of Poldoodystown: he calls himself Mr. De Clancy; he endeavours to disguise his native brogue with the richest superposition of English; and if you play at billiards or *carte* with him, the chances are that you will win the first game, and he the seven or eight games ensuing.

That overgrown lady with the four daughters, and the young dandy from the University, her son, is Mrs. Kewsy, the eminent barrister's lady, who would rather die than not be in the fashion. She has the "Peerage" in her carpet-bag, you may be sure; but she is altogether cut out by Mrs. Quod, the attorney's wife, whose carriage, with the apparatus of rumbles, dickeys, and imperials, scarcely yields in splendour to the Marquis of Carabas's own travelling-chariot, and whose courier has even bigger whiskers, and a la ger morocco money-bag than the Marquis's own travelling gentleman. Remark her well: she is talking to Mr. Spout, the new Member for Jawborough, who is going out to inspect the operations of the Zollverein, and will put some very severe questions to Lord Palmerston next session upon England and her relations with the Prussian-blue trade, the

Naples-soap trade, the German-tinder trade, &c. Spout will patronise King Leopold at Brussels; will write letters from abroad to the *Jawborough Independent*; and in his quality of *Member du Parliamont Britannique*, will expect to be invited to a family dinner with every sovereign whose dominions he honours with a visit during his tour.

The next person is—but hark! the bell for shore is ringing, and, shaking Snooks's hand cordially, we rush on to the pier, waving him a farewell as the noble black ship cuts keenly through the sunny azure waters, bearing away that cargo of Snobs outward bound.



CHAPTER XXIX.

Continental Snobbery continued.

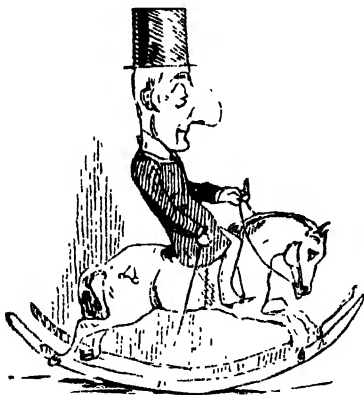
WE are accustomed to laugh at the French for their braggadocio propensities, and intolerable vanity about “la France, la gloire, l'Empereur,” and the like; and yet I think in my heart that the British Snob, for conceit and self-sufficiency and braggartism in his way, is without a parallel. There is always something uneasy in a Frenchman's conceit. He brags with so much fury, shrieking, and gesticulation—yells out so loudly that the Français is at the head of civilisation, the centre of thought, &c.—that one can't but see the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he is not the wonder he professes to be.

About the British Snob, on the contrary, there is commonly no noise, no bluster, but the calmness of profound conviction. We are better than all the world; we don't question the opinion at all: it's an axiom. And when a Frenchman bellows out, “La France, Monsieur, la France est à la tête du monde civilisé!” we laugh good-naturedly at the frantic poor devil. We are the first-chop of the world; we know the fact so well in our secret hearts, that a claim set up elsewhere is simply ludicrous. My dear brother reader, say, as a man of honour, if you are not of this opinion. Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't—you gallant British Snob—you know you don't: no more, perhaps, does the Snob your humble servant, brother.

And I am inclined to think it is this conviction, and the

consequent bearing of the Englishman towards the foreigner whom he condescends to visit,—this confidence of superiority which holds up the head of the owner of every English hat-box from Sicily to St. Petersburg, that makes us so magnificently hated throughout Europe as we are; this—more than all our little victories, and of which many Frenchmen and Spaniards have never heard—this amazing and indomitable insular pride, which animates my Lord in his travelling-carriage as well as John in the rumble.

If you read the old Chronicles of the French wars, you find precisely the same character of the Englishman, and Henry V.'s



people behaved with just the cool domineering manner of our gallant veterans of France and the Peninsula. Did you never hear Colonel Cutler and Major Slasher talking over the war after dinner? or Captain Boarder describing his action with the "Indomptable"? "Hang the fellows," says Boarder, "their practice was very good. I was beat off three times before I took her." "Cuss those carabineers of Milhaud's!" says Slasher, "what work they made of our light cavalry!" implying a sort of surprise that the Frenchmen should stand up against Britons at all; a good-natured wonder that the blind, mad, vain-glorious, brave poor devils should actually have the courage to resist

an Englishman. Legions of such Englishmen are patronising Europe at this moment, being kind to the Pope, or good-natured to the King of Holland, or condescending to inspect the Prussian reviews. When Nicholas came here, who reviews a quarter of a million of pairs of moustaches to his breakfast every morning, we took him off to Windsor and showed him two whole regiments of six or eight hundred Britons apiece,



WIGGINS AT HOME.

with an air as much as to say,—“There, my boy, look at *that*. Those are *Englishmen*, those are, and your master whenever you please,” as the nursery song says. The British Snob is long long past scepticism, and can afford to laugh quite good-humouredly at those conceited Yankees, or besotted little Frenchmen, who set up as models of mankind. *They* forsooth!

I have been led into these remarks by listening to an old fellow at the Hotel du Nord, at Boulogne, and who is evidently

of the Slasher sort. He came down and seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a surly scowl on his salmon-coloured bloodshot face, strangling in a tight, cross-barred cravat; his linen and his appointments so perfectly stiff and spotless that everybody at once recognised him as a dear countryman. Only our port-wine and other admirable institutions could have produced a figure so insolent, so stupid, so gentlemanlike. After



WIGGINS AT BOULOGNE.

a while our attention was called to him by his roaring out, in a voice of plethoric fury, "O!"

Everybody turned round at the "O," conceiving the Colonel to be, as his countenance denoted him, in intense pain; but the waiters knew better and, instead of being alarmed, brought the Colonel the kettle. "O," it appears, is the French for hot-water. The Colonel (though he despises it heartily) thinks he speaks the language remarkably well. Whilst he was inhaling his smoking tea, which went rolling and gurgling

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down his throat, and hissing over the "hot coppers" of that respectable veteran, a friend joined him, with a wizened face and very black wig, evidently a Colonel too.

The two warriors, wagging their old heads at each other, presently joined breakfast, and fell into conversation, and we had the advantage of hearing about the old war, and some pleasant conjectures as to the next, which they considered imminent. They psha'd the French fleet; they pooh-pooh'd



WIGGINS AT SEA.

the French commercial marine; they showed how, in a war, there would be a cordon ("cordong, by —") of steamers along our coast, and "by —," ready at a minute to land anywhere on the other shore, to give the French as good a thrashing as they got in the last war, "by —." In fact, a rumbling cannonade of oaths was fired by the two veterans during the whole of their conversation.

There was a Frenchman in the room, but as he had not

been above ten years in London, of course he did not speak the language, and lost the benefit of the conversation. "But, O my country!" said I to myself, "it's no wonder that you are so beloved! If I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you!"

That brutal, ignorant, peevish bully of an Englishman is showing himself in every city of Europe. One of the dullest creatures under heaven, he goes trampling Europe under foot, shouldering his way into galleries and cathedrals, and bustling into palaces with his buckram uniform. At church or theatre, gala or picture-gallery, *his* face never varies. A thousand delightful sights pass before his bloodshot eyes, and don't affect him. Countless brilliant scenes of life and manners are shown him, but never move him. He goes to church, and calls the practices there degrading and superstitious; as if *his* altar was the only one that was acceptable. He goes to picture-galleries, and is more ignorant about Art than a French shoeblack. Art, Nature pass, and there is no dot of admiration in his stupid eyes: nothing moves him, except when a very great man comes his way, and then the rigid, proud, self-confident, inflexible British Snob can be as humble as a flunkey and as supple as a harlequin.

CHAPTER XXX.

English Snobs on the Continent.

"WHAT is the use of Lord Rosse's telescope?" my friend Panwiski exclaimed the other day. "It only enables you to see a few hundred thousands of miles farther. What were thought to be mere nebulae, turn out to be most perceivable starry systems; and beyond these, you see other nebulae, which a more powerful glass will show to be stars, again; and so they go on glittering and winking away into eternity." With which my friend Pan, heaving a great sigh, as if confessing his inability to look Infinity in the face, sank back resigned, and swallowed a large bumper of claret.

I (who, like other great men, have but one idea) thought to myself, that as the stars are, so are the Snobs.—the more you gaze upon those luminaries, the more you behold—now nebulously congregated—now faintly distinguishable—now brightly defined

—until they twinkle off in endless blazes, and fade into the immeasurable darkness. I am but as a child playing on the sea-shore. Some telescopic philosopher will arise one day, some great Snobonomer, to find the laws of the great science which we are now merely playing with, and to define, and settle, and classify that which is at present but vague theory, and loose though elegant assertion.

Yes: a single eye can but trace a very few and simple varieties of the enormous universe of Snobs. I sometimes think of appealing to the public, and calling together a congress of *savans*, such as met at Southampton—each to bring his contributions and read his paper on the Great Subject. For what can a single poor few do, even with the subject at present in hand? English Snobs on the Continent—though they are a hundred thousand times less numerous than on their native island, yet even these few are too many. One can only fix a stray one here and there. The individuals are caught—the thousands escape. I have noted down but three whom I have met with in my walk this morning through this pleasant marine city of Boulogne.

There is the English Raff Snob, that frequents *estaminets* and *cabarets*; who is heard yelling, "We won't go home till morning!" and startling the midnight echoes of quiet Continental towns with shrieks of English slang. The boozy unshorn wretch is seen hovering round quays as packets arrive, and tipping drams in inn-bars where he gets creent. He talks French with slang familiarity: he and his like quite people the debt-prisons on the Continent. He plays pool at the billiard-houses, and may be seen engaged at cards and dominoes of forenoons. His signature is to be seen on countless bills of exchange; it belonged to an honourable family once, very likely; for the English Raff most probably began by being a gentleman, and has a father over the water who is ashamed to hear his name. He has cheated the old "governor" repeatedly in better days, and swindled his sisters of their portions, and robbed his younger brothers. Now he is living on his wife's jointure: she is hidden away in some dismal garret, patching shabby finery and cobbling up old clothes for her children—the most miserable and slatternly of women.

Or sometimes the poor woman and her daughters go about timidly, giving lessons in English and music, or do embroidery

and work under-hand, to purchase the means for the *pot-au-feu*; while Raff is swaggering on the quay, or tossing off glasses of cognac at the *café*. The unfortunate creature has a child still every year, and her constant hypocrisy is to try and make her girls believe that their father is a respectable man, and to huddle him out of the way when the brute comes home drunk.

Those poor ruined souls get together and have a society of their own, the which it is very affecting to watch—those tawdry pretences at gentility, those flimsy attempts at gaiety: those woeful sallies; that jingling old piano; oh, it makes the heart sick to see and hear them. As Mrs. Raff, with her company of pale daughters, gives a penny tea to Mrs. Diddler, they talk about bygone times and the fine society they kept; and they sing feeble songs out of tattered old music-books, and while engaged in this sort of entertainment, in comes Captain Raff with his greasy hat on one side, and straightway the whole of the dismal room reeks with a mingled odour of smoke and spirits.

Has not everybody who has lived abroad met Captain Raff? His name is proclaimed, every now and then, by Mr. Sheriff's Officer Hemp; and about Boulogne, and Paris, and Brussels, there are so many of his sort that I will lay a wager that I shall be accused of gross personality for showing him up.

Many a less irreclaimable villain is transported; many a more honourable man is at present at the treadmill, and although we are the noblest, greatest, most religious, and most moral people in the world, I would still like to know where, except in the United Kingdom, debts are a matter of joke, and making tradesmen "suffer" a sport that gentlemen own to? It is dishonourable to owe money in France. You never hear people in other parts of Europe brag of their swindling; or see a prison in a large Continental town which is not more or less peopled with English rogues.



A still more loathsome and dangerous Snob than the above transparent and passive scamp, is frequent on the continent of Europe, and my young Snob friends who are travelling thither should be especially warned against him. Captain Legg is a gentleman, like Raff, though perhaps of a better degree. He has robbed his family too, but of a great deal more, and has boldly dishonoured bills for thousands, where Raff has been boggling over the clumsy conveyance of a ten-pound note. Legg is always at the best inn, with the finest waistcoats and moustaches, or tearing about in the flashest of britzkas, while poor Raff is upsifying himself with spirits, and smoking cheap tobacco. It is amazing to think that Legg, so often shown up, and known everywhere, is flourishing yet. He would sink into utter ruin, but for the constant and ardent love of gentility that distinguishes the English Snob. There is many a young fellow of the middle classes who must know Legg to be a rogue and a cheat; and yet from his desire to be in the fashion, and his admiration of tip-top swells, and from his ambition to air himself by the side of a Lord's son, will let Legg make an income out of him; content to pay, so long as he can enjoy that society. Many a worthy father of a family, when he hears that his son is riding about with Captain Legg, Lord Levant's son, is rather pleased that young Hopeful should be in such good company.

Legg and his friend, Major Macer, make professional tours through Europe, and are to be found at the right places at the right time. Last year I heard how my young acquaintance, Mr. Muft, from Oxford, going to see a little life at a Carnival ball at Paris, was accosted by an Englishman who did not know a word of the d——d language, and hearing Muft speak it so admirably, begged him to interpret to a waiter with whom there was a dispute about refreshments. It was quite a comfort, the stranger said, to see an honest English face; and did Muft know where there was a good place for supper? So those two went to supper, and who should come in, of all men in the world, but Major Macer? And so Legg introduced Macer, and so there came on a little intimacy, and three-card loo, &c. &c. Year after year scores of Mufts, in various places in the world, are victimised by Legg and Macer. The story is so stale, the trick of seduction so entirely old and clumsy, that it is only a wonder people can be taken in any more: but the temptations of vice and gentility together are too much for young English

Snobs, and those simple young victims are caught fresh every day. Though it is only to be kicked and cheated by men of fashion, your true British Snob will present himself for the honour.

I need not allude here to that very common British Snob, who makes desperate efforts at becoming intimate with the great Continental aristocracy, such as old Rolls, the baker, who has set up his quarters in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and will receive none but Carlists, and no French gentleman under the rank of a Marquis. We can all of us laugh at *that fellow's* pretensions well enough—we who tremble before a great man of our own nation. But, as you say, my brave and honest John Bull of a Snob, a French Marquis of twenty descents is very different from an English Peer; and a pack of beggarly German and Italian Fuersten and Principi awaken the scorn of an honest-minded Briton. But our aristocracy!—that's a very different matter. They are the real leaders of the world—the real old original-and-no mistake nobility. Off with your cap, Snob; down on your knees, Snob, and truckle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

On some Country Snobs.



URED of the town, where the sight of the closed shutters of the nobility, my friends, makes my heart sick in my walks; afraid almost to sit in those vast Pall Mall solitudes, the Clubs, and of annoying the Club waiters, who might, I thought, be going to shoot in the country but for me, I determined on a brief tour in the provinces, and paying some visits in the country which were long due.

My first visit was to my friend Major Ponto (H.P. of the Horse Marines), in Mangelwurzelschire. The Major, in his little phaeton, was in waiting to take me up at the station. The

vehicle was not certainly splendid, but such a carriage as would accommodate a plain man (as Ponto said he was) and a numerous family. We drove by beautiful fresh fields and green hedges, through a cheerful English landscape; the high-road, as smooth and trim as the way in a nobleman's park, was charmingly chequered with cool shade and golden sunshine. Rustics in snowy smock-frocks jerked their hats off smiling as we passed. Children, with cheeks as red as the apples in the orchards, bobbed curtseys to us at the cottage doors. Blue church spires rose here and there in the distance; and as the buxom gardener's wife opened the white gate at the Major's little ivy-covered lodge, and we drove through the neat plantations of firs and evergreens, up to the house, my bosom felt a joy and elation which I thought it was impossible to experience in the smoky atmosphere of a town. "Here," I mentally ex-



claimed, "is all peace, plenty, happiness. Here I shall be rid of Snobs. There can be none in this charming Arcadian spot."

Stripes, the Major's man (formerly corporal in his gallant corps), received my portmanteau, and an elegant little present, which I had brought from town as a peace-offering to Mrs. Ponto; viz., a cod and oysters from Grove's, in a hamper about the size of a coffin.

Ponto's house ("The Evergreens" Mrs. P. has christened it) is a perfect Paradise of a place. It is all over creepers, and bow-windows, and verandahs. A wavy lawn tumbles up and down all round it, with flower-beds of wonderful shapes, and zigzag gravel walks, and beautiful but damp shrubberies of myrtles and glistening laurustines, which have procured it its change of name. It was called Little Bullock's Pound in old Doctor Ponto's time. I had a view of the pretty grounds, and the stable, and the adjoining village and church, and a great park beyond, from the windows of the bedroom whither Ponto

conducted me. It was the yellow bedroom, the freshest and pleasantest of bedchambers; the air was fragrant with a large bouquet that was placed on the writing-table; the linen was fragrant with the lavender in which it had been laid: the chintz hangings of the bed and the big sofa were, if not fragrant with flowers, at least painted all over with them; the penwiper on the table was the imitation of a double dahlia; and there was accommodation for my watch in a sunflower on the mantelpiece. A scarlet-leaved creeper came curling over the windows, through which the setting sun was pouring a flood of golden light. It was all flowers and freshness. Oh, how unlike those black chimney-pots in St. Alban's Place, London, on which these weary eyes are accustomed to look.

"It must be all happiness here, Ponto," said I, flinging myself down into the snug *berçère*, and inhaling such a delicious draught of country air as all the *millefleurs* of Mr. Atkinson's shop cannot impart to any the most expensive pocket-handkerchief.

"Nice place, isn't it?" said Ponto. "Quiet and unpretending. I like everything quiet. You've not brought your valet with you? Stripes will arrange your dressing-things;" and that functionary, entering at the same time, proceeded to gut my portmanteau, and to lay out the black kerseymeres, "the rich cut velvet Genoa waistcoat," the white choker, and other polite articles of evening costume, with great gravity and despatch. "A great dinner-party," thinks I to myself, seeing these preparations (and not, perhaps, displeased at the idea that some of the best people in the neighbourhood were coming to see me). "Hark, there's the first bell ringing!" said Ponto, moving away; and, in fact, a clamorous harbinger of victuals began clanging from the stable turret, and announced the agreeable fact that dinner would appear in half-an-hour. "If the dinner is as grand as the dinner-bell," thought I, "faith, I'm in good quarters!" and had leisure, during the half-hour's interval, not only to advance my own person to the utmost polish of elegance which it is capable of receiving, to admire the pedigree of the Pontos hanging over the chimney, and the Ponto crest and arms emblazoned on the wash-hand basin and jug, but to make a thousand reflections on the happiness of a country life—upon the innocent friendliness and cordiality of rustic intercourse; and to sigh for an opportunity of retiring, like Ponto, to my own fields,

to my own vine and fig-tree, with a *placens uxor* in my *domus*, and a half-score of sweet young pledges of affection sporting round my paternal knee.

Clang! At the end of the thirty minutes, dinner-bell number two pealed from the adjacent turret. I hastened downstairs, expecting to find a score of healthy country folk in the drawing-room. There was only one person there; a tall and Roman-nosed lady, glistening over with bugles, in deep mourning. She rose, advanced two steps, made a majestic curtsy, during which all the bugles in her awful head-dress began to twiddle and quiver—and then said, "Mr. Snob, we are very happy to see you at the Evergreens," and heaved a great sigh.

This, then, was Mrs. Major Ponto; to whom, making my very best bow, I replied, that I was very proud to make her acquaintance, as also that of so charming a place as the Evergreens.

Another sigh. "We are distantly related, Mr. Snob," said she, shaking her melancholy head. "Poor dear Lord Rubadub."

"Oh!" said I; not knowing what the deuce Mrs. Major Ponto meant.

"Major Ponto told me that you were of the Leicestershire Snobs, a very old family, and related to Lord Snobbington, who married Laura Rubadub, who is a cousin of mine, as was her poor dear father, for whom we are mourning. What a seizure! only sixty three, and apoplexy quite unknown until now in our family! In life welfare in death, Mr. Snob. Does Lady Snobbington bear the deprivation well?"

"Why, really, ma'am, I— I don't know," I replied, more and more confused.

As she was speaking I heard a sort of *cloop*, by which well-known sound I was aware that somebody was opening a bottle of wine, and Ponto entered, in a huge white neckcloth, and a rather shabby black suit.

"My love," Mrs. Major Ponto said to her husband, "we were talking of our cousin poor dear Lord Rubadub. His death has placed some of the first families in England in mourning. Does Lady Rubadub keep the house in Hill Street, do you know?"

I didn't know; but I said, "I believe she does," at a venture; and, looking down to the drawing-room table, saw the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting "Peerage" open

on the table, interlaced with annotations, and open at the article "Snobbington."

"Dinner is served," says Stripes, flinging open the door; and I gave Mrs. Major Ponto my arm.



CHAPTER XXXII.

A Visit to some Country Snobs.

OF the dinner to which we now sat down, I am not going to be a severe critic. The mahogany I hold to be inviolable; but this I will say, that I prefer sherry to Marsala when I can get it, and the latter was the wine of which I have no doubt I heard the "cloop" just before dinner. Nor was it particularly good of its kind; however, Mrs. Major Ponto did not evidently know the difference, for she called the liquor Amontillado during the whole of the repast, and drank but half a glass of it, leaving the rest for the Major and his guest.

Stripes was in the livery of the Ponto family—a thought rabby, but gorgeous in the extreme—lots of magnificent embroidered lace, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest fellow's hands, I remarked, were very large and black; a fine odour of the stable was wafted about the room as he moved to and fro in his ministration. I should have preferred a clean maid-servant, but the sensations of Londoners are too delicate perhaps on these subjects; and a faithful John, after all, is more genteel.

From the circumstances of the dinner being composed of pig's head mock-turtle soup, of pig's fry and roast ribs of pork, I am led to imagine that one of Ponto's black Hampshires had been sacrificed a short time previous to my visit. It was an excellent and comfortable repast; only there was rather a sameness in it, certainly. I made a similar remark the next day.

During the dinner Mrs. Ponto asked me many questions regarding the nobility, my relatives. "When Lady Angelina Skeggs would come out? and if the countess her mamma" (this was said with much archness and he-he-ing) "still wore that extraordinary purple hair-dye?" "Whether my Lord Guttlebury kept, besides his French chef, and an English cordon-bleu for the roasts, an Italian for the confectionery?" "Who attended at Lady

Clapperclaw's conversazioni?" and "whether Sir John Champignon's 'Thursday Mornings' were pleasant?" "Was it true that Lady Carabas, wanting to pawn her diamonds, found that they were paste, and that the Marquis had disposed of them beforehand?" "How was it that Snuffin, the great tobacco-merchant, broke off the marriage which was on the tapis between him and their second daughter; and was it true that a mulatto lady came over from the Havannah and forbade the match?"

"Upon my word, Madam," I had begun, and was going on to say that I didn't know one word about all these matters which seemed so to interest Mrs. Major Ponto, when the Major, giving me a tread or stamp with his large foot under the table, said—

"Come, come, Snob my boy, we are all tiled, you know. We *know* you're one of the fashionable people about town: *we* saw your name at Lady Clapperclaw's *soirées*, and the Champignon breakfasts; and as for the Rubadubs, of course, as relations".——

"Oh, of course, I dine there twice a week," I said; and then I remembered that my cousin, Humphry Snob, of the Middle Temple, *is* a great frequenter of genteel societies, and to have seen his name in the *Morning Post* at the tag-end of several party lists. So, taking the hint, I am ashamed to say I indulged Mrs. Major Ponto with a deal of information about the first families in England, such as would astonish those great personages if they knew it. I described to her most accurately the three reigning beauties of last season at Almack's: told her in confidence that his Grace the D—— of W—— was going to be married the day after his Statue was put up; that his Grace the D—— of D—— was also about to lead the fourth daughter of the Archduke Stephen to the hymeneal altar;—and talked to her, in a word, just in the style of Mrs. Gore's last fashionable novel.

Mrs. Major was quite fascinated by this brilliant conversation. She began to trot out scraps of French, just for all the world as they do in the novels; and kissed her hand to me quite graciously, telling me to come soon to caddy, *ang pu de Musick u salon*—with which she tripped off like an elderly fairy.

"Shall I open a bottle of port, or do you ever drink such a thing as hollands and water?" says Ponto, looking ruefully at me. This was a very different style of thing to what I had been

led to expect from him at our smoking-room at the club : where he swaggers about his horses and his cellar : and slapping me on the shoulder used to say, " Come down to Mangelwurzelschire, Snob my boy, and I'll give you as good a day's shooting and as good a glass of claret as any in the county."—" Well," I said, " I like hollands much better than port, and gin even better than hollands." This was lucky. It *was* gin ; and Stripes brought in hot water on a splendid plated tray.

The jingling of a harp and piano soon announced that Mrs. Ponto's *ung pu de Musick* had commenced, and the smell of the stable again entering the dining-room, in the person of Stripes, summoned us to *caffé* and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were too, strictly according to the present mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling charges. Miss Emily Ponto at the piano, and her sister Maria at that somewhat exploded instrument the harp, were in light blue dresses that looked all flounce, and spread out like Mr. Green's balloon when inflated.

" Brilliant touch Emily has—what a fine arm Maria's is," Mrs. Ponto remarked good-naturedly, pointing out the merits of her daughters, and waving her own arm in such a way as to show that she was not a little satisfied with the beauty of that member. I observed she had about nine bracelets and bangles, consisting of chains and padlocks, the Major's miniature, and a variety of brass serpents with fiery ruby or tender turquoise eyes, writhing up to her elbow almost, in the most profuse contortions.

" You recognise those polkas? They were played at Devonshire House on the 23d of July, the day of the grand fête." So I said yes—I knew 'em quite intimately ; and began wagging my head as if in acknowledgment of those old friends.

• When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss Pontos ; and Miss Wirt, the governess, sat down to entertain us with variations on " Such a gettin' up Stairs." They were determined to be in the fashion.

For the performance of the "Gettin' up Stairs," I have no other name but that it was a *stunner*. First Miss Wirt, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp, that I am sure Stripes must have heard it in the stable.

"What a finger!" says Mrs. Ponto; and indeed it was a finger, as knotted as a turkey's drumstick, and splaying all over the piano. When she had langed out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of "Gettin' up Stairs," and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun upstairs; she whirled upstairs; she galloped upstairs; she rattled upstairs; and then having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss Wirt played the "Gettin' up Stairs" with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity; plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys—you wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss Wirt's hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations; again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt was storming a breach, and although I knew nothing of music, as I sat and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my *caffy* grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

"Glorious creature! Isn't she?" said Mrs. Ponto.—"Squirtz's favourite pupil—ineestimable to have such a creature. Lady Carabas would give her eyes for her! A prodigy of accomplishments! Thank you, Miss Wirt!"—And the young ladies gave a heave and a gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing gushing sound, such as you hear at church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

Miss Wirt put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said, "My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the Dunsinanes, it was the dear Duchess's favourite, and Lady Barbara and Lady Jane Macbeth learned it. It was while hearing Jane play that, I remember, that dear Lord Castletoddy first fell in love with her; and though he is but an Irish Peer, with not more than fifteen

thousand a year, I persuaded Jane to have him. Do you know Castletoddy, Mr. Snob?—round towers—sweet place—county Mayo. Old Lord Castletoddy (the present Lord was then Lord Inishowan) was a most eccentric old man—they say he was mad. I heard his Royal Highness the poor dear Duke of Sussex—(such a man, my dears, but, alas! addicted to smoking!)—I heard His Royal Highness say to the Marquis of Anglesey, ‘I am sure Castletoddy is mad!’ but Inishowan wasn’t in marrying my sweet Jane, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds *pour tout potage*!”

“Most invaluable person,” whispered Mrs. Major Ponto to me. “Has lived in the very highest society.” and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roast, and to think that even the majestic Mrs. Ponto bent before her.

As for my pipe, so to speak, it went out at once. I hadn’t a word to say against a woman who was intimate with every Duchess in the Red Book. She wasn’t the rosebud, but she had been near it. She had rubbed shoulders with the great, and about these we talked all the evening incessantly, and about the fashions, and about the Court until bed-time came.

“And are there Snobs in this Elysium?” I exclaimed, jumping into the lavender-perfumed bed. Ponto’s snoring boomed from the neighbouring bedroom in reply.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

On some Country Snobs.

SOMETHING like a Journal of the proceedings at the Evergreens may be interesting to those foreign readers of *Punch* who want to know the customs of an English gentleman’s family and household. There’s plenty of time to keep the Journal. Piano strumming begins at six o’clock in the morning; it lasts till breakfast, with but a minute’s intermission, when the instrument changes hands, and Miss Emily practises in place of her sister Miss Maria.

In fact, the confounded instrument never stops: when the young ladies are at their lessons, Miss Wirt hammers away at

those stunning variations, and keeps her magnificent finger in exercise.

I asked this great creature in what other branches of education she instructed her pupils? "The modern languages," says she modestly; "French, German, Spanish, and Italian, Latin and the rudiments of Greek if desired. English, of course; the practice of Elocution, Geography, and Astronomy, and the Use



of the Globes, Algebra (but only as far as quadratic equations); for the poor ignorant female, you know, Mr. Snob, cannot be expected to know everything. Ancient and Modern History no young woman can be without; and of these I make my beloved pupils *perfect mistresses*. Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, I consider as amusements. And with these I assure you we manage to pass the days at the Evergreens not unpleasantly."

Only these, thought I—what an education! But I looked

in one of Miss Ponto's manuscript song-books and found five faults of French in four words ; and in a waggish mood asking Miss Wirt whether Dante Algiery was so called because he was born at Algiers, received a smiling answer in the affirmative, which made me rather doubt about the accuracy of Miss Wirt's knowledge.

When the above little morning occupations are concluded, these unfortunate young women perform what they call Calisthenic Exercises in the garden. I saw them to-day without any crinoline, pulling the garden-roller.

Dear Mrs. Ponto was in the garden too, and as limp as her daughters ; in a faded bandeau of hair, in a battered bonnet, in a holland pinafore, in pattens, on a broken chair, snipping leaves off a vine. Mrs. Ponto measures many yards about in an evening. Ye heavens ! what a guy she is in that skeleton morning costume !

Besides Stripes, they keep a boy called Thomas or Tummus. Tummus works in the garden or about the pigsty and stable ; Thomas wears a page's costume of eruptive buttons.

When anybody calls, and Stripes is out of the way, Tummus flings himself like mad into Thomas's clothes, and comes out metamorphosed like Harlequin in the pantomime. To-day, as Mrs. P. was cutting the grape-vine, as the young ladies were at the roller, down comes Tummus like a roaring whirlwind, with " Missus, Missus, there's company coomin' ! " Away scurry the young ladies from the roller, down comes Mrs. P. from the old chair, off flies Tummus to change his clothes, and in an incredibly short space of time Sir John Hawbuck, my Lady Hawbuck, and Master Hugh Hawbuck are introduced into the garden with brazen effrontery by Thomas, who says, " Please Sir Jan and my Lady to walk this year way : *I know* Missus is in the rose-garden."

And there, sure enough, she was !

In a pretty little garden bonnet, with beautiful curling ringlets, with the smartest of aprons and the freshest of pearl-coloured gloves, this amazing woman was in the arms of her dearest Lady Hawbuck. " Dearest Lady Hawbuck, how good of you ! Always among my flowers ! can't live away from them ! "

" Sweets to the sweet ! hum—a-ha—a-haw ! " says Sir John Hawbuck, who piques himself on his gallantry, and says nothing without " a-hum—a-ha—a-haw ! "

"Where'th yaw pinnafaw?" cries Master Hugh. "We thaw you in it, over the wall, didn't we, pa?"

"Hum--a-ha--a-haw!" burst out Sir John, dreadfully alarmed. "Where's Ponto? Why wasn't he at Quarter Sessions? How are his birds this year, Mrs. Ponto--have those Carabas pheasants done any harm to your wheat? a-hum--a-ha--a-haw!" and all this while he was making the most ferocious and desperate signals to his youthful heir.

"Well, she *watth* in her pinnafaw, watln't she, ma?" says Hugh, quite unabashed; which question Lady Hawbuck turned away with a sudden query regarding her dear darling daughters, and the *enfant terrible* w.e. removed by his father.

"I hope you weren't disturbed by the music?" Ponto says. "My girls, you know, practise four hours a day, you know--must do it, you know--absolutely necessary. As for me, you know I'm an early man, and in my lum every morning at five--no, no laziness for me."

The facts are these. Ponto goes to sleep directly after dinner on entering the drawing room, and wakes up when the ladies leave off practice at ten. From seven till ten, and from ten till five, is a very fair allowance of slumber for a man who says he's *not* a lazy man. It is my private opinion that when Ponto retires to what is called his "Study," he sleeps too. He locks himself up there daily two hours with the newspaper.

I saw the *Hawbuck* scene out of the Study, which commands the garden. It's a curious object, that Study. Ponto's library mostly consists of boots. He and Stripes have important interviews here of mornings, when the potatoes are discussed, or the fate of the calf ordained, or sentence passed on the pig, &c. All the Major's bills are docketed on the Study table, and displayed like a lawyer's briefs. Here, too, he displayed his hooks, knives, and other gardening tools, his whistles, and strings of spare buttons. He has a drawer of endless brown paper for parcels, and another containing a prodigious and *never-failing* supply of string. What a man can want with so many gig-whips I can never conceive. These, and fishing-rods, and landing-nets, and spurs, and boot-trees, and balls for horses, and surgical implements for the same, and favourite pots of shiny blacking, with which he paints his own shoes in the most

elegant manper, and buckskin gloves stretched out on their trees, and his gorget, sash, and sabre of the Horse Marines, with his boot-hooks underneath in a trophy; and the family medicine-chest, and in a corner the very rod with which he used to whip his son, Wellesley Ponto, when a boy (Wellesley never entered the "Study" but for that awful purpose)—all these, with Mogg's "Road Book," the *Gardener's Chronicle*, and a backgammon-board, form the Major's library. Under the trophy there's a picture of Mrs. Ponto, in a light blue dress and train, and no wart, when she was first married; a fox's brush lies over the frame, and serves to keep the dust off that work of art.

"My library's small," says Ponto, with the most amazing impudence, "but well selected, my boy—well selected. I have been reading the 'History of England' all the morning."

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Visit to some Country Snobs.

WE had the fish, which, as the kind reader may remember, I had brought down in a delicate attention to Mrs. Ponto, to variegate the repast of next day, and cod and oyster sauce, twice laid, salt cod and scoloped oysters, formed parts of the bill of fare until I began to fancy that the Ponto family, like our late revered monarch George II., had a fancy for stale fish. And about this time, the pig being consumed, we began upon a sheep.

But how shall I forget the solemn splendour of a second course, which was served up in great state by Stripes in a silver dish and cover, a napkin round his dirty thumbs, and consisted of a landrail, not much bigger than a corpulent sparrow.

"My love, will you take any game?" says Ponto, with prodigious gravity; and stuck his fork into that little mouthful of an island in the silver-sea. Stripes, too, at intervals, dribbled out the Marsala with a solemnity which would have done honour to a Duke's butler. The Barnecide's dinner to Shacabac was only one degree removed from these solemn banquets.

As there were plenty of pretty country places close by; a comfortable country town, with good houses of gentlefolks; a

beautiful old parsonage, close to the church whither we went (and where the Carabas family have their ancestral carved and monumented Gothic pew), and every appearance of good society in the neighbourhood, I rather wondered we were not enlivened by the appearance of some of the neighbours at the Evergreens, and asked about them.

"We can't in our position of life—we can't well associate with the attorney's family, as I leave you to suppose," says Mrs. Ponto confidentially.—"Of course not," I answered, though I didn't know why. "And the Doctor?" said I.

"A most excellent worthy creature," says Mrs. P.; "saved Maria's life—really a learned man; but what can one do in one's position? One may ask one's medical man to one's table certainly: but his family, my dear Mr. Snob!"

"Half-a-dozen little Gallipots," interposed Miss Wirt, the governess: "he, he, he!" and the young ladies laughed in chorus.

"We only live with the county families," Miss Wirt* continued, tossing up her head. "The Duke is abroad: we are at feud with the Carabases; the Ringwoods don't come down till Christmas: in fact, nobody's here till the hunting-season—positively nobody."

"Whose is the large red house just outside of the town?"

"What! the *château-calicot*? he, he, he! That purse-proud ex-linendraper, Mr. Yardley, with the yellow liveries, and the wife in red velvet? How *can* you, my dear Mr. Snob, be so satirical? The impertinence of those people is really something quite overwhelming."

"Well, then, there is the parson, Doctor Chrysostom. He's a gentleman, at any rate."

At this Mrs. Ponto looked at Miss Wirt. After their eyes had met, and they had wagged their heads at each other, they looked up to the ceiling. So did the young ladies. They thrilled.

* I have since heard that this aristocratic lady's father was a livery-button maker in St. Martin's Lane; where he met with misfortunes, and his daughter acquired her taste for heraldry. But it may be told to her credit, that out of her earnings she has kept the bedridden old bankrupt in great comfort and secrecy at Pentonville; and furnished her brother's outfit for the Cadetship which her patron, Lord Swigglebiggle, gave her when he was at the Board of Control. I have this information from a friend. To hear Miss Wirt herself, you would fancy that her papa was a Rothschild, and that the markets of Europe were convulsed when he went into the *Gazette*.

It was evident I had said something very terrible. Another black sheep in the Church! thought I, with a little sorrow; for I don't care to own that I have a respect for the cloth. "I—I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"Wrong?" says Mrs. P., clasping her hands with a tragic air.

"Oh!" says Miss Wirt and the two girls, gasping in chorus.

"Well," says I, "I'm very sorry for it, I never saw a nicer-looking old gentleman, or a better school, or heard a better sermon."



"He used to preach those sermons in a surplice," hissed out Mrs. Ponto. "He's a Puseyite, Mr. Snob."

"Heavenly powers!" says I, admiring the pure ardour of these female theologians; and Stripes came in with the tea. It's so weak that no wonder Ponto's sleep isn't disturbed by it.

Of mornings we used to go out shooting. We had Ponto's own fields to sport over (where we got the landrail), and the non-preserved part of the Hawbuck property and one evening

in a stubble of Ponto's skirting the Carabas woods, we got among some pheasants, and had some real sport. I shot a hen, I know, greatly to my delight. "Bag it," says Ponto, in rather a hurried manner: "here's somebody coming." So I pocketed the bird.

"You infernal poaching thieves!" roars out a man from the hedge in the garb of a gamekeeper. "I wish I could catch you on this side of the hedge. I'd put a brace of barrels into you, that I would."

"Curse that Snapper," says Ponto, moving off; "he's always watching me like a spy."

"Carry off the birds, you sneaks, and sell 'em in London," roars the individual, who it appears was a keeper of Lord Carabas. "You'll get six shillings a brace for 'em."

"You know the price of 'em well enough, and so does your master too, you scoundrel," says Ponto, still retreating.

"We kill 'em on our ground," cries Mr. Snapper. "We don't set traps for other people's birds. We're no decoy ducks. We're no sneaking poachers. We don't shoot 'ens, like that 'ere Cockney, who's got the tail of one a-sticking out of his pocket. Only just come across the hedge, that's all."

"I tell you what," says Stripes, who was out with us as keeper this day (in fact he's keeper, coachman, gardener, valet, and bailiff, with Tummus under him), "if *you'll* come across, John Snapper, and take your coat off, I'll give you such a whopping as you've never had since the last time I did it at Guttlebury Fair."

"Whop one of your own weight," Mr. Snapper said, whistling to his dogs, and disappearing into the wood. And so we came out of this controversy rather victoriously; but I began to alter my preconceived ideas of rural felicity.



CHAPTER XXXV.

On some Country Snobs.

"Be hanged to your aristocrats!" Ponto said, in some conversation we had regarding the family at Carabas, between whom and the Evergreens there was a feud. "When I first came into the county—it was the year before Sir John Buff contested in the

Blue interest—the Marquis, then Lord St. Michaels, who, of course, was Orange to the core, paid me and Mrs. Ponto such attentions, that I fairly confess I was taken in by the old humbug, and thought that I'd met with a rare neighbour. 'Gad, sir, we used to get pines from Carabas, and pheasants from Carabas, and it was—' Ponto, when will you come over and shoot?—'and 'Ponto, our pheasants want thinning,'—and my Lady would insist upon her dear Mrs. Ponto coming over to Carabas to sleep, and put me I don't know to what expense for turbans and velvet gowns for my wife's toilette. Well, sir, the election takes place, and, though I was always a Liberal, personal friendship of course induces me to plump for St. Michaels, who comes in at the head of the poll. Next year, Mr. P. insists upon going to town—with lodgings in Charges Street at ten pounds a week, with a hired brougham, and new dresses for herself and the girls, and the deuce and all to pay. Our first cards were to Carabas House, my Lady's are returned by a great big flunkey; and I leave you to fancy my poor Betsy's discomfiture as the lodging-house maid took in the cards, and Lady St. Michaels drives away, though she actually saw us at the drawing-room window. Would you believe it, sir, that though we called four times afterwards, those infernal aristocrats never returned our visit; that though Lady St. Michael gave nine dinner-parties and four *déjeuners* that season, she never asked us to one; and that she cut us dead at the Opera, though Betsy was nodding to her the whole night? We wrote to her for tickets for Almack's; she writes to say that all hers were promised; and said, in the presence of Wiggins, her lady's maid, who told it to Diggs, my wife's woman, that she couldn't conceive how people in our station of life could so far forget themselves as to wish to appear in any such place! Go to Castle Carabas! I'd sooner die than set my foot in the house of that impertinent, insolvent, insolent jockanapes—and I hold him in scorn!" After this, Ponto gave me some private information regarding Lord Carabas's pecuniary affairs; how he owed money all over the country; how Jukes the carpenter was utterly ruined and couldn't get a shilling of his bill; how Diggs the butcher hanged himself for the same reason; how the six big footmen never received a guinea of wages, and Snaffle, the state coachman, actually took off his blown-glass wig of ceremony and flung it at Lady Carabas's feet on the terrace before the Castle; all which stories, as they are private,

I do not think proper to divulge. But these details did not stifle my desire to see the famous mansion of Castle Carabas, nay, possibly excited my interest to know more about that lordly house and its owners.

At the entrance of the park, there are a pair of great gaunt mildewed lodges—mouldy Doric temples with black chimney-pots, in the finest classic taste, and the gates of course are surmounted by the *chats bottés*, the well-known supporters of the Carabas family. "Give the lodge-keeper a shilling," says Ponto (who drove me near to it in his four-wheeled cruelty-chaise.) "I warrant it's the first piece of ready money she has received for some time." I don't know whether there was any foundation for this sneer, but the gratuity was received with a curtsy, and the gate opened for me to enter. "Poor old portress!" says I, inwardly. "You little know that it is the Historian of Snobs whom you let in!" The gates were passed. A damp green stretch of park spread right and left immeasurably, confined by a chilly grey wall, and a damp long straight road between two huge rows of moist, dismal lime-trees, leads up to the Castle. In the midst of the park is a great black tank or lake, bristling over with rushes, and here and there covered over with patches of pea-soup. A shabby temple rises on an island in this delectable lake, which is approached by a rotten barge that lies at roost in a dilapidated boat-house. Clumps of elms and oaks dot over the huge green flat. Every one of them would have been down long since, but that the Marquis is not allowed to cut the timber.

Up that long avenue the Snobographer walked in solitude. At the seventy-ninth tree on the left-hand side, the insolvent butcher hanged himself. I scarcely wondered at the dismal deed, so woeful and sad were the impressions connected with the place. So, for a mile and a half I walked—alone and thinking of death.

I forgot to say the house is in full view all the way—except when intercepted by the trees on the miserable island in the lake—an enormous red-brick mansion, square, vast, and dingy. It is flanked by four stone towers with weathercocks. In the midst of the grand façade is a huge Ionic portico, approached by a vast, lonely, ghastly staircase. Rows of black windows, framed in stone, stretch on either side, right and left—three storeys and

eighteen windows of a row. You may see a picture of the palace and staircase, in the "Views of England and Wales," with four carved and gilt carriages waiting at the gravel walk, and several parties of ladies and gentlemen in wigs and hoops, dotting the fatiguing lines of the stairs.

But these stairs are made in great houses for people *not* to ascend. The first Lady Carabas (they are but eighty years in the peerage), if she got out of her gilt coach in a shower, would be wet to the skin before she got half-way to the carved Ionic portico, where four dreary statues of Peace, Plenty, Piety, and Patriotism, are the only sentinels. You enter these palaces by back-doors. "That was the way the Carabases got their peerage," the misanthropic Ponto said after dinner.

Well—I rang the bell at a little low side-door; it clanged and jingled and echoed for a long, long while, till at length a face, as of a housekeeper, peered through the door, and, as she saw my hand in my waistcoat pocket, opened it. Unhappy, lonely housekeeper, I thought. Is Miss Crusoe in her island more solitary? The door clapped to, and I was in Castle Carabas.

"The side entrance and 'All," says the housekeeper. "The halligator hover the mantelpiece was brought home by Admiral St. Michaels, when a Captung with Lord Hanson. The harms on the cleers is the harms of the Carabas family." The hall was rather comfortable. We went clapping up a clean stone backstair, and then into a back passage cheerfully decorated with ragged light-green Kidderminster, and issued upon

"THE GREAT 'ALL.

"The great 'all is seventy-two feet in lenth, fifty-six in breath, and thirty-eight feet 'igh. The carvings of the chunibles, representing the buth of Venus, and 'Ercules, and Eyelash, is by Van Chislum, the most famous sculpture of his hage and country. The ceiling, by Calimanco, represents Painting, Harchitecture, and Music (the naked female figure with the barrel borgan) introducing George, fist Lord Carabas, to the Temple of the Muses. The winder ornaments is by Vanderputty. The floor is Patagonian marble; and the chandelier in the centre was presented to Lionel, second Marquis, by Lewy the Sixteenth, whose 'ead was cut hoff in the French Revelation. We now benter—

"THE SOUTH GALLERY.

"One hundred and forty eight in length by thirty-two in breadth; it is profusely hornaminted by the choicest works of Hart, Sir Andrew Katz, founder of the Carabas family and banker of the Prince of Horange, Kneller. Her present Ladyship, by Lawrence. Lord St. Michaels, by the same—he is represented sittin' on a rock in velvet pantaloons. Moses in the bullrushes—the bull very fine, by Paul Potter. The toilet of Venus, Fantaski. Flemish Bores drinking, Van Ginnums. Jupiter and Europa, De Horn. The Grandjunction Canal, Venis, by Candleretty; and Italian Bandix, by Slavata Rosa." —And so this worthy woman went on, from one room into another, from the blue room to the green, and the green to the grand saloon, and the grand saloon to the tapestry closet, cackling her list of pictures and wonders: and furtively turning up a corner of brown holland to show the colour of the old, faded, seedy, mouldy, dismal hangings.

At last we came to her Ladyship's bedroom. In the centre of this dreary apartment there is a bed about the size of one of those whizzig temples in which the Genus appears in a pantomime. The huge gilt edifice is approached by steps, and so tall that it might be let off in floors, for sleeping-rooms for all the Carabas family. An awful bed! A murder might be done at one end of that bed, and people sleeping at the other end be ignorant of it. Gracious powers! fancy little Lord Carabas in a nightcap ascending the steps after putting out the candle!

The sight of that seedy and solitary splendour was too much for me. I should go mad were I that lonely housekeeper—in those enormous galleries—in that lonely library, filled up with ghastly folios that nobody dares read, with an inkstand on the centre-table like the coffin of a baby, and sad portraits staring at you from the bleak walls with their solemn mouldy eyes. No wonder that Carabas does not come down here often. It would require two thousand footmen to make the place cheerful. No wonder the coachman resigned his wig, that the masters are insolvent, and the servants perish in this huge dreary out-at-elbow place.

A single family has no more right to build itself a temple of that sort than to erect a Tower of Babel. Such a habitation is not decent for a mere mortal man. But, after all, I suppose poor Carabas had no choice. Fate put him there as it sent

Napoleon to St. Helena. Suppose it had been decreed by Nature that you and I should be Marquises? We wouldn't refuse, I suppose, but take Castle Carabas and all, with debts, duns, and mean makeshifts, and shabby pride, and swindling magnificence.

Next season, when I read of Lady Carabas's splendid entertainments in the *Morning Post*, and see the poor old insolvent cantering through the Park—I shall have a much tenderer interest in these great people than I have had heretofore. Poor old shabby Snob! Ride on and fancy the world is still on its knees before the house of Carabas! Give yourself airs, poor old bankrupt Magnifico, who are under money-obligations to your flunkies; and must stoop so as to swindle poor tradesmen! And for us, O my brother Snobs, oughtn't we to feel happy if our walk through life is more even, and that we are out of the reach of that surprising arrogance and that astounding meanness to which this wretched old victim is obliged to mount and descend.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Visit to some Country Snobs.

NOTABLE as my reception had been (under that unfortunate mistake of Mrs. Ponto that I was related to Lord Snobington, which I was not permitted to correct), it was nothing compared to the bowing and kotoeing, the raptures and flurry which preceded and welcomed the visit of a real live lord and lord's son, a brother officer of Cornet Welle-ley Ponto, in the 120th Hussars, who came over with the young Cornet from Gittlebury, where their distinguished regiment was quartered. This was my Lord Gules, Lord Saltire's grandson and heir: a very young, short, sandy-haired and tobacco-smoking nobleman, who cannot have left the nursery very long, and who, though he accepted the honest Major's invitation to the Evergreens in a letter written in a schoolboy handwriting, with a number of faults of spelling, may yet be a very fine classical scholar for what I know: having had his education at Eton, where he and young Ponto were inseparable.

At any rate, if he can't write, he has mastered a number of other accomplishments wonderful for one of his age and size. He is one of the best shots and riders in England. He rode

his horse Abracadabra, and won the famous Guttlebury steeple-chase. He has horses entered at half the races in the country (under other people's names; for the old lord is a strict hand, and will not hear of betting or gambling). He has lost and won such sums of money as my Lord George himself might be proud of. He knows all the stables, and all the jockeys, and has all the "information," and is a match for the best Leg at Newmarket. Nobody was ever known to be "too much" for him at play or in the stable.

Although his grandfather makes him a moderate allowance, by the aid of *post-obits* and convenient friends he can live in a splendour becoming his rank. He has not distinguished himself in the knocking down of policemen much; he is not big enough for that. But, as a light-weight, his skill is of the very highest order. At billiards he is said to be first-rate. He drinks and smokes as much as any two of the biggest officers in his regiment. With such high talents, who can say how far he may not go? He may take to politics as a *delassement*, and be Prime Minister after Lord George Bentinck.

My young friend Wellesley Ponto is a gaunt and bony youth, with a pale face profusely blotched. From his continually pulling something on his chin, I am led to fancy that he believes he has what is called an Imperial growing there. That is not the only tuft that is hunted in the family, by the way. He can't, of course, indulge in those expensive amusements which render his aristocratic comrade so respected. He bets pretty freely when he is in cash, and rides when somebody mounts him (for he can't afford more than his regulation chargers). At drinking he is by no means inferior; and why do you think he brought his noble friend, Lord Gules, to the Evergreens?—Why? because he intended to ask his mother to order his father to pay his debts, which she couldn't refuse before such an exalted presence. Young Ponto gave me all this information with the most engaging frankness. We are old friends. I used to tip him when he was at school.

"Gad!" says he, "our wedgment's so *dootiful* exthpenthif. Must hunt, you know. A man couldn't live in the wedgment if he didn't. Mess expenses enawmuth. Must dine at mess. Must drink champagne and claret. Ours ain't a port and sherry light-infantry mess. Uniforms awful. Fitzstultz, our Colonel, will have 'em so. Must be a distinction, you know.

At his own expense Fitzstultz altered the plumes in the men's caps (you called them shaving-brushes, Snob, my boy: most absurd and unjust that attack of yours, by the way); that alteration alone cost him five hundred pound. The year before last he bought the regiment at an immense expence, and we're called the Queen's Own Pyebalds from that day. Ever been up on parade? The Empress Nicolath burst into tears of envy when he was up at Windthor. And you see," continued my young friend, "I brought Gules down with me, as the Governor is very sulky about shelling out, just to talk my mother over, who can do anything with him. Gules told her that I was Fitzstultz's favourite of the whole regiment; and, Gad! she thinks the Horse Guards will give me my troop for nothing; and he humbugged the governor that I was the greatest screw in the army. Ain't it a good dodge?"

With this Wellesley left me to go and smoke a cigar in the stables with Lord Gules, and make merry over the cattle there, under Stripes's superintendence. Young Ponto laughed with his friend at the venerable four-

wheeled cruelty-chaise; but seemed amazed that the latter should ridicule still more an ancient chariot of the build of 1824, emblazoned immensely with the arms of the Pontos and the Snaileys, from which latter distinguished family Mrs. Ponto issued.

I found poor Pon in his study among his boots, in such a rueful attitude of despondency, that I could not but remark it. "Look at that!" says the poor fellow, handing me over a document. "It's the second change in uniform since he's been



in the army, and yet there's no extravagance about the lad. Lord Gules tells me he is the most careful youngster in the regiment, God bless him! But look at that! by Heaven, Snob, look at that and say how can a man of nine hundred keep out of the Bench?" He gave a sob as he handed me the paper across the table; and his old face, and his old corduroys, and his shrunk shooting-jacket, and his lean shanks, looked, as he spoke, more miserably haggard, bankrupt, and threadbare.

LIEUT. WELLESLEY PONTO, 120th Queen's Own Pyecald Hussars,
To KNIFE AND STICKNADIE,
Conduit Street, London.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Dress Jacket, richly laced with gold	0			Brought forward	219	7	0
Ditto Pelisse ditto, and trimmed with sable	0			Sword	11	11	0
Undress Jacket, trimmed with gold	0			Ditto Belt and Sabre- tache	16	16	0
Ditto Pelisse	0			Pouch and Belt	15	15	0
Dress Pantalons	0			Sword Knot	1	4	0
Ditto Overalls, gold lace on sides	0			Cork	13	13	0
Undress ditto ditto	0			Vaise	3	13	6
Blue Braided Frack	0			Regulation Saddle	7	17	6
Forage cap	0			Ditto Bridle, complete	10	10	0
Dress Cap, gold laces, plume and chain	0			A Dr. Housing, com- plete	30	0	0
Gold Barreled Stick	0			A pair of Pistols	10	10	0
				A Black Sheepskin			

Carried over £41

That evening Mrs. Ponto and her family made their darling Wellesley give a full, true, and particular account of everything that had taken place at Lord Fitzstultz's: how many servants waited at dinner; and how the Ladies Schneider dressed; and what His Royal Highness said when he came down to shoot; and who was there? "What a blessing that boy is to me!" said she, as my pimple-faced young friend moved off to resume snoking operations with Gules in the now vacant kitchen;—and poor Ponto's dreary and desperate look, shall I ever forget that?

O you parents and guardians! O you men and women of sense in England! O you legislators about to assemble in Parliament! read over that tailor's bill above printed—read over

that absurd catalogue of insane gimeracks and madman's tomfoolery—and say how are you ever to get rid of Snobbishness when society does so much for its education?

Three hundred and forty pounds for a young chap's saddle and breeches! Before George, I would rather be a Hottentot or a Highlander. We laugh at poor Jocko, the monkey, dancing in uniform; or at poor Jeames, the flunkey, with his quivering calves and plush tights; or at the nigger Marquis of Marmalade, dressed out with sabre and epaulets, and giving himself the airs of a field-marshal. Lo! is not one of the Queen's Pyebalds, in full fig, as great and foolish a monster?

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

On some Country Snobs

AT last came that fortunate day at the Evergreens, when I was to be made acquainted with some of the "county families" with whom only people of Ponto's rank condescended to associate. And now, although poor Ponto had just been so cruelly made to bleed on occasion of his son's new uniform, and though he was in the dullest and most cut-throat spirits, with an overdrawn account at the banker's, and other pressing evils of poverty; although a tenpenny bottle of Marsala and an awful parsimony provided generally at his table, yet the poor fellow was obliged to assume the most frank and jovial air of cordiality; and all the covers being removed from the hangings, and new dresses being procured for the young ladies, and the family plate being unlocked and displayed, the house and all within assumed a benevolent and festive appearance. The kitchen fires began to blaze, the good wine ascended from the cellar, a professed cook actually came over from Gurbury to compile culinary abominations. Stripes was in a new coat, and so was Ponto,



for a wonder, and Tummus's button-suit was worn *en permanence*.*

And all this to show off the little lord, thinks I. All this in honour of a stupid little cigarified Cornet of Dragoons, who can



barely write his name—while an eminent and profound moralist like—somebody—is fobbed off with cold mutton and relays of pig. Well, well; a martyrdom of cold mutton is just bearable.

* I caught him in this costume, trying the flavour of the sauce of a tipsy-cake, which was made by Mrs. Ponto's own hands for her guests' delectation.

I pardon Mrs. Ponto, from my heart I do, especially as I wouldn't turn out of the best bedroom, in spite of all her hints; but held my ground in the chintz tester, vowing that Lord Gules, as a young man, was quite small and hardy enough to make himself comfortable elsewhere.

The great Ponto party was a very august one. The Hawbucks came in their family coach, with the blood-red hand emblazoned all over it: and their man in yellow livery waited in country fashion at table, only to be exceeded in splendour by the Hipsleys, the opposition baronet, in light blue. The old Ladies Fitzague drove over in their little old chariot with the fat black horses, the fat coachman, the fat footman—(why are dowagers' horses and footmen always fat?) And soon after these personages had arrived, with their auburn fronts and red beaks and turbans, came the Honourable and Reverend Lionel Pettipois, who with General and Mrs. Sago formed the rest of the party. "Lord and Lady Frederick Howlet were asked, but they have friends at Ivybush," Mrs. Ponto told me; and that very morning, the Castlehaggards sent an excuse, as her Ladyship had a return of the quinsy. Between ourselves, Lady Castlehaggard's quinsy always comes on when there is dinner at the Evergreens.

If the keeping of polite company could make a woman happy, surely my kind hostess Mrs. Ponto was on that day a happy woman. Every person present (except the unlucky impostor who pretended to a connection with the Snobington family, and General Sago, who had brought home I don't know how many lacs of rupees from India) was related to the Peerage or the Baronetage. Mrs. P. had her heart's desire. If she had been an Earl's daughter herself, could she have expected better company?—and her family were in the oil-trade at Bristol, as all her friends very well know.

What I complained of in my heart was not the dining—which, for this once, was plentiful and comfortable enough—but the prodigious dullness of the talking part of the entertainment. O my beloved brother Snobs of the City, if we love each other no better than our country brethren, at least we amuse each other more; if we bore ourselves, we are not called upon to go ten miles to do it!

For instance, the Hipsleys came ten miles from the south, and the Hawbucks ten miles from the north, of the Evergreens;

and were magnates in two different divisions of the county of Mangelwurzelshire. Hipsley, who is an old baronet, with a bothered estate, did not care to show his contempt for Hawbuck, who is a new creation, and rich. Hawbuck, on his part, gives himself patronising airs to General Sago, who looks upon the Pontos as little better than paupers. "Old Lady Blanche," says Ponto, "I hope will leave something to her god-daughter—my second girl—we've all of us half-poisoned ourselves with taking her physic."

Lady Blanche and Lady Rose Fitzague have—the first a medical, and the second a literary turn. I am inclined to believe the former had a wet *compress* around her body, on the occasion when I had the happiness of meeting her. She doctors everybody in the neighbourhood of which she is the ornament; and has tried everything on her own person. She went into court, and testified publicly her faith in St. John Long: she swore by Doctor Buchan, she took quantities of Gambouge's Universal Medicine, and whole boxfuls of Parr's Life Pills. She has cured a multiplicity of headaches by Squinstone's Eyesnuff; she wears a picture of Hahnemann in her bracelet, and a lock of Priesnitz's hair in a brooch. She talked about her own complaints, and those of her *confidante* for the time being, to every lady in the room successively, from our hostess down to Miss Wirt, taking them into corners, and whispering about bronchitis, hepatitis, St. Vitus, *neuralgia*, cephalalgia, and so forth. I observed poor fat Lady Hawbuck in a dreadful alarm after some communication regarding the state of her daughter Miss Lucy Hawbuck's health, and Mrs. Sago turn quite yellow, and put down her third glass of Madeira, at a warning glance from Lady Blanche.

Lady Rose talked literature, and about the book-club at Guttlebury, and is very strong in voyages and travels. She has a prodigious interest in Borneo, and displayed a knowledge of the history of the Punjaub and Kaffiland that does credit to her memory. Old General Sago, who sat perfectly silent and plethoric, roused up as from a lethargy when the former country was mentioned, and gave the company his story about a hog-hunt at Ramjigger. I observed her Ladyship treated with something like contempt her neighbour the Reverend Lionel Pettipois, a young divine whom you may track through the country by little "awakening" books at half-a-crown a hundred,

which dribble out of his pockets wherever he goes. I saw him give Miss Wirt a sheaf of "The Little Washerwoman on Putney Common," and to Miss Hawbuck a couple of dozen of "Meat in the Tray; or, the Young Butcher-boy Rescued;" and on paying a visit to Guttlebury gaol, I saw two notorious fellows waiting their trial there (and temporarily occupied with a game of cribbage), to whom his Reverence offered a tract as he was walking over Crackshins Common, and who robbed him of his purse, umbrella, and cambric handkerchief, leaving him the tracts to distribute elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Visit to some Country Snobs.

"WHY, dear Mr. Snob," said a young lady of rank and fashion (to whom I present my best compliments), "if you found everything so *snobbish* at the Evergreens, if the pig bored you and the mutton was not to your liking, and Mrs. Ponto was a humbug, and Miss Wirt a nuisance, with her abominable piano practice,—why did you stay so long?"

Ah, Miss, what a question! Have you never heard of gallant British soldiers storming batteries, of doctors passing nights in plague wards of lazarettoes, and other instances of martyrdom? What do you suppose induced gentlemen to walk two miles up to the batteries of Sobraon, with a hundred and fifty thundering guns howling them down by hundreds?—not pleasure, surely. What causes your respected father to quit his comfortable home for his chambers, after dinner, and pore over the most dreary law-papers until long past midnight? Duty, Mademoiselle; duty, which must be done alike by military, or legal, or literary gents. There's a power of martyrdom in our profession.

You won't believe it? Your rosy lips assume a smile of



incredulity—a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady's face. Well, then, the fact is, that my chambers, No. 24 Pump Court, Temple, were being painted by the Honourable Society, and Mrs. Skunkin, my laundress, having occasion to go into Durham to see her daughter, who is married, and has presented her with the sweetest little grandson—a few weeks could not be better spent than in rusticationg. But ah, how delightful Pump Court looked when I revisited its well-known chimney-pots! *Cari luoghi*. Welcome, welcome, O fog and smut!

But if you think there is no moral in the foregoing account of the Pontine family, you are, madam, most painfully mistaken. In this very chapter we are going to have the moral—why, the whole of the papers are nothing *but* the moral, setting forth as they do the folly of being a Snob.

You will remark that in the Country Snobography my poor friend Ponto has been held up almost exclusively for the public gaze—and why? Because we went to no other house? Because other families did not welcome us to their mahogany? No, no. Sir John Hawbuck of the Haws, Sir John Hipsley of Briary Hall, don't shut the gates of hospitality of General Sago's milligatawny I could speak from experience. And the two old ladies at Guttlebury, were they nothing? Do you suppose that an agreeable young dog, who shall be nameless, would not be made welcome? Don't you know that people are too glad to see *anybody* in the country?

But those dignified personages do not enter into the scheme of the present work, and are but minor characters of our Snob drama, just as, in the play, kings and emperors are not half so important as many humble persons. The Doge of Venice, for instance, gives way to Othello, who is but a nigger; and the King of France to Falconbridge, who is a gentleman of positively no birth at all. So with the exalted characters above mentioned. I perfectly well recollect that the claret at Hawbuck's was not by any means so good as that of Hipsley's, while, on the contrary, some white hermitage at the Haws (by the way, the butler only gave me half a glass each time) was supernacular. And I remember the conversations. O madam, madam, how stupid they were! The subsoil ploughing, the pheasants and powbing; the row about the representation of the county; the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire being at variance with his relative and nominee, the Honourable Marinaduke Tomnoddy: all these

I could put down had I a mind to violate the confidence of private life ; and a great deal of conversation about the weather, the Mangelwurzelshire Hunt, new manures, and eating and drinking, of course.

But *cui bono*? In these perfectly stupid and honourable families there is not that Snobbishness which it is our purpose to expose. An ox is an ox—a great hulking, fat-sided, bellowing, munching Beef. He ruminates according to his nature, and consumes his destined portion of turnips or oil-cake, until the time comes for his disappearance from the pastures, to be succeeded by other deep-lunged and fat ribbed animals. Perhaps we do not respect an ox. We rather acquiesce in him. The Snob, my dear madam, is the Frog that tries to swell himself to ox size. Let us pelt the silly brute out of his folly.

Look, I pray you, at the case of my unfortunate friend Ponto, a good-natured kindly English gentleman—not over-wise, but quite passable—fond of port-wine, of his family, of country sports and agriculture, hospitably minded, with as pretty a little patrimonial country-house as heart can desire, and a thousand pounds a year. It is not much ; but *entre nous*, people can live for less, and not uncomfortably.

For instance, there is the doctor, whom Mrs. P. does not condescend to visit : that man educates a nubile family, and is loved by the poor for miles round : and gives them port-wine for physic and medicine, gratis. And how those people can get on with their pittance, as Mrs. Ponto says, is a wonder to *her*.

Again, there is the clergyman, Doctor Chrysostom,—Mrs. P. says they quarrelled about Puseyism, but I am given to understand it was because Mrs. C. had the *pas* of her at the Haws—you may see what the value of his living is any day in the "Clerical Guide ;" but you don't know what he gives away.

Even Pettipois allows that, in whose eyes the Doctor's surplice is a scarlet abomination ; and so does Pettipois do his duty in his way, and administer not only his tracts and his talk, but his money and his means to his people. As a lord's son, by the way, Mrs. Ponto is uncommonly anxious that he should marry *either* of the girls whom Lord Gules does not intend to choose.

Well, although Pon's income would make up almost as much as that of these three worthies put together—oh, my dear

madam, see in what hopeless penury the poor fellow lives ! What tenant can look to *his* forbearance ? What poor man can hope for *his* charity ? " Master's the best of men," honest Stripes says, " and when he was in the ridgment a more free-handed chap didn't live. But the way in which Missus *du* scryou—I wonder the young ladies is alive, that I du ! "

They live upon a fine governess and fine masters, and have clothes made by Lady Carabas's own milliner ; and their brother rides with Earls to cover ; and only the best people in the county visit at the Evergreens, and Mrs. Ponto thinks herself a paragon of wives and mothers, and a wonder of the world, for doing all this misery and humbug, and snobbishness, on a thousand a year.

What an inexpressible comfort it was, my dear madam, when Stripes put my portmanteau in the four-wheeled chaise, and (poor Pon being touched with sciatica) drove me over to " Carabas Arms " at Guttlebury, where we took leave. There were some bagnmen there in the Commercial Room, and one talked about the house he represented, and another about his dinner, and a third about the inns on the road, and so forth—a talk, not very wise, but honest and to the purpose—about as good as that of the country gentlemen ; and oh, how much pleasanter than listening to Miss Wirt's show-pieces on the piano, and Mrs. Ponto's genteel cackle about the fashion and the county families !

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Snobbium Gallicum.

WHEN I see the great effect which these papers are producing on an intelligent public, I have a strong hope that before long we shall have a regular Snob-department in the newspapers, just as we have the Police Courts and the Court News at present. When a flagrant case of bone-crushing or Poor-law abuse occurs in the world, who so eloquent as the *Times* to point it out ? When a gross instance of snobbishness happens, why should not the indignant journalist call the public attention to that delinquency too ?

How, for instance, could that wonderful case of the *Earl of*

Mangelwurz and his brother be examined in the Snobbish point of view? Let alone the hectoring, the bullying, the vapouring, the bad grammar, the mutual recriminations, lie-givings, challenges, retractations, which abound in the fraternal



dispute—put out of the question these points as concerning the individual nobleman and his relative, with whose personal affairs we have nothing to do—and consider how intimately corrupt, how habitually grovelling and mean, how entirely Snobbish in

a word, a whole county must be which can find no better chiefs or leaders than these two gentlemen. "We don't want," the great county of Mangelwurzelshire seems to say, "that a man should be able to write good grammar; or that he should keep a Christian tongue in his head; or that he should have the commonest decency of temper, or even a fair share of good sense, in order to represent us in Parliament. All we require is, that a man should be recommended to us by the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire. And all that we require of the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire is, that he should have fifty thousand a year and hunt the country." O you pride of all Snobland! O you crawling, truckling, self-confessed lacqueys and parasites.

But this is growing too savage: don't let us forget our usual amenity, and that tone of playfulness and sentiment with which the beloved reader and writer have pursued their mutual reflections hitherto. Well, Snobbishness pervades the little Social Farce as well as the great State Comedy; and the self-same moral is tacked to either.

There was, for instance, an account in the papers of a young lady who, misled by a fortune-teller, actually went part of the way to India (as far as Bagnigge Wells, I think) in search of a husband who was promised her there. Do you suppose this poor deluded little soul would have left her shop for a man below her in rank, or for anything but a darling of a Captain in epaulets and a red coat? It was her Snobbish sentiment that misled her, and made her vanities a prey to the swindling fortune-teller.

Case 2 was that of Mademoiselle de Saugrenue, "the interesting young Frenchwoman with a profusion of jetty ringlets," who lived for nothing at a boarding-house at Gosport, was then conveyed to Farcham gratis: and being there, and lying on the bed of the good old lady her entertainer, the dear girl took occasion to rip open the mattress, and steal a cash-box, with which she fled to London. How would you account for the prodigious benevolence exercised towards the interesting young French lady? Was it her jetty ringlets or her charming face?—Bah! Do ladies love others for having pretty faces and black hair?—she said *she was a relation of* Lord de Saugrenue: talked of her Ladyship her aunt, and of herself as a De Saugrenue. The honest boarding-house people were at her feet at once. Good, honest, simple, lord-loving children of Snobland!

Finally, there was the case of "the Right Honourable Mr. Vernon," at York. The Right Honourable was the son of a nobleman, and practised on an old lady. He procured from her dinners, money, wearing-apparel, spoons, implicit credence, and an entire refit of linen. Then he cast his nets over a family of father, mother, and daughters, one of whom he proposed to marry. The father lent him money, the mother made jams and pickles for him, the daughters vied with each other in cooking dinners for the Right Honourable—and what was the end? One day the traitor fled, with a teapot and a basketful of cold victuals. It was the "Right Honourable" which baited the hook which gorged all these greedy simple Snobs. Would they have been taken in by a commoner? What old lady is there, my dear sir, who would take in you and me, were we ever so ill-to-do, and comfort us, and clothe us, and give us her money, and her silver forks? Alas and alas! what mortal man that speaks the truth can hope for such a landlady? And yet, all these instances of fond and credulous Snobbishness have occurred in the same week's paper, with who knows how many score more.

Just as we had concluded the above remarks comes a pretty little note sealed with a pretty little butterfly—bearing a northern postmark—and to the following effect:—

"19th November

"MR. PUNCH,—

"Taking great interest in your Snob Papers, we are very anxious to know under what class of that respectable fraternity you would designate us.

"We are three sisters, from seventeen to twenty-two. Our father is *honestly and truly* of a very good family (you will say it is Snobbish to mention that, but I wish to state the plain fact); our maternal grandfather was an Earl."

"We *can* afford to take in a stamped edition of *you*, and all Dickens's works as fast as they come out, but we do *not* keep such a thing as a *Peerage*, or even a *Baronetage*, in the house.

"We live with every comfort, excellent cellar, &c. &c.; but as we cannot well afford a butler, we have a neat table-maid (though our father was a military man, has travelled much, been in the best society, &c.) We *have* a coachman and helper, but we don't put the latter into buttons, nor make them wait at table, like Stripes and Tumulus.†

* The introduction of Grandpapa is, I fear, Snobbish.

† That is as you like. I don't object to buttons in moderation.

"We are just the same to persons with a handle to their name as to those without it. We wear a moderate modicum of crinoline,* and are never *limp*† in the morning. We have good and abundant dinners on *china* (though we have plate‡), and just as good when alone as with company.

"Now, my dear *Mr. Punch*, will you *please* give us a short answer in your next number, and I will be so much obliged to you. Nobody knows we are writing to you, not even our father; nor will we ever tease§ you again if you will only give us an answer—just for fun, now do!

"If you get as far as this, which is doubtful, you will probably fling it into the fire. If you do, I cannot help it; but I am of a sanguine disposition, and entertain a lingering hope. At all events, I shall be impatient for next Sunday, for you reach us on that day, and I am ashamed to confess, we *cannot* resist opening you in the carriage driving home from church||

"I remain, &c. &c., for myself and sisters.

"Excuse this scrawl, but I always write *headlong*.¶

"P.S. --You were rather stupid last week, don't you think? ** We keep no gamekeeper, and yet have always abundant game for friends to shoot, in spite of the poachers. We never write on perfumed paper -- in short, I can't help thinking that if you knew us you would not think us Snobs."

To this I reply in the following manner, --

"My dear young ladies, I know your post-town: and shall be at church there the Sunday *after* next; when, will you please to wear a tulip or some little trifle in your bonnets, so that I may know you? You will recognise me and my dress—a quiet-looking young fellow, in a white top coat, a crimson satin neck-cloth, light blue trousers, with glossy tipped boots, and an emerald breast-pin. I shall have a black crape round my white hat and my usual bamboo cane with the richly gilt knob. I am sorry there will be no time to get up moustaches between now and next week.

"From seventeen to two-and-twenty! Ye gods! what ages! Dear young creatures, I can see you all three. Seventeen suits me, as nearest my own time of life; but mind, I don't say two-

* Quite right.

† Bless you!

‡ Snobbish; and I doubt whether you ought to dine as well when alone as with company. You will be getting too good dinners.

§ We like to be teased; but tell papa.

|| O garters and stars! what will Captain Gordon and Exeter Hall say to this?

¶ Dear little enthusiast!

** You were never more mistaken, miss, in your life.

and-twenty is too old. No, no. And that pretty, roguish, demure middle one. Peace, peace, thou silly little fluttering heart!

"*You* Snobs, dear young ladies! I will pull any man's nose who says so. There is no harm in being of a good family. You can't help it, poor dears. What's in a name? What is in a handle to it? I confess openly that I should not object to being a Duke myself; and, between ourselves, you might see a worse leg for a garter.

"*You* Snobs, dear little good-natured things, no!--that is, I hope not--I think not--I won't be too confident--none of us should be--that we are not Snobs. That very confidence savours of arrogance, and to be arrogant is to be a Snob. In all the social gradations from sneak to tyrant, nature has placed a most wondrous and various progeny of Snobs. But are there no kindly natures, no tender hearts, no souls humble, simple, and truth-loving? Ponder well on this question, sweet young ladies. And if you can answer it, as no doubt you can--lucky are you, and lucky the respected Herr Papa, and lucky the three hand-some young gentlemen who are about to become each others' brothers-in-law."



CHAPTER XL.

Snobs and Marriage.

EVERYBODY of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey--at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres--must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society, that is, Snobbishness, is immolating every day. With love and simplicity and natural kindness Snobbishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lonely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant generous lads, blooming with hearty youth, swell into bloated old-bachelorhood, and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither into shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobbishness has cut off the common claim to happiness and affection with which Nature endowed us all. My heart grows sad as I see the blundering tyrant's handiwork. As I behold it I swell with cheap rage, and glow with fury against the Snob.

Come down, I say, thou skulking dulness ! Come down, thou stupid bully, and give up thy brutal ghost ! And I arm myself with the sword and spear, and taking leave of my family, go forth to do battle with that hideous ogre and giant, that brutal despot in Snob Castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall.

When *Punch* is king, I declare there shall be no such thing as old maids and old bachelors. The Reverend Mr. Malthus shall be burned annually, instead of Guy Fawkes. Those who don't marry shall go into the workhouse. It shall be a sin for the poorest not to have a pretty girl to love him.

The above reflections came to mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, Jack Spiggot by name, who is just passing into the state of old bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him. Jack was one of the handsomest fellows in England when we entered together in the Highland Buffs ; but I quitted the Cuttykilts early, and lost sight of him for many years.

Ah ! how changed he is from those days ! He wears a waist-band now, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks, which were red, are now mottled ; his eyes, once so bright and steadfast, are the colour of peeled plovers' eggs.

"Are you married, Jack ?" says I, remembering how consumedly in love he was with his cousin Letty Lovelace, when the Cuttykilts were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago.

"Married ? no," says he. "Not money enough. Hard enough to keep myself, much more a family, on five hundred a year. Come to Dickinson's ; there's some of the best Madeira in London there, my boy." So we went and talked over old times. The bill for dinner and wine consumed was prodigious, and the quantity of brandy-and-water that Jack took showed what a regular boozet he was. "A guinea or two guineas. What the devil do I care what I spend for my dinner ?" says he.

"And Letty Lovelace ?" says I.

Jack's countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh presently. "Letty Lovelace !" says he. "She's Letty Lovelace still ; but Gad, such a wizened old woman ! She's as thin as a threadpaper (you remember what a figure she had :) her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill ; always

quarrelling with the rest of the family ; always psalm-singing, and always taking pills. Gad, I had a rare escape *there*. Push round the grog, old boy."

Straightway memory went back to the days when Letty was the loveliest of blooming young creatures : when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat ; when to see her dance was better than Montessu or Noblet (they were the Ballet Queens of those days) ; when Jack used to wear a locket of her hair, with a little gold chain round his neck, and exhilarated with toddy, after a sederunt of the Cuttykilt mess, used to pull out this token, and kiss it, and howl about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major and the rest of the table.

"My father and hers couldn't put their horses together," Jack said. "The General wouldn't come down with more than six thousand. My governor said it shouldn't be done under eight. Lovelace told him to go and be hanged, and so we parted company. They said she was in a decline. Gammon ! She's forty, and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon-peel. Don't put much into your punch, Snob my boy. No man *can* stand punch after wine."

"And what are your pursuits, Jack ?" says I.

"Sold out when the governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried except the youngest—awful work. Scotland in August. Italy in the winter. Cursed rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy, and we won't go home till maw-aw-ruing, till daylight does appear."

"And here's the wreck of two lives !" mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of Jack Spiggot. "Pretty merry Letty Lovelace's rudder lost and she cast away, and handsome Jack Spiggot stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo."

What was it that insulted Nature (to use no higher name), and perverted her kindly intentions towards them ? What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing, and condemned the girl to sour sterility, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood ? It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says, "Thou shalt not love without a lady's maid ; thou shalt not marry without a carriage and horses ; thou shalt have no wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without

a page in buttons and a French *bonne* ; thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a brougham ; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee ; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal ; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad sad manner in which Tom or Harry has thrown himself away." You, young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry old Cræsus ; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, woe be to you ! Society, the brutal Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Witherr, poor girl, in your garret : rot, poor bachelor, in your Club.

When I see those graceless recluses—those unnatural monks and nuns of the order of St. Beelzebub,* my hatred for Snobs, and their worship, and their idols, passes all continence. Let us hew down that man-eating Juggernaut, I say, that hideous Dagon ; and I glow with the heroic courage of Tom Thumb, and join battle with the Giant Snob.

CHAPTER XII.

Snobs and Marriage.

IN that noble romance called "Ten Thousand a Year," I remember a profoundly pathetic description of the Christian manner in which the hero, Mr. Aubrey, bore his misfortunes. After making a display of the most florid and grandiloquent resignation, and quitting his country mansion, the writer supposes Aubrey to come to town in a postchaise and pair, sitting bedkin probably between his wife and sister. It is about seven o'clock, carriages are rattling about, knockers are thundering, and tears bedim the fine eyes of Kate and Mrs. Aubrey as they think that in happier times at this hour—their Aubrey used formerly to go out to dinner to the houses of the aristocracy his friends. This is the gist of the passage—the elegant words I

* This, of course, is understood to apply only to those unmarried persons whom a mean and Snobbish fear about money has kept from fulfilling their natural destiny. Many persons there are devoted to celibacy because they cannot help it. Of these a man would be a brute who spoke roughly. Indeed, after Miss O'Foole's conduct to the writer, he would be the last to condemn. But never mind ; these are personal matters.

forget. But the noble noble sentiment I shall always cherish and remember. What can be more sublime than the notion of a great man's relatives in tears about—his dinner? With a few touches, what author ever more happily described A Snob?

We were reading the passage lately at the house of my friend, Raymond Gray, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, an ingenuous youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to hide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world. Meanwhile, until it is altered, the stern laws of necessity and the expenses of the Northern Circuit oblige Mr. Gray to live in a very tiny mansion in a very queer small square in the airy neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane.

What is the more remarkable is, that Gray has a wife there. Mrs. Gray was a Miss Harley Baker—and I suppose I need not say *that* is a respectable family. Allied to the Cavendishes, the Oxfords, the Marybones, they still, though rather *déclassé* from their original splendour, hold their heads as high as any. Mrs. Harley Baker, I know, never goes to church without John behind to carry her prayer-book; nor will Miss Welbeck, her sister, walk twenty yards a-shopping without the protection of Figby, her sugar loaf page; though the old lady is as ugly as any woman in the parish and as tall and whiskery as a grenadier. The astonishment is, how Emily Harley Baker could have stooped to marry Raymond Gray. She, who was the prettiest and proudest of the family; she, who refused Sir Cockle Byles, of the Bengal Service; she, who turned up her little nose at Essex Temple, Q.C., and connected with the noble house of Albyn; she, who had but £4000 *four tout folage*, to marry a man who had scarcely as much more. A scream of wrath and indignation was uttered by the whole family when they heard of this *mésalliance*. Mrs. Harley Baker never speaks of her daughter now but with tears in her eyes, and as a ruined creature. Miss Welbeck says, "I consider that man a villain;" and has denounced poor good-natured Mrs. Perkins as a swindler, at whose hall the young people met for the first time.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray, meanwhile, live in Gray's Inn Lane aforesaid, with a maid-servant and a nurse, whose hands are very full, and in a most provoking and unnatural state of happiness. They have never once thought of crying about their dinner, like the wretchedly puling and Snobbish womankind of

my favourite Snob Aubrey, of "Ten Thousand a Year;" but, on the contrary, accept such humble victuals as fate awards them with a most perfect and thankful good grace—nay, actually have a portion for a hungry friend at times—as the present writer can gratefully testify.

I was mentioning these dinners, and some admirable lemon puddings, which Mrs. Gray makes, to our mutual friend the great Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, when that gentleman's face assumed an expression of almost apoplectic terror,



and he gasped out, "What! Do they give dinners?" He seemed to think it a crime and a wonder that such people should dine at all, and that it was their custom to huddle round their kitchen-fire over a bone and a crust. Whenever he meets them in society, it is a matter of wonder to him (and he always expresses his surprise very loud) how the lady can appear decently dressed, and the man have an unpatched coat to his back. I have heard him enlarge upon this poverty before the whole room at the "Conflagrative Club," to which he and I and Gray have the honour to belong.

We meet at the Club on most days. At half-past four, Goldmore arrives in St. James's Street, from the City, and you may see him reading the evening papers in the bow-window of the Club, which enfilades Pall Mall—a large plethoric man, with a bunch of seals in a large bow-windowed light waistcoat. He has large coat-tails, stuffed with agents' letters and papers about companies of which he is a Director. His seals jingle as he walks. I wish I had such a man for an uncle, and that he himself were childless. I would love and cherish him, and be kind to him.

At six o'clock in the full season, when all the world is in St. James's Street, and the carriages are cutting in and out among the cabs on the stand, and the tufted dandies are showing their listless faces out of "White's," and you see respectable grey-headed gentlemen wagging their heads to each other through the plate-glass windows of "Arthur's," and the red-coats wish to be Briareian, so as to hold all the gentlemen's horses; and that wonderful red-coated Royal porter is sunning himself before Marlborough House—at the noon of London time you see a light-yellow carriage with black horses, and a coachman in a tight floss-silk wig, and two footmen in powder and white and yellow liveries, and a large woman inside in shot-silk, a poodle, and a pink parasol, which drives up to the gate of the "Conflagrative," and the page goes and says to Mr. Goldmore (who is perfectly aware of the fact, as he is looking out of the windows with about forty other "Conflagrative" bucks), "Your carriage, sir." G. wags his head. "Remember, eight o'clock precisely," says he to Mulligatawney, the other East India Director; and, ascending the carriage, plumps down by the side of Mrs. Goldmore for a drive in the Park, and then home to Portland Place. As the carriage whirls off, all the young bucks in the Club feel a secret elation. It is a part of their establishment, as it were. That carriage belongs to their Club, and their Club belongs to them. They follow the equipage with interest; they eye it knowingly as they see it in the Park. But halt! we are not come to the Club Snobs yet. O my brave Snobs, what a flurry there will be among you when those papers appear!

Well, you may judge from the above description, what sort of a man Goldmore is. A dull and pompous Leadenhall Street Cræsus, good-natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. "Mr. Goldmore can never forget," his lady used to say, "that

it was Mrs. Gray's grandfather who sent him to India ; and though that young woman has made the most imprudent marriage in the world, and has left her station in society, her husband seems an ingenious and laborious young man, and we shall do everything in our power to be of use to him." So they used to ask the Grays to dinner twice or thrice in a season, when, by way of increasing the kindness, Buff, the butler, is ordered to hire a fly to convey them to and from Portland Place.

Of course I am much too good-natured a friend of both parties not to tell Gray of Goldmore's opinion regarding him, and the nabob's astonishment at the idea of the briefless barrister having any dinner at all. Indeed, Goldmore's saying became a joke against Gray amongst us wags at the Club, and we used to ask him when he tasted meat last? whether we should bring him home something from dinner? and cut a thousand other mad pranks with him in our facetious way.

One day, then, coming home from the Club, Mr. Gray conveyed to his wife the astounding information that he had asked Goldmore to dinner.

"My love," says Mrs. Gray, in a tremor, "how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining room won't hold Mrs. Goldmore."

"Make your mind easy, Mrs. Gray, her ladyship is in Paris. It is only Cressus that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadler's Wells. Goldmore said at the Club that he thought Shakspeare was a great dramatic poet, and ought to be patronised, whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet."

"Goodness gracious! what can we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know Mrs. Goldmore is always telling us about them, and he dines with aldermen every day."

"A plain leg of mutton, my Lu-y,
I prythee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?"

says Gray, quoting my favourite poet.

"But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible Pattypan the pastrycook's"—

"Silence, Frau!" says Gray, in a deep tragedy voice. "I will have the ordering of this repast. Do all things as I bid

thee. Invite our friend Snob here to partake of the feast. He mine the task of procuring it."

"Don't be expensive, Raymond," says his wife.

"Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. Goldmore's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only do thou in all things my commands." And seeing by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggery was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

CHAPTER XLII.

Snobs and Marriage.

PUNCTUAL to the hour (by the way, I cannot omit here to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation towards those miserable Snobs who come to dinner at nine, when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the backbiting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue these wretches, and avenge the society on which they trample!)—Punctual, I say, to the hour of five, which Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gray had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity (for in sooth he was hungry, and always is at the dinner hour, whatever that hour may be), and whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Buttlestone Street, Buttlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was Mr. Snob. *He* is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative.

Although Mr. Snob may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Buttlestone Street with his richly gilt knobbed cane (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss Squilby's, the brass plated miliner opposite Raymond Gray's, who has three silver paper bonnets, and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window), yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that with which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkeys, the black horses and blazing silver harness of Mr. Goldmore whirled

down the street? It is a very little street, of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss Squilby's. Coal-merchants, architects and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing-master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storeyed edifices with little stucco porticoes. Goldmore's carriage overtopped the roofs almost ;



the first floors might shake hands with Croesus as he lolled inside ; all the windows of those first-floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was Mrs. Hammerly in curl-papers ; Mrs. Saxby with her front awry ; Mr. Wiggles peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in

Bittlestone Street, as the Goldmore carriage drove up to Mr. Raymond Gray's door.

"How kind it is of him to come with *both* the footmen!" says little Mrs. Gray, peeping at the vehicle too. The huge domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining, the very organ-boy paused; the footman, the coach, and Goldmore's red face and white waistcoat were blazing in splendour. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

Raymond Gray opened his—in his shirt-sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. "Come in, Goldmore," says he; "just in time, my boy. Open the door, What d'ye-call-um, and let your master out," and What d'ye-call-um obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

"Wawt tain't will you please have the *cage*, sir?" says What-d'ye-call-um, in that peculiar, unspellable, inimitable, flunkified pronunciation which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

"Best have it to the theatre at night," Gray exclaims; "it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven."

"Yes, at eleven," exclaims Goldmore perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked Gray as a Jack Ketch over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from doorsteps and balconies, its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

"Go in there and amuse yourself with Snob," says Gray, opening the little drawing-room door. "I'll call out as soon as the chops are ready. Fanny's below, seeing to the pudding."

"Gracious mercy!" says Goldmore to me, quite confidentially, "how could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution."

"Dinner, dinner!" roars out Gray, from the dining room, whence issued a great smoking and frying; and entering that apartment we find Mrs. Gray ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a Princess who, by some accident, had a bowl of

potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.

"Fanny has made the roly-poly pudding," says he; "the chops are my part. Here's a fine one; try this, Goldmore." And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman's plate. What words, what notes of exclamation can describe the nabob's astonishment?

The table-cloth was a very old one, darned in a score of places. There was mustard in a tea-cup, a silver fork for Goldmore—all ours were iron.

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says Gray gravely. "That fork is the only one we have. Fanny has it generally."

"Raymond!" cries Mrs. Gray, with an imploring face.

"She was used to better things, you know; and I hope one day to get her a dinner-service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce is that boy with the beer? And now," said he, springing up, "I'll be a gentleman." And so he put on his coat, and sat down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton-chops which he had by this time broiled.

"We don't have meat every day, Mr. Goldmore," he continued, "and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships brilliant barristers endure."

"Gracious mercy!" says Mr. Goldmore.

"Where's the half-and-half? Fanny, go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence." And what was our astonishment when Fanny got up as if to go!

"Gracious mercy! let me," cries Goldmore.

"Not for worlds, my dear sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!" Raymond said, with astounding composure. And Mrs. Gray left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little Polly (to whom, at her christening, I had the honour of presenting a silver mug *ex officio*) followed with a couple of tobacco-pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

"Did you speak to Taping about the gin, Fanny my dear?" Gray asked, after bidding Polly put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little person had some difficulty in reaching.

"The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it."

"You would hardly suspect, Goldmore, that my wife, a Harley Baker, would ever make gin-punch? I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her."

"Don't be always laughing at mamma, Raymond," says Mrs. Gray.

"Well, well, she wouldn't die, and I *don't* wish she would. And you don't make gin-punch, and you don't like it either—and—Goldmore, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?"

"Gracious mercy!" ejaculates Cræsus once more, as little Polly, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling, to that astonished Director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. Gray pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the children in a little cart, how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told Tibbits, his clerk (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public-house, which Mrs. Fanny had fetched from the neighbouring apartment)—to fetch "the bottle of port-wine," when the dinner was over; and told Goldmore as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and Mrs. Gray had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of the port, Gray suddenly breaks the silence by slapping Goldmore on the shoulder, and saying, "Now, Goldmore, tell me something."

"What?" asks Cræsus.

"Haven't you had a good dinner?"

Goldmore started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned upon him. He *had* had a good dinner; and didn't know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were best of the mutton kind; the potatoes were perfect of their order; as for the toly-poly, it was too good. The porter was frothy and cool, and the port-wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views: for there is more in Gray's cellar.

"Well," says Goldmore, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question Gray put to him—"Pon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a monsaus good dinnah—monsous good, upon my ward! Here's your health, Gray my boy, and your amiable lady; and when Mrs. Goldmore comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place." And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which Goldmore enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly-established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had Gray appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (Buckmuckjee Bobbachee v. Ranchowder-Bahawder) in the Privy Council, Lord Brougham complimented Mr. Gray, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he knows Sanscrit or not, I can't say; but Goldmore got him the business; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

Snohs and Marriage.

"We Bachelors in Clubs are very much obliged to you," says my old school and college companion, Essex Temple, "for the opinion which you hold of us. You call us selfish, purple-faced, bloated, and other pretty names. You state, in the simplest possible terms, that we shall go to the deuce. You bid us rot in loneliness, and deny us all claims to honesty, conduct, decent Christian life. Who are you, Mr. Snob, to judge us so? Who are you, with your infernal benevolent smirk and gam, that laugh at all our generation?

"I will tell you my case," says Essex Temple; "mine and my sister Polly's, and you may make what you like of it; and sneer at old maids, and bully old bachelors, if you will.

"I will whisper to you confidentially that my sister Polly was engaged to Serjeant Shirker—a fellow whose talents one cannot deny, and be hanged to them, but whom I have always known to be mean, selfish, and a prig. However, women don't see these faults in the men whom Love throws in their way. Shirker, who has about as much warmth as an eel, made up to Polly years and years ago, and was no bad match for a briefless barrister, as he was then.

"Have you ever read Lord Eldon's Life? Do you remember how the sordid old Snob narrates his going out to purchase two-pence worth of sprats, which he and Mrs. Scott fried between them? And how he parades his humility, and exhibits his miserable poverty—he who, at that time, must have been making a thousand pounds a year? Well, Shirker was just as proud of his prudence just as thankful for his own meanness, and of course would not marry without a competency. Who so honourable? Polly waited, and waited faintly, from year to year. *He* wasn't sick at heart; *his* passion never disturbed his six hours' sleep, or kept his ambition out of mind. He would rather have hugged an attorney any day than have kissed Polly, though she was one of the prettiest creatures in the world; and while she was pining alone upstairs, reading over the stock of half-a-dozen frigid letters that the confounded prig had condescended to write to her, *he*, be sure, was never busy with anything but his briefs in chambers—always frigid, rigid, self-satisfied, and at his duty. The marriage trailed on year after year, while Mr. Serjeant Shirker grew to be the famous lawyer he is.

"Meanwhile, my younger brother, Pump Temple, who was in the 120th Hussars, and had the same little patrimony which fell to the lot of myself and Polly, must fall in love with our cousin, Fanny Figtree, and marry her out of hand. You should have seen the wedding! Six bridesmaids in pink, to hold the fan, bouquet, gloves, scent-bottle, and pocket-handkerchief of the bride; basketfuls of white favours in the vestry, to be pinned on to the footmen and horses: a genteel congregation of curious acquaintance in the pews, a shabby one of poor on the steps; all the carriages of all our acquaintance whom Aunt Figtree had levied for the occasion; and of course four horses for Mr. Pump's bridal vehicle.

"Then comes the breakfast, or *déjeuner*, if you please, with a brass band in the street, and policemen to keep order. The

happy bridegroom spends about a year's income in dresses for the bridesmaids and pretty presents; and the bride must have a *trousseau* of laces, satins, jewel-boxes, and tomfoolery, to make her fit to be a lieutenant's wife. There was no hesitation about Pump. He flung about his money as if it had been dross; and Mrs. P. Temple, on the horse 'Tom Tiddler, which her husband gave her, was the most dashing of military women at Brighton or Dublin. How old Mrs. Figtree used to bore me and Polly with stories of Pump's grandeur and the noble company he kept! Polly lives with the Figtrees, as I am not rich enough to keep a home for her.

"Pump and I have always been rather distant. Not having the slightest notions about horseflesh, he has a natural contempt for me; and in our mother's lifetime, when the good old lady was always paying his debts and petting him, I'm not sure there was not a little jealousy. It used to be Polly that kept the peace between us.

"She went to Dublin to visit Pump, and brought back grand accounts of his doings—gayest man about town—Aide-de-Camp to the Lord-Lieutenant—Fanny admired everywhere—Her Excellency godmother to the second boy: the eldest with a string of aristocratic Christian names that made the grandmother wild with delight. Presently Fanny and Pump obligingly came over to London, where the third was born.

"Polly was godmother to this, and who so loving as she and Pump now? 'Oh, Essex,' says she to me, 'he is so good, so generous, so fond of his family, so handsome, who can help loving him, and pardoning his little errors?' One day, while Mrs. Pump was yet in the upper regions, and Doctor Fingertree's brougham at her door every day, having business at Guildhall, whom should I meet in Cheapside but Pump and Polly? The poor girl looked more happy and rosy than I have seen her these twelve years. Pump, on the contrary, was rather blushing and embarrassed.

"I couldn't be mistaken in her face and its look of mischief and triumph. She had been committing some act of sacrifice. I went to the family stockbroker. She had sold out two thousand pounds that morning and given them to Pump. Quarrelling was useless. Pump had the money; he was off to Dublin by the time I reached his mother's, and Polly radiant still. He was going to make his fortune; he was going to

embark the money in the Bog of Allen—I don't know what. The fact is, he was going to pay his losses upon the last Manchester steeple-chase, and I leave you to imagine how much principal or interest poor Polly ever saw back again.

"It was more than half her fortune, and he has had another thousand since from her. Then came efforts to stave off ruin and prevent exposure; struggles on all our parts, and sacrifices, that" (here Mr. Essex Temple began to hesitate)—"that needn't be talked of; but they are of no more use than such sacrifices ever are. Pump and his wife are abroad—I don't like to ask where; Polly has the three children, and Mr. Serjeant Shurker has formally written to break off an engagement, on the conclusion of which Miss Temple must herself have speculated, when she alienated the greater part of her fortune.

"And here's your famous theory of poor marriages!" Essex Temple cries, concluding the above history. "How do you know that I don't want to marry myself? How do you dare sneer at my poor sister? What are we but martyrs of the reckless marriage system which Mr. Snob, forsooth, chooses to advocate?" And he thought he had the better of the argument, which, strange to say, is not his opinion.

But for the infernal Snob-worship, might not every one of these people be happy? If poor Polly's happiness lay in linking her tender arms round such a heartless prig as the sneak who has deceived her, she might have been happy now—as happy as Raymond Raymond in the ballad, with the stone statue by his side. She is wretched because Mr. Serjeant Shurker worships money and ambition, and is a Snob and a coward.

If the unfortunate Pump Temple and his giddy hussy of a wife have ruined themselves, and dragged down others into their calamity, it is because they loved rank, and horses, and plate, and carriages, and *Court Guides*, and millinery, and would sacrifice all to attain those objects.

And who misguides them? If the world were more simple, would not those foolish people follow the fashion? Does not the world love *Court Guides*, and millinery, and plate, and carriages? Mercy on us! Read the fashionable intelligence; read the *Court Circular*; read the genteel novels; survey mankind from Piccadilly to Red Lion Square, and see how the Poor Snob is aping the Rich Snob; how the Mean Snob is grovelling at the feet of the Proud Snob; and the Great Snob is lording it

over his humble brother. Does the idea of equality ever enter Dives's head? Will it ever? Will the Duchess of Fitzbattle-axe (I like a good name) ever believe that Lady Croesus, her next-door neighbour in Belgrave Square, is as good a lady as her Grace? Will Lady Croesus ever leave off pining for the Duchess's parties, and cease patronising Mrs. Broadcloth, whose husband has not got his Baronetcy yet? Will Mrs. Broadcloth ever heartily shake hands with Mrs. Seedy, and give up those odious calculations about poor dear Mrs. Seedy's income. Will Mrs. Seedy, who is starving in her great house, go and live comfortably in a little one, or in lodgings? Will her landlady, Miss Letsam, ever stop wondering at the familiarity of tradespeople, or rebuking the insolence of Suky, the maid, who wears flowers under her bonnet, like a lady?

But why hope, why wish for such times? Do I wish all Snobs to perish? Do I wish these Snob papers to determine? Suicidal fool! art not thou, too, a Snob and a brother?

CHAPTER XLIV.

Club Snobs.

1.

As I wish to be particularly agreeable to the ladies (to whom I make my most humble obeisance), we will now, if you please, commence maligning a class of Snobs against whom, I believe, most female minds are embittered,---I mean Club Snobs. I have very seldom heard even the most gentle and placable woman speak without a little feeling of bitterness against those social institutions, those palaces swaggering in St. James's, which are open to the men, while the ladies have but their dingy three-windowed brick boxes in Belgravia or in Paddingtonia, or in the region between the road of Edgware and that of Gray's Inn.

In my grandfather's time it used to be Freemasonry that roused their anger. It was my grand-aunt (whose portrait we still have in the family) who got into the clock-case at the Royal Rosicrucian Lodge at Bungay, Suffolk, to spy the proceedings of the Society, of which her husband was a member, and being frightened by the sudden whirring and striking

eleven of the clock (just as the Deputy-Grand-Master was bringing in the mystic gridiron for the reception of a neophyte), rushed out into the midst of the lodge assembled; and was elected, by a desperate unanimity, Deputy-Grand-Mistress for life. Though that admirable and courageous female never subsequently breathed a word with regard to the secrets of the initiation, yet she inspired all our family with such a terror regarding the mysteries of Jachin and Boaz, that none of our family have ever since joined the Society, or worn the dreadful Masonic insignia.

It is known that Orpheus was torn to pieces by some justly indignant Thracian ladies for belonging to an Harmonic Lodge. "Let him go back to Eurydice," they said, "whom he is pretending to regret so." But the history is given in Dr. Lemprière's elegant dictionary in a manner much more forcible than any which this feeble pen can attempt. At once, then, and without verbiage, let us take up this subject-matter of Clubs.

Clubs ought not, in my mind, to be permitted to bachelors. If my friend of the Cuttykilts had not our Club, the "Union Jack," to go to (I belong to the "U. J." and nine other similar institutions), who knows but he never would be a bachelor at this present moment? Instead of being made comfortable, and cockered up with every luxury, as they are at Clubs, bachelors ought to be rendered profoundly miserable, in my opinion. Every encouragement should be given to the rendering their spare time disagreeable. There can be no more odious object, according to my sentiments, than young Smith, in the pride of health, commanding his dinner of three courses; than middle-aged Jones wallowing (as I may say) in an easy padded armchair, over the last delicious novel or brilliant magazine; or than old Brown, that selfish old reprobate for whom mere literature has no charms, stretched on the best sofa, sitting on the second edition of the *Times*, having the *Morning Chronicle* between his knees, the *Herald* pushed in between his coat and waistcoat, the *Standard* under his left arm, the *Globe* under the other pinion, and the *Daily News* in perusal. "I'll trouble you for *Punch*, Mr. Wiggins," says the unconscionable old gormandiser, interrupting our friend, who is laughing over the periodical in question.

This kind of selfishness ought not to be. No, no. Young Smith, instead of his dinner and his wine, ought to be, where?

—at the festive tea-table, to be sure, by the side of Miss Higgs, sipping the bobea, or tasting the harmless muffin ; while old Mrs. Higgs looks on, pleased at their innocent dalliance, and my friend Miss Wirt, the governess, is performing Thalberg's last sonata in treble X., totally unheeded, at the piano.

Where should the middle-aged Jones be ? At his time of life, he ought to be the father of a family. At such an hour—say, at nine o'clock at night—the nursery bell should have just rung the children to bed. He and Mrs. J. ought to be, by rights, seated on each side of the fire by the dining-room table, a bottle of port wine between them, not so full as it was an hour since. Mrs. J. has had two glasses ; Mrs. Grumble (Jones's mother-in-law) has had three ; Jones himself has finished the rest, and dozes comfortably until bed-time.

And Brown, that old newspaper-devouring miscreant, what right has *he* at a club at a decent hour of night ? He ought to be playing his rubber with Miss MacWhirter, his wife, and the family apothecary. His candle ought to be brought to him at ten o'clock, and he should retire to rest, just as the young people were thinking of a dance. How much finer, simpler, nobler are the several employments I have sketched out for these gentlemen than their present nightly orgies at the horrid Club.

And, ladies, think of men who do not merely frequent the dining-room and library, but who use other apartments of those horrible dens which it is my purpose to batter down ; think of Cannon, the wretch, with his coat off, at his age and size, clattering the balls over the billiard-table all night, and making bets with that odious Captain Spot !—think of Pam in a dark room with Bob Trumper, Jack Deuceace, and Charley Vole, playing, the poor dear misguided wretch, guinea points, and five pounds on the rubber !—above all, think—oh, think of that den of abomination, which, I am told, has been established in *some* clubs, called the *Smoking-Room*,—think of the debauchees who congregate there, the quantities of reeking whisky-punch or more dangerous sherry-cobbler which they consume ;—think of them coming home at cock-crow and letting themselves into the quiet house with the Chubb key ;—think of them, the hypocrites, taking off their insidious boots before they slink upstairs, the children sleeping overhead, the wife of their bosom alone with the waning rushlight in the two-pair front—that chamber so soon to be rendered hateful by the smell of their stale cigars ! I am not an

advocate of violence ; I am not by nature of an incendiary turn of mind ; but if, my dear ladies, you are for assassinating Mr. Chubb and burning down the Club-houses in St. James's, there is *one* Snob at least who will not think the worse of you.

The only men who, as I opine, ought to be allowed the use of Clubs, are married men without a profession. The continual presence of these in a house cannot be thought, even by the most loving of wives, desirable. Say the girls are beginning to practise their music, which, in an honourable English family, ought to occupy every young gentlewoman three hours ; it would be rather hard to call upon poor papa to sit in the drawing-room all that time, and listen to the interminable discords and shrieks which are elicited from the miserable piano during the above necessary operation. A man with a good ear, especially, would go mad, if compelled daily to submit to this horror.

Or suppose you have a fancy to go to the milliner's, or to Howell and James's, it is manifest, my dear madam, that your husband is much better at the Club during these operations than by your side in the carriage, or perched in wonder upon one of the stools at Shawl and Gimcrack's, whilst young counter-dandies are displaying their wares.

This sort of husbands should be sent out after breakfast, and if not Members of Parliament, or Directors of a Railroad, or an Insurance Company, should be put into their Clubs, and told to remain there until dinner-time. No sight is more agreeable to my truly well-regulated mind than to see the noble characters so worthily employed. Whenever I pass by St. James's Street, having the privilege, like the rest of the world, of looking in at the windows of "Blight's," or "Foodle's," or "Snook's," or the great bay at the "Contemplative Club," I behold with respectful appreciation the figures within—the honest rosy old fogies, the mouldy old dandies, the waist-belts and glossy wigs and tight cravats of those most vacuous and respectable men. Such men are best there during the daytime surely. When you part with them, dear ladies, think of the rapture consequent on their return. You have transacted your household affairs ; you have made your purchases ; you have paid your visits ; you have aired your poodle in the Park ; your French maid has completed the toilette which renders you so ravishingly beautiful by candlelight, and you are fit to make home pleasant to him who has been absent all day.

Such men surely ought to have their Clubs, and we will not class them among Club Snobs therefore:—on whom let us reserve our attack for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLV.

Club Snobs.

II.

SUCH a sensation has been created in the Clubs by the appearance of the last paper on Club Snobs, as can't but be complimentary to me who am one of their number.

I belong to many Clubs. The "Union Jack," the "Sash and Markinspike"—Military Clubs. The "True Blue," the "No Surrender," the "Blue and Buff," the "Guy Fawkes," and the "Cato Street"—Political Clubs. The "Brummel" and the "Regent"—Dandy Clubs. The "Acropolis," the "Palladium," the "Arcopagus," the "Pnyx," the "Pentelicus," the "Ilissus," and the "Poluphloishoio Thalasses"—Literary Clubs. I never could make out how the latter set of Clubs got their names; I don't know Greek for one, and I wonder how many other members of those institutions do.

Ever since the Club Snobs have been announced, I observe a sensation created on my entrance into any one of these places. Members get up and hustle together; they nod, they scowl; as they glance towards the present Snob. "Infernal impudent Jackanapes! If he shows me up," says Colonel Bludyer, "I'll break every bone in his skin." "I told you what would come of admitting literary men into the Club," says Ranville Ranville to his



colleague, Spooney, of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office. "These people are very well in their proper places, and, as a public man, I make a point of shaking hands with them, and that sort of thing; but to have one's privacy obtruded upon by such people is really too much. Come along, Spooney," and the pair of prigs retire superciliously.

As I came into the coffee-room at the "No Surrender," old



Jawkins was holding out to a knot of men, who were yawning, as usual. There he stood, waving the *Standard*, and swaggering before the fire. "What," says he, "did I tell Peel last year? If you touch the Corn Laws, you touch the Sugar Question; if you touch the Sugar, you touch the Tea. I am no monopolist. I am a liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice; and if we are to have Free Trade, give me

reciprocity. And what was Sir Robert Peel's answer to me? 'Mr. Jawkins,' he said "—

Here Jawkins's eye suddenly turning on your humble servant, he stopped his sentence, with a guilty look—his stale old stupid sentence, which every one of us at the Club has heard over and over again.

Jawkins is a most pertinacious Club Snob. Every day he is at that fireplace, holding that *Standard*, of which he reads up the leading article, and pours it out *ore rotundo*, with the most astonishing composure, in the face of his neighbour, who has just read every word of it in the paper. Jawkins has money, as you may see by the tie of his neckcloth. He passes the morning swaggering about the City, in bankers' and brokers' parlours, and says :—"I spoke with Peel yesterday, and his intentions are so-and-so. Graham and I were talking over the matter, and I pledge you my word of honour, his opinion coincides with mine; and that What-d'ye-call-um is the only measure Government will venture on trying." By evening-paper time he is at the Club: "I can tell you the opinion of the City, my Lord," says he, "and the way in which Jones Loyd looks at it is briefly this: Rothschilds told me so themselves. In Mark Lane, people's minds are *quite* made up." He is considered rather a well-informed man.

He lives in Belgravia, of course; in a drab-coloured genteel house, and has everything about him that is properly grave, dismal, and comfortable. His dinners are in the *Morning Herald*, among the parties for the week; and his wife and daughters make a very handsome appearance at the Drawing-room, once a year, when he comes down to the Club in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform.

He is fond of beginning a speech to you by saying, "When I was in the House, I &c."—in fact he sat for Skittlebury for three weeks in the first Reformed Parliament, and was unseated for bribery; since which he has three times unsuccessfully contested that honourable borough.

Another sort of Political Snob I have seen at most Clubs, and that is the man who does not care so much for home politics, but is great upon foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere *but* in Clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles, at the expense of some ten thousand a year each. He is the man who is really seriously uncon-

fortable about the designs of Russia, and the atrocious treachery of Louis-Philippe. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye upon the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him!) he reads. He knows the names of the contending leaders in Portugal, and what they are fighting about: and it is he who says that Lord Aberdeen ought to be impeached, and Lord Palmerston hanged, or *vice versa*.

Lord Palmerston's being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the City, is a favourite theme with this kind of Snob. I once overheard him—it was Captain Spitfire, R.N. (who had been refused a ship by the Whigs, by the way)—indulging in the following conversation with Mr. Minns after dinner:—

“Why wasn't the Princess Scragamoffsky at Lady Palmerston's party, Minns? Because *she can't show*—and why can't she show? Shall I tell you, Minns, why she can't show? The Princess Scragamoffsky's back is flayed alive, Minns—I tell you it's raw, sir! On Tuesday last, at twelve o'clock, three drummers of the Preobajinski Regiment arrived at Ashburnham House, and at half-past twelve, in the yellow drawing-room at the Russian Embassy, before the ambassadress and four ladies'-maids, the Greek Papa, and the Secretary of Embassy, Madame de Scragamoffsky received thirteen dozen. She was knouted, sir, knouted in the midst of England—in Berkeley Square, for having said that the Grand Duchess Olga's hair was red. And now, sir, will you tell me Lord Palmerston ought to continue Minister?”

Minns: “Good Ged!”

Minns follows Spitfire about, and thinks him the greatest and wisest of human beings.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Club Snobs.

III.

WHY does not some great author write “The Mysteries of the Club-houses; or, St. James's Street Unveiled?” It would be a fine subject for an imaginative writer. We must all, as boys, remember when we went to the fair, and had spent all our money

—the sort of awe and anxiety with which we loitered round the outside of the show, speculating upon the nature of the entertainment going on within.

Man is a Drama—of Wonder and Passion, and Mystery and Meanness, and Beauty and Truthfulness, and Etcetera. Each Bosom is a Booth in Vanity Fair. But let us stop this capital style, I should die if I kept it up for a column (a pretty thing a column all capitals would be by the way). In a Club, though



there mayn't be a soul of your acquaintance in the room, you have always the chance of watching strangers, and speculating on what is going on within those tents and curtains of their souls, their coats and waistcoats. This is a never-failing sport. Indeed I am told there are some clubs in the town where nobody ever speaks to anybody. They sit in the coffee-room, quite silent, and watching each other.

Yet how little you can tell from a man's outward demeanour! There's a man at our Club—large, heavy, middle-aged—gorgeously dressed—rather bald—with lacquered boots—and a boa

when he goes out; quiet in demeanour, always ordering and consuming a *recherche* little dinner: whom I have mistaken for Sir John Pocklington any time these five years, and respected as a man with five hundred pounds *per diem*; and I find he is but a clerk in an office in the City, with not two hundred pounds income, and his name is Jubber. Sir John Pocklington was, on the contrary, the dirty little snuffy man who cried out so about

the bad quality of the beer, and grumbled at being overcharged three halfpence for a herring, seated at the next table to Jubber on the day when some one pointed the Baronet out to me.

Take a different sort of mystery. I see, for instance, old Fawney stealing round the rooms of the Club, with glassy meaningless eyes, and an endless greasy simper—he fawns on everybody he meets, and shakes hands with you, and blesses you, and betrays the most tender and astonishing interest in your welfare. You know him to be a quack and a rogue, and he knows you know it. But he wriggles on his way, and leaves a track of slimy flattery after him wherever he goes. Who can penetrate that man's mystery? What earthly good can he get from you or me? You don't know what is working under that leering tranquil mask. You have only the dim instinctive repulsion that warns you, you are in the presence of a knave—beyond which fact all Fawney's soul is a secret to you.

I think I like to speculate on the young men best. Their play is opener. You know the cards in their hand, as it were. Take, for example, Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur.

A specimen or two of the above sort of young fellows may be found, I believe, at most Clubs. They know nobody. They bring a fine smell of cigars into the room with them, and they growl together, in a corner, about sporting matters. They recollect the history of that short period in which they have been ornaments of the world by the names of winning horses. As political men talk about "the Reform year," "the year the Whigs went out," and so forth, these young sporting bucks speak of Tarnation's year, or Opodeldoc's year, or the year when Catawampus ran second for the Chester Cup. They play at billiards in the morning, they absorb pale ale for breakfast, and "top-up" with glasses of strong waters. They read *Bell's Life* (and a very pleasant paper too, with a great deal of erudition in the answers to correspondents). They go down to Tattersall's, and swagger in the park, with their hands plunged in the pockets of their paletots.

What strikes me especially in the outward demeanour of sporting youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and careworn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the "Regent," when Joe Millerson will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur grumbling together in a corner. "I'll take your

five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose," whispers Spavin. "Can't do it at the price," Cockspur says, wagging his head ominously. The betting-book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the "Peerage." There is some good in the latter—though, generally speaking, a vain record: though



De Mogyns is not descended from the giant Hogyn Mogyn; though half the other genealogies are equally false and foolish; yet the mottoes are good reading—some of them; and the book itself a sort of gold-laced and liveried lacquey to History, and in so far serviceable. But what good ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be Caliph Omar for a week, I

would pitch every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my Lord's, who is "in" with Jack Snaffle's stable, and is over-reaching worse-informed rogues and swindling greenhorns, down to Sam's, the butcher-boy's, who books eighteenpenny odds in the tap-room, and "stands to win five-and-twenty bob."

In a turf transaction, either Spavin or Cockspur would try to get the better of his father, and, to gain a point in the odds, victimise his best friends. One day we shall hear of one or other levanting; an event at which, not being sporting men, we shall not break our hearts. See—Mr. Spavin is settling his toilette previous to departure; giving a curl in the glass to his side-wisps of hair. Look at him! It is only at the hulks, or among turf-men, that you ever see a face so mean, so knowing, and so gloomy.

A much more humane being among the youthful Clubbists is the Lady-killing Snob. I saw Wiggle just now in the dressing-room, talking to Waggle, his inseparable.

Waggle. "'Pon my honour, Wiggle, she did."

Wiggle. "Well, Waggle, as you say—I own I think she *DID* look at me rather kindly. We'll see to-night at the French play."

And having arrayed their little persons, these two harmless young bucks go upstairs to dinner.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Club Snobs.

IV.

BOTH sorts of young men, mentioned in my last under the flippanant names of Wiggle and Waggle, may be found in tolerable plenty, I think, in Clubs. Wiggle and Waggle are both idle. They come of the middle classes. One of them very likely makes-believe to be a barrister, and the other has smart apartments about Piccadilly. They are a sort of second-chop dandies; they cannot imitate that superb listlessness of demeanour, and that admirable vacuous folly which distinguish the noble and high-born chiefs of the race; but they lead lives almost as bad (were it but for the example), and are personally quite as useless. I am not going to arm a thunderbolt, and

launch it at the heads of these little Pall Mall butterflies. They don't commit much public harm, or private extravagance. They don't spend a thousand pounds for diamond earrings for an opera-dancer, as Lord Tarquin can: neither of them ever set up a public-house or broke the bank of a gambling-club, like the young Earl of Martingale. They have good points, kind feelings, and deal honourably in money-transactions—only in their characters of men of second-rate pleasure about town, they and their like are so utterly mean, self-contented, and absurd, that they must not be omitted in a work treating on Snobs.

Wiggle has been abroad, where he gives you to understand that his success among the German countesses and Italian princesses, whom he met at the *tables-d'hôte*, was perfectly

terrific. His rooms are hung round with pictures of actresses and ballet-dancers. He passes his mornings in a fine dressing-gown, burning pastilles, and reading "Don Juan" and French novels (by the way, the life of the author of "Don Juan," as described by himself, was the model of the life of a Snob). He



has twopenny-halfpenny French prints of women with languishing eyes, dressed in dominoes, guitars, gondolas, and so forth,—and tells you stories about them.

"It's a bad print," says he, "I know, but I've a reason for liking it. It reminds me of somebody—somebody I knew in other climes. You have heard of the Principessa di Monte Pulciano. I met her at Rimini. Dear dear Francesca! That fair-haired bright-eyed thing in the Bird of Paradise and the Turkish Simar with the love-bird on her finger, I'm sure must have been taken from—from somebody perhaps whom you don't know—but she's known at Munich, Waggle my boy,—everybody knows the Countess Ottilia de Eulenschreckenstein. Gad, sir, what a beautiful creature she was when I danced with her on the birthday of Prince Attilia of Bavaria in '44. Prince Carloman

was our *vis-à-vis*, and Prince Pepin danced the same *contredanse*. She had a polyanthus in her bouquet. Waggle, *I have it now.*" His countenance assumes an agonised and mysterious expression, and he buries his head in the sofa cushions as if plunging into a whirlpool of passionate recollections.

Last year he made a considerable sensation by having on his table a morocco miniature-case locked by a gold key, which he always wore round his neck, and on which was stamped a serpent—emblem of eternity—with the letter M in the circle. Sometimes he laid this upon his little morocco writing-table, as if it were on an altar—generally he had flowers upon it; in the middle of a conversation he would start up and kiss it. He would call out from his bedroom to his valet, "Hicks, bring me my casket!"

"I don't know who it is," Waggle would say. "Who *does* know that fellow's intrigues! Desborough Wiggle, sir, is the slave of passion. I suppose you have heard the story of the Italian princess locked up in the convent of Saint Barbara, at Rimini? He hasn't told you? Then I'm not at liberty to speak. Or the countess, about whom he nearly had the duel with Prince Witikind of Bavaria? Perhaps you haven't even heard about that beautiful girl at Pentonville, daughter of a most respectable Dissenting clergyman. She broke her heart when she found he was engaged (to a most lovely creature of high family, who afterwards proved false to him), and she's now in Hanwell."

Waggle's belief in his friend amounts to frantic adoration. "What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!" he whispers to me. "He could be anything, sir, but for his passions. His poems are the most beautiful things you ever saw. He's written a continuation of 'Don Juan,' from his own adventures. Did you ever read his lines to Mary? They're superior to Byron, sir—superior to Byron."

I was glad to hear this from so accomplished a critic as Waggle; for the fact is, I had composed the verses myself for honest Wiggle one day, whom I found at his chambers plunged in thought over a very dirty old-fashioned album, in which he had not as yet written a single word.

"I can't," says he. "Sometimes I can write whole cantos, and to-day not a line. Oh, Snob! such an opportunity! Such a divine creature! She's asked me to write verses for her album, and I can't."

"Is she rich?" said I. "I thought you would never marry any but an heiress."

"Oh, Snob! she's the most accomplished highly-connected creature!—and I can't get out a line."

"How will you have it?" says I. "Hot, with sugar?"

"Don't, don't! You trample on the most sacred feelings, Snob. I want something wild and tender,—like Byron. I want to tell her that amongst the festive halls, and that sort of thing, you know—I only think about her, you know—that I scorn the world, and am weary of it you know, and—something about a gazelle, and a bulbul you know."

"And a yatighan to finish off with," the present writer observed, and we began —

"IO MARY

"I seem, in the midst of the crowd,
The highest of all,
My laughter rings cheery and loud,
In banquet and ball
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
I or all men to see,
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears
Are for thee — are for thee!"

"Do you call *that* not it, Wiggle?" says I. "I declare it almost makes me cry myself."

"Now suppose," says Wiggle, "we say that all the world is at my feet—make her jealous you know—and that sort of thing—and that—that I'm going to *travel*, you know? That perhaps may work upon her feelings."

So *We* (as this wretched pug said) began again —

"Around me they flatter and fawn —
The young and the old,
The fairest are ready to pawn
Their hearts for my good
They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
The slave at my knee,
But in faith and in fondness I turn
Unto thee — unto thee!"

"Now for the travelling, Wiggle my boy!" And I began, in a voice choked with emotion —

"Away! for my heart knows no rest
Since you taught it to feel,
The secret must die in my breast
I burn to reveal,
The passion I may not"——

"I say, Snob!" Wiggle here interrupted the excited bard (just as I was about to break out into four lines so pathetic that they would drive you into hysterics). "I say—ahem—couldn't you say that I was—a—military man, and that there was some danger of my life?"

"You a military man?—danger of your life? What the deuce do you mean?"

"Why," said Wiggle, blushing a good deal, "I told her I was going out—on—the—Ecuador—expedition."

"You abominable young impostor," I exclaimed. "Finish the poem for yourself!" And so he did, and entirely out of all metre, and bragged about the work at the Club as his own performance.

Poor Waggle fully believed in his friend's genius, until one day last week he came with a grin on his countenance to the Club, and said, "Oh, Snob, I've made *such* a discovery? Going down to the skating to-day, whom should I see but Wiggle walking with that splendid woman—that lady of illustrious family and immense fortune, Mary, you know, whom he wrote the beautiful verses about. She's five-and-forty. She's red hair. She's a nose like a pump-handle. Her father made his fortune by keeping a ham-and-beef shop, and Wiggle's going to marry her next week."

"So much the better, Waggle, my young friend," I exclaimed. "Better for the sake of womankind that this dangerous dog should leave off lady-killing—this Bluebeard give up practice. Or, better rather for his own sake. For as there is not a word of truth in any of those prodigious love-stories which you used to swallow, nobody has been hurt except Wiggle himself, whose affections will now centre in the ham-and-beef shop. There *are* people, Mr. Waggle, who do these things in earnest, and hold a good rank in the world too. But these are not subjects for ridicule, and though certainly Snobs, are scoundrels likewise. Their cases go up to a higher Court."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Club Snobs.

V.

BACCHUS is the divinity to whom Waggle devotes his especial worship. "Give me wine, my boy," says he to his friend Wiggle, who is prating about lovely woman, and holds up his glass full of the rosy fluid, and winks at it portentously, and sips it, and smacks his lips after it, and meditates on it, as if he were the greatest of connoisseurs.

I have remarked this excessive wine amateurship especially in youth. Snoblings from College, Fledglings from the army, Goslings from the public schools, who ornament our Clubs, are frequently to be heard in great force upon wine questions. "This bottle's corked," says Snobling, and Mr. Sly, the butler, taking it away, returns presently with the same wine in another jug, which the young amateur pronounces excellent. "Hang champagne!" says Fledgling, "it's only fit for gals and children. Give me pale sherry at dinner, and my twenty-three claret afterwards." "What's port now?" says Gosling. "disgusting thick sweet stuff—where's the old dry wine one *used* to get?" Until the last twelvemonth, Fledgling drank small beer at Dr. Swish-tail's, and Gosling used to get his dry old port at a gin-shop in Westminster—till he quitted that seminary in 1844.

Anybody who has looked at the caricatures of thirty years ago, must remember how frequently bottle noses, pimpled faces, and other Bardolphian features are introduced by the designer. They are much more rare now (in nature, and in pictures, therefore) than in those good old times, but there are still to be found amongst the youth of our Clubs lads who glory in drinking-bouts, and whose faces, quite sickly and yellow, for the most part, are decorated with those marks which Rowland's Kalydor is said to efface. "I was so cut last night—old boy!" Hopkins says to Tomkins (with amiable confidence). "I tell you what we did. We breakfasted with Jack Herring at twelve, and kept up with brandy and soda-water and weeds till four; then we toddled into the Park for an hour, then we dined and drank mulled port till half-price; then we looked in for an hour at the Haymarket, then we came back to the Club, and had grills and whisky-punch till all was blue.—Hullo, waiter! Get me a glass of cherry-brandy." Club waiters, the civillest, the

kindest, the patientest of men, die under the infliction of these cruel young toppers. But if the reader wishes to see a perfect picture on the stage of this class of young fellows, I would recommend him to witness the ingenious comedy of "London Assurance"—the amiable heroes of which are represented, not only as drunkards and five-o'clock-in-the-morning men, but as showing a hundred other delightful traits of swindling, lying, and general debauchery, quite edifying to witness.

How different is the conduct of these outrageous youths to the decent behaviour of my friend, Mr. Papworthy; who says to Poppins, the butler at the Club —

Papworthy. "Poppins, I'm thinking of dining early; is there any cold game in the house?"

Poppins. 'There's a game pie, sir, there's cold grouse, sir; there's cold pheasant, sir, there's cold peacock, sir; cold swan, sir; cold ostrich, sir,' &c. &c. (as the case may be).

Papworthy. "Hum! What's your best claret now, Poppins?—in pints I mean"

Poppins. "There's Cooper and Magnum's Lafitte, sir; there's Lath and Sawdust's St. Julien, sir—Bung's Léoville is considered remarkably fine; and I think you'd like Jugger's Château-Margaux."

Papworthy. "Hum!—hah!—well—give me a crust of bread and a glass of beer. I'll only *lunch*, Poppins."

Captain Shindy is another sort of Club bore. He has been known to throw all the Club in an uproar about the quality of his mutton-chop.

"Look at it, sir! Is it cooked, sir? Smell it, sir! Is it meat fit for a gentleman?" he roars out to the steward, who stands trembling before him, and who in vain tells him that the Bishop of Bullocksmithy has just had three from the same loin. All the waiters in the Club are huddled round the Captain's mutton-chop. He roars out the most horrible curses at John for not bringing the pickles, he utters the most dreadful oaths because Thomas has not arrived with the Harvey sauce, Peter comes tumbling with the water-jug over Jeames, who is bringing "the glittering canisters with bread." Whenever Shindy enters the room (such is the force of character), every table is deserted, every gentleman must dine as he best may, and all those big footmen are in terror.

He makes his account of it. He scolds, and is better waited

upon in consequence. At the Club he has ten servants scudding about to do his bidding.

Poor Mrs. Shindy and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity-girl in pattens.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Club Snobs.

VI.

EVERY well-bred English female will sympathise with the subject of the harrowing tale, the history of Sackville Maine, I am now about to recount. The pleasures of Clubs have been spoken of: let us now glance for a moment at the dangers of those institutions, and for this purpose I must introduce you to my young acquaintance, Sackville Maine.

It was at a ball at the house of my respected friend, Mrs. Perkins, that I was introduced to this gentleman and his charming lady. Seeing a young creature before me in a white dress, with white satin shoes; with a pink ribbon, about a yard in breadth, flaming out as she twirled in a polka in the arms of Monsieur de Springbock, the German diplomatist; with a green wreath on her head, and the blackest hair this individual ever set eyes on—seeing, I say, before me a charming young woman whisking beautifully in a beautiful dance, and presenting, as she wound and wound round the room, now a full face, then a three-quarter face, then a profile—a face, in fine, which in every way you saw it looked pretty, and rosy, and happy, I felt (as I trust) a not unbecoming curiosity regarding the owner of this pleasant countenance, and asked Wagley (who was standing by, in conversation with an acquaintance) who was the lady in question?

"Which?" says Wagley.

"That one with the coal-black eyes," I replied.

"Hush!" says he; and the gentleman with whom he was talking moved off, with rather a discomfited air.

When he was gone Wagley burst out laughing. "*Coal-black eyes!*" said he; "you've just hit it. That's Mrs. Sackville Maine, and that was her husband who just went away. He's a coal-merchant, Snob my boy, and I have no doubt Mr. Perkins's Wallsendes are supplied from his wharf. He is in a flaming

furnace when he hears coals mentioned. He and his wife and his mother are very proud of Mrs. Sackville's family; she was a Miss Chuff, daughter of Captain Chuff, R.N. That is the widow; that stout woman in crimson tabinet, battling about the odd trick with old Mr. Dumps, at the card-table."

And so, in fact, it was. Sackville Maine (whose name is a hundred times more elegant, surely, than that of Chuff) was blest with a pretty wife, and a genteel mother-in-law, both of whom some people may envy him.

Soon after his marriage the old lady was good enough to come and pay him a visit—just for a fortnight—at his pretty little cottage, Kennington Oval; and, such is her affection for the place, has never quitted it these four years. She has also brought her son, Nelson Collingwood Chuff, to live with her; but he is not so much at home as his mamma, going as a day-boy to Merchant Taylors' School, where he is getting a sound classical education.

If these beings, so closely allied to his wife, and so justly dear to her, may be considered as drawbacks to Maine's happiness, what man is there that has not some things in life to complain of? And when I first knew Mr. Maine no man seemed more comfortable than he. His cottage was a picture of elegance and comfort; his table and cellar were excellently and neatly supplied. There was every enjoyment, but no ostentation. The omnibus took him to business of a morning; the boat brought him back to the happiest of homes, where he would while away the long evening by reading out the fashionable novels to the ladies as they worked; or accompany his wife on the flute (which he played elegantly); or in any one of the hundred pleasing and innocent amusements of the domestic circle. Mrs. Chuff covered the drawing-rooms with prodigious



tapestries, the work of her hands. Mrs. Sackville had a particular genius for making covers of tape or network for these tapestried cushions. She could make home-made wines. She could make preserves and pickles. She had an album, into which, during the time of his courtship, Sackville Maine had written choice scraps of Byron's and Moore's poetry, analogous to his own situation, and in a fine mercantile hand. She had a large manuscript receipt-book—every quality, in a word, which indicated a virtuous and well-bred English female mind.

"And as for Nelson Collingwood," Sackville would say, laughing, "we couldn't do without him in the house. If he didn't spoil the tapestry we should be over-cushioned in a few months; and whom could we get but him to drink Laura's home-made wine?" The truth is, the gents who came from the City to dine at the Oval could not be induced to drink it—in which fastidiousness, I myself, when I grew to be intimate with the family, confess that I shared.

"And yet, sir, that green ginger has been drunk by some of England's proudest heroes," Mrs. Chuff would exclaim. "Admiral Lord Exmouth tasted and praised it, sir, on board Captain Chuff's ship, the 'Nebuchadnezzar,' 74, at Algiers; and he had three dozen with him in the 'Pitchfork' frigate, a part of which was served out to the men before he went into his immortal action with the 'Furibonde,' Captain Choufleur, in the Gulf of Panama."

All this, though the old dowager told us the story every day when the wine was produced, never served to get rid of any quantity of it—and the green ginger, though it had fired British tars for combat and victory, was not to the taste of us peaceful and degenerate gents of modern times.

I see Sackville now, as on the occasion when, presented by Wagley, I paid my first visit to him. It was in July—a Sunday afternoon—Sackville Maine was coming from church, with his wife on one arm, and his mother-in-law (in red tabinet, as usual) on the other. A half-grown, or hobbadehoyish footman, so to speak, walked after them, carrying their shining golden prayer-books—the ladies had splendid parasols with tags and fringes. Mrs. Chuff's great gold watch, fastened to her stomach, gleamed there like a ball of fire. Nelson Collingwood was in the distance, shying stones at an old horse on Kennington Common. 'Twas on that verdant spot we met—nor can I ever forget the majestic

courtesy of Mrs. Chuff, as she remembered having had the pleasure of seeing me at Mrs. Perkins's—nor the glance of scorn which she threw at an unfortunate gentleman who was preaching an exceedingly desultory discourse to a sceptical audience of omnibus-cads and nursemaids, on a tub, as we passed by. "I cannot help it, sir," says she; "I am the widow of an officer of Britain's Navy: I was taught to honour my Church and my King: and I cannot bear a Radical or a Dissenter."

With these fine principles I found Sackville Maine impressed. "Wagley," said he, to my introducer, "if no better engagements, why shouldn't self and friend dine at the Oval? Mr. Snob, sir, the mutton's coming off the spit at this very minute. Laura and Mrs. Chuff" (he said *Laurar* and Mrs. Chuff; but I hate people who make remarks on these peculiarities of pronunciation) "will be most happy to see you; and I can promise you a hearty welcome, and as good a glass of port-wine as any in England."

"This is better than dining at the 'Sarcophagus,'" thinks I to myself, at which Club Wagley and I had intended to take our meal; and so we accepted the kindly invitation, whence arose afterwards a considerable intimacy.

Everything about this family and house was so good-natured, comfortable, and well-conditioned, that a cynic would have ceased to growl there. Mrs. Laura was all graciousness and smiles, and looked to as great advantage in her pretty morning-gown as in her dress-robe at Mrs. Perkins's. Mrs. Chuff fired off her stories about the "Nebuchadnezzar," 74, the action between the "Pitchfork" and the "Furibonde"—the heroic resistance of Captain Chouffeur, and the quantity of snuff he took, &c. &c.; which, as they were heard for the first time, were pleasanter than I have subsequently found them. Sackville Maine was the best of hosts. He agreed in everything everybody said, altering his opinions without the slightest reservation upon the slightest possible contradiction. He was not one of those beings who would emulate a Schonbein or Friar Bacon, or act the part of an incendiary towards the Thames, his neighbour—but a good, kind, simple, honest, easy fellow—in love with his wife—well disposed to all the world—content with himself, content even with his mother-in-law. Nelson Collingwood, I remember, in the course of the evening, when whisky-and-water was for some reason produced, grew a little tipsy. This did

not in the least move Sackville's equanimity. "Take him upstairs, Joseph," said he to the hobbadehoy, "and—Joseph—don't tell his mamma."

"What could make a man so happily disposed, unhappy? What could cause discomfort, bickering, and estrangement in a family so friendly and united? Ladies, it was not my fault—it was Mrs. Chuff's doing—but the rest of the tale you shall have on a future day.

CHAPTER L.

Club Snobs.

VII.

THE misfortune which befell the simple and good-natured young Sackville arose entirely from that abominable "Sarcophagus Club;" and that he ever entered it was partly the fault of the present writer.

For seeing Mrs. Chuff, his mother-in-law, had a taste for the genteel—(indeed, her talk was all about Lord Collingwood, Lord Gambier, Sir Jahalcel Brenton, and the Gosport and Plymouth balls)—Wagley and I, according to our wont, trumped her conversation, and talked about Lords, Dukes, Marquises, and Baronets, as if those dignitaries were our familiar friends.

"Lord Sextonbury," says I, "seems to have recovered her Ladyship's death. He and the Duke were very jolly over their wine at the 'Sarcophagus' last night; weren't they, Wagley?"

"Good fellow, the Duke," Wagley replied. "Pray, ma'am" (to Mrs. Chuff), "you who know the world and etiquette, will you tell me what a man ought to do in my case? Last June, his Grace, his son Lord Castlerampant, Tom Smith, and myself were dining at the Club, when I offered the odds against Daddy-longlegs for the Derby—forty to one, in sovereigns only. His Grace took the bet, and of course I won. He has never paid me. Now, can I ask such a great man for a sovereign?—*One* more lump of sugar, if you please, my dear madam."

It was lucky Wagley gave her this opportunity to elude the question, for it prostrated the whole worthy family among whom we were. They telegraphed each other with wondering eyes. Mrs. Chuff's stories about the naval nobility grew quite faint: and kind little Mrs. Sackville became uneasy, and went upstairs.

to look at the children—not at that young monster, Nelson Collingwood, who was sleeping off the whisky-and-water—but at a couple of little ones who had made their appearance at dessert, and of whom she and Sackville were the happy parents.

The end of this and subsequent meetings with Mr. Maine was, that we proposed and got him elected as a member of the "Sarcophagus Club."

It was not done without a deal of opposition—the secret having been whispered that the candidate was a coal-merchant. You may be sure some of the proud people and most of the parvenus of the Club were ready to blackball him. We combated this opposition successfully, however. We pointed out to the parvenus that the Lambtons and the Stuarts sold coals: we mollified the proud by accounts of his good birth, good nature, and good behaviour; and Wagley went about on the day of election describing with great eloquence the action between the "Pitchfork" and the "Furibonde," and the valour of Captain Maine, our friend's father. There was a slight mistake in the narrative; but we carried our man with only a trifling sprinkling of black beans in the boxes; Byles's, of course, who blackballs everybody; and Bung's, who looks down upon a coal-merchant, having himself lately retired from the wine-trade.

Some fortnight afterwards I saw Sackville Maine under the following circumstances:—

He was showing the Club to his family. He had brought them thither in the light-blue fly, waiting at the Club door; with Mrs. Chuff's hobbadehoy footboy on the box, by the side of the flyman, in a sham livery. Nelson Collingwood; pretty Mrs. Sackville; Mrs. Captain Chuff (Mrs. Commodore Chuff we call her), were all there: the latter, of course, in the vermilion tabinet, which, splendid as it is, is nothing in comparison to the splendour of the "Sarcophagus." The delighted Sackville Maine was pointing out the beauties of the place to them. It seemed as beautiful as Paradise to that little party.

The "Sarcophagus" displays every known variety of architecture and decoration. The great library is Elizabethan; the small library is Pointed Gothic; the dining-room is severe Doric; the strangers' room has an Egyptian look; the drawing-rooms are Louis Quatorze (so called because the hideous ornaments displayed were used in the time of Louis Quinze); the *cortile*, or hall, is Morisco-Italian. It is all over marble,

maplewood, looking-glasses, arabesques, ormolu, and scagliola. Scrolls, ciphers, dragons, Cupids, polyanthus, and other flowers writhe up the walls in every kind of cornucopiosity. Fancy every gentleman in Jullien's band playing with all his might, and each performing a different tune: the ornaments at our Club, the "Sarcophagus," so bewilder and affect me. Dazzled with emotions which I cannot describe, and which she dared not reveal, Mrs. Chuff, followed by her children and son-in-law, walked wondering amongst these blundering splendours.

In the great library (225 feet long by 150) the only man Mrs. Chuff saw was Tiggs. He was lying on a crimson-velvet sofa, reading a French novel of Paul de Kock. It was a very little book. He is a very little man. In that enormous hall he looked like a mere speck. As the ladies passed breathless and trembling in the vastness of the magnificent solitude, he threw a knowing killing glance at the fair strangers, as much as to say, "Ain't I a fine fellow?" They thought so, I am sure.

"Who is that?" husses out Mrs. Chuff, when we were about fifty yards off him at the other end of the room.

"Tiggs!" says I, in a similar whisper.

"Pretty comfortable this, isn't it, my dear?" says Maine in a free-and-easy way to Mrs. Sackville: "all the magazines, you see—writing materials—new works—choice library, containing every work of importance—what have we here?—'Dugdale's Monasticon,' a most valuable and, I believe, entertaining book."

And proposing to take down one of the books for Mrs. Maine's inspection, he selected Volume VII., to which he was attracted by the singular fact that a brass door-handle grew out of the back. Instead of pulling out a book, however, he pulled open a cupboard, only inhabited by a lazy housemaid's broom and duster, at which he looked exceedingly discomfited; while Nelson Collingwood, losing all respect, burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's the rummest book I ever saw," says Nelson. "I wish we'd no others at Merchant Taylors'."

"Hush, Nelson!" cries Mrs. Chuff, and we went into the other magnificent apartments.

How they did admire the drawing-room hangings (pink and silver brocade, most excellent wear for London), and calculated the price per yard; and revelled on the luxurious sofas; and gazed on the immeasurable looking-glasses.

"Pretty well to shave by, eh?" says Maine to his mother-in-law. (He was getting more abominably conceited every minute.) "Get away, Sackville," says she, quite delighted, and threw a glance over her shoulder, and spread out the wings of the red tabinet, and took a good look at herself; so did Mrs. Sackville—just one, and I thought the glass reflected a very smiling pretty creature.

But what's a woman at a looking-glass? Bless the little dears, it's their place. They fly to it naturally. It pleases them, and they adorn it. What I like to see, and watch with increasing joy and adoration, is the Club *mir* at the great looking glasses. Old Gills pushing up his collars and grinning at his own mottled face. Hulker looking solemnly at his great person, and tightening his coat to give himself a waist. Fred Minchin snufling by as he is going out to dine, and casting upon the reflection of his white neckcloth a pleased moony smile. What a deal of vanity that Club mirror has reflected, to be sure!

Well, the ladies went through the whole establishment with perfect pleasure. They beheld the coffee rooms, and the little tables laid for dinner, and the gentlemen who were taking their lunch, and old Hawkins thundering away as usual, they saw the reading rooms, and the rush for the evening papers, they saw the kitchens—those wonders of art—where the *Chef* was presiding over twenty pretty kitchen-maids, and ten thousand shining saucer pans—and they got into the light blue fly perfectly bewildered with pleasure.

Sackville did not enter it, though little Laura took the back seat on purpose, and left him the front place alongside of Mrs. Chuff's red tabinet.

"We have your favourite dinner," says she, in a timid voice; "won't you come, Sackville?"

"I shall take a chop here to-day, my dear," Sackville replied. "Home, James." And he went up the steps of the "*Sarco-phagus*," and the pretty face looked very sad out of the carriage, as the blue fly drove away.



CHAPTER LI.

Club Snobs.

VIII.

WHY—why did I and Wagley ever do so cruel an action as to introduce young Sackville Maine into that odious "Sarcophagus"? Let our imprudence and his example be a warning to other gents; let his fate and that of his poor wife be remembered by every British female. The consequences of his entering the Club were as follow:—

One of the first vices the unhappy wretch acquired in this



abode of frivolity was that of *smoking*. Some of the dandies of the Club, such as the Marquis of Macabaw, Lord Doodeen, and fellows of that high order, are in the habit of indulging in this propensity upstairs in the billiard-rooms of the "Sarco-

phagus"—and, partly to make their acquaintance, partly from a natural aptitude for crime, Sackville Maine followed them, and became an adept in the odious custom. Where it is introduced into a family, I need not say how sad the consequences are, both to the furniture and the morals. Sackville smoked in his dining-room at home, and caused an agony to his wife and mother-in-law which I do not venture to describe.

He then became a professed *billiard-player*, wasting hours upon hours at that amusement; betting freely, playing tolerably, losing awfully to Captain Spot and Colonel Cannon. He played matches of a hundred games with these gentlemen, and would not only continue until four or five o'clock in the morning at this work, but would be found at the Club of a forenoon, indulging himself to the detriment of his business, the ruin of his health, and the neglect of his wife.

From billiards to whist is but a step—and when a man gets to whist and five pounds on the rubber, my opinion is, that it is all up with him. How was the coal business to go on, and the connection of the firm to be kept up, and the senior partner always at the card-table?

Consorting now with genteel persons and Pall Mall bucks, Sackville became ashamed of his snug little residence in Kennington Oval, and transported his family to Pimlico, where, though Mrs. Chuff, his mother-in-law, was at first happy, as the quarter was elegant and near her Sovereign, poor little Laura and the children found a woful difference. Where were her friends who came in with their work of a morning?—At Kennington and in the vicinity of Clapham. Where were her children's little playmates? On Kennington Common. The great thundering carriages that roared up and down the drab-coloured streets of the new quarter, contained no friends for the sociable little Laura. The children that paced the squares, attended by a *bonne* or a prim governess, were not like those happy ones that flew kites, or played hop-sotch, on the well-beloved old Common. And ah! what a difference at church too!—between St. Benedict's of Pimlico, with open seats, service in sing-song—tapers—albs—surplices—garlands and processions, and the honest old ways of Kennington! The footmen, too, attending St. Benedict's were so splendid and enormous, that James, Mrs. Chuff's boy, trembled amongst them, and said he would give warning rather than carry the books to that church any more.

The furnishing of the house was not done without expense.

And, ye gods ! what a difference there was between Sackville's dreary French banquets in Pimlico, and the jolly dinners at the Oval ! No more legs-of-mutton, no more of " the best port-wine in England ; " but *entrées* on plate, and dismal twopenny champagne, and waiters in gloves, and the Club bucks for company—among whom Mrs. Chuff was uneasy, and Mrs. Sackville quite silent.

Not that he dined at home often. The wretch had become a perfect epicure, and dined commonly at the Club with the gormandising clique there : with old Doctor Maw, Colonel Cranley (who is as lean as a greyhound and has jaws like a jack), and the rest of them. Here you might see the wretch tipping Sillery champagne and gorging himself with French viands ; and I often looked with sorrow from my table (on which cold meat, the Club small-beer, and a half-pint of Marsala form the modest banquet), and sighed to think it was my work.

And there were other beings present to my repentant thoughts. Where's his wife, thought I ? Where's poor, good, kind little Laura ? At this very moment—it's about the nursery bed-time, and while yonder good-for-nothing is swilling his wine—the little ones are at Laura's knees lisping their prayers ; and she is teaching them to say —" Pray God bless Papa."

When she has put them to bed, her day's occupation is gone ; and she is utterly lonely all night, and sad, and waiting for him.

Oh, for shame ! Oh, for shame ! Go home, thou idle tippler.

How Sackville lost his health ; how he lost his business ; how he got into scrapes ; how he got into debt ; how he became a railroad director ; how the Pimlico house was shut up ; how he went to Boulogne,—all this I could tell, only I am too much ashamed of my part of the transaction. They returned to England, because, to the surprise of everybody, Mrs. Chuff came down with a great sum of money (which nobody knew she had saved), and paid his liabilities. He is in England ; but at Kennington. His name is taken off the books of the " Sarcophagus " long ago. When we meet, he crosses over to the other side of the street ; and I don't call, as I should be sorry to see a look of reproach or sadness in Laura's sweet face.

Not, however, all evil, as I am proud to think, has been the influence of the Snob of England upon Clubs in general :—Captain Shindy is afraid to bully the waiters any more, and eats

his mutton-chop without moving Acheron. Gobemouche does not take more than two papers at a time for his private reading. Tiggs does not ring the bell and cause the library-waiter to walk about a quarter of a mile in order to give him Vol. II., which lies on the next table. Growler has ceased to walk from table to table in the coffee-room, and inspect what people are having for dinner. Trotty Veck takes his own umbrella from the hall—the cotton one; and Sydney Scraper's paletot lined with silk has been brought back by Jobbins, who entirely mistook it for his own. Wiggle has discontinued telling stories about the ladies he has killed. Snooks does not any more think it gentlemanlike to blackball attorneys. Snuffer no longer publicly spreads out his great red cotton pocket-handkerchief before the fire, for the admiration of two hundred gentlemen; and if one Club Snob has been brought back to the paths of rectitude, and if one poor John has been spared a journey or a scolding—say, friends and brethren, if these sketches of Club Snobs have been in vain.



CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS ON SNOBS.

How it is that we have come to No. 52 of this present series of papers, my dear friends and brother Snobs, I hardly know—but for a whole mortal year have we been together, prattling, and abusing the human race; and were we to live for a hundred years more, I believe there is plenty of subject for conversation in the enormous theme of Snobs.

The national mind is awakened to the subject. Letters pour in every day, conveying marks of sympathy; directing the attention of the Snob of England to races of Snobs yet undescribed. "Where are your Theatrical Snobs; your Commercial Snobs; your Medical and Chirurgical Snobs; your Official Snobs; your Legal Snobs; your Artistical Snobs; your Musical Snobs; your Sporting Snobs?" write my esteemed correspondents. "Surely you are not going to miss the Cambridge Chancellor election, and omit showing up your Don Snobs, who are coming, cap in hand, to a young Prince of six-and-twenty, and to implore him to be the chief of their renowned University?" writes a friend who seals with the signet of the Cam and Isis Club. "Pray, pray," cries another,

"now the Operas are opening, give us a lecture about Omnibus Snobs." Indeed, I should like to write a chapter about the Snobbish Dons very much, and another about the Snobbish Dandies. Of my dear Theatrical Snobs I think with a pang; and I can hardly break away from some Snobbish artists, with whom I have long long intended to have a palaver.

But what's the use of delaying? When these were done there



would be fresh Snobs to portray. The labour is endless. No single man could complete it. Here are but fifty-two bricks—and a pyramid to build. It is best to stop. As Jones always quits the room as soon as he has said his good thing,—as Cincinnati and General Washington both retired into private life in the height of their popularity,—as Prince Albert, when he laid the first stone of the Exchange, left the bricklayers to complete

that edifice, and went home to his Royal dinner,—as the poet Bunn comes forward at the end of the season, and with feelings too tumultuous to describe, blesses his *kind* friends over the footlights: so, friends, in the flush of conquest and the splendour of victory, amid the shouts and the plaudits of a people—triumphant yet modest—the Snob of England bids ye farewell.

But only for a season. Not for ever. No, no. There is one celebrated author whom I admire very much—who has been taking leave of the public any time these ten years in his prefaces, and always comes back again when everybody is glad to see him. How can he have the heart to be saying good-bye so often? I believe that Bunn is affected when he blesses the people. Parting is always painful. Even the familiar bore is dear to you. I should be sorry to shake hands even with Jawkins for the last time. I think a well-constituted convict, on coming home from transportation, ought to be rather sad when he takes leave of Van Diemen's Land. When the curtain goes down on the last night of a pantomime, poor old clown must be very dismal, depend on it. Ha! with what joy he rushes forward on the evening of the 26th of December next, and says—"How are you?—Here we are!" But I am growing too sentimental:—to return to the theme.

THE NATIONAL MIND IS AWAKENED TO THE SUBJECT OF SNOBS. The word Snob has taken a place in our honest English vocabulary. We can't define it, perhaps. We can't say what it is, any more than we can define wit, or humour, or humbug; but we *know* what it is. Some weeks since, happening to have the felicity to sit next to a young lady at an hospitable table, where poor old Jawkins was holding forth in a very absurd pompous manner, I wrote upon the spotless damask "S—B," and called my neighbour's attention to the little remark.

That young lady smiled. She knew it at once. Her mind straightway filled up the two letters concealed by apostrophic reserve, and I read in her assenting eyes that she knew Jawkins was a Snob. You seldom get them to make use of the word as yet, it is true; but it is inconceivable how pretty an expression their little smiling mouths assume when they speak it out. If any young lady doubts, just let her go up to her own room, look at herself steadily in the glass, and say "Snob." If she tries this simple experiment, my life for it, she will smile, and own that the word becomes her mouth amazingly. A pretty little

round word, all composed of soft letters, with a hiss at the beginning, just to make it piquant, as it were.

Jawkins, meanwhile, went on blundering, and bragging, and boring, quite unconsciously. And so he will, no doubt, go on roaring and braying, to the end of time, or at least so long as people will hear him. You cannot alter the nature of men and Snobs by any force of satire; as, by laying ever so many stripes on a donkey's back, you can't turn him into a zebra.

But we can warn the neighbourhood that the person whom they and Jawkins admire is an impostor. We can apply the Snob test to him, and try whether he is conceited and a quack, whether pompous and lacking humility—whether uncharitable and proud of his narrow soul? How does he treat a great man—how regard a small one? How does he comport himself in the presence of His Grace the Duke? and how in that of Smith the tradesman?

And it seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition; and that we are sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—"proper pride," she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady: and she, I mean Mrs. Snob—Eliza—would give one of her eyes to go to Court, as her cousin, the Captain's wife, did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess that we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somers Town. And though I believe in her heart Mrs. Whiskerington is fonder of us than of her cousins, the Smigsmags, you should hear how she goes on prattling about Lady Smigsmag,—and "I said to Sir John, my dear John;" and about the Smigsmags' house and parties in Hyde Park Terrace.

Lady Smigsmag, when she meets Eliza,—who is a sort of a kind of a species of a connection of the family, pokes out one finger, which my wife is at liberty to embrace in the most cordial manner she can devise. But oh, you should see her Ladyship's behaviour on her first-chop dinner-party days, when Lord and Lady Longears come!

I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire.

Organise rank and precedence ! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organise Equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old Court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary-great-man worship is not a humbug and an idolatry—let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory.

If ever our cousins, the Smigmags, asked me to meet Lord Longears, I would like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world :—Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as a chief and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable Constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior, and guardian. Your eldest son, Fitz-Heehaw, is sure of a place in Parliament ; your younger sons, the De Brays, will kindly condescend to be post-captains and lieutenant-colonels, and to represent us in foreign courts, or to take a good living when it falls convenient. These prizes our admirable Constitution (the pride and envy of, &c.) pronounces to be your due : without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness ; or your entire incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be (and we have as good a right to assume that my Lord is an ass, as the other proposition, that he is an enlightened patriot) ;—dull, I say, as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous folly, as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck which you possess, or have any inclination to part with it. No—and patriots as we are, under happier circumstances, Smith and I, I have no doubt, were we dukes ourselves, would stand by our order.

We would submit good-naturedly to sit in a high place. We would acquiesce in that admirable Constitution (pride and envy of, &c) which made us chiefs and the world our inferiors ; we would not cavil particularly at that notion of hereditary superiority which brought so many simple people cringing to our knees. Maybe we would rally round the Corn Laws ; we would make a stand against the Reform Bill ; we would die rather than repeal the Acts against Catholics and Dissenters ; we would, by our noble system of class legislation, bring Ireland to its present admirable condition.

But Smith and I are not Earls as yet. We don't believe that

it is for the interest of Smith's army letters, with a hiss at the be a Colonel at five-and-twenty,—of S it were. that Lord Longears should go Ambass ing, and bragging, and —of our politics, that Longears should put no doubt, go on into them.

This bowing and cringing, Smith believes least so long as Snobs ; and he will do all in his might and main of men and and to submit to Snobs no longer. To Longears he any stripes can't help seeing, Longears, that we are as good as ye can spell even better ; we can think quite as rightly ; whom not have you for our master, or black your shoes any ly the Your footmen do it, but they are paid ; and the fellow ack, comes to get a list of the company when you give a banquet le a dancing breakfast at Longuecoreille House, gets money from the newspapers for performing that service. But for us, thank you for nothing, Longears my boy, and we don't wish to pay you any more than we owe. We will take off our hats to Wellington because he is Wellington ; but to you—who are you ? ”

I am sick of *Court Circulars*. I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence. I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like, to be wicked, unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A Court system that sends men of genius to the second table, I hold to be a Snobbish system. A society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish society. You who despise your neighbour, are a Snob ; you who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob ; you who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a Snob ; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.

To laugh at such is *Mr. Punch's* business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all.

CONCLUDING OBSET

NOVELS
BY
MINENT HANDS.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.

BY SIR E. L. B. L., BART.

VOL. I.

IN the Morning of Life the Truthful wooed the Beautiful, and their offspring was Love. Like his Divine parents, He is eternal. He has his Mother's ravishing smile: his Father's steadfast eyes. He rises every day, fresh and glorious as the untired Sun-God. He is Eros, the ever young. Dark dark were this world of ours had either Divinity left it—dark without the day-beams of the Latonian Charioteer, darker yet without the dædal Smile of the God of the Other Bow! Dost know him, reader?

Old is he, Eros, the ever young. He and Time were children together. Chronos shall die, too; but Love is imperishable. Brightest of the Divinities, where hast thou not been sung? Other worships pass away; the idols for whom pyramids were raised lie in the desert crumbling and almost nameless; the Olympians are fled, their fanes no longer rise among the quivering olive-groves of Iliissus, or crown the emerald-islets of the amethyst Ægean! These are gone, but thou remainest. There is still a garland for thy temple, a heifer for thy stone. A heifer? Ah, many a darker sacrifice. Other blood is shed at thy altars; Remorseless One, and the Poet-Priest who ministers at thy Shrine draws his auguries from the bleeding hearts of men!

While love hath no end, Can the Bard ever cease singing?
In Kingly and Heroic ages, 'twas of Kings and Heroes that the
Poet spake. But in these, our times, the Artisan hath his voice
as well as the Monarch. The people To-Day is King, and we
chronicle his woes, as They of old did the sacrifice of the princely
Iphigenia, or the fate of the crowned Agamemnon.

Is Odysseus less august in his rags than in his purple? Fate,
Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that harms,
the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us



Still? are not these still the weapons of the Artist? the colours
of his palette? the chords of his lyre? Listen! I tell thee a tale
—not of Kings—but of Men—not of Thrones—but of Love, and
Grief, and Crime. Listen, and but once more. 'Tis for the
last time (probably) these fingers shall sweep the strings.

E. L. B. L.

Noonday in Chepe.

'Twas noonday in Chepe. High Tide in the mighty River-
City!—Its banks well-nigh overflowing with the myriad-waved

Stream of Man ! The toppling wains, bearing the produce of a thousand marts ; the gilded equipage of the Millionary ; the humbler, but yet larger vehicle from the green metropolitan suburbs (the Hanging Gardens of our Babylon), in which every traveller might, for a modest remuneration, take a republican seat ; the mercenary caroché, with its private freight ; the brisk curticle of the letter-carrier, robed in Royal scarlet : these and a thousand others were labouring and pressing onward, and locked and bound and hustling together in the narrow channel of Chepe. The imprecations of the charioteers were terrible. From the noble's brodered hammercloth, or the driving-seat of the common coach, each driver assailed the other with floods of ribald satire. The pavid matron within the one vehicle (speeding to the Bank for her semestrial pittance) shrieked and trembled ; the angry Dives hastening to his office (to add another thousand to his heap) thrust his head over the blazoned panels, and displayed an eloquence of adjuration which his very Menials could not equal ; the dauntless street urchins, as they gaily threaded the Labyrinth of Life, enjoyed the perplexities and quarrels of the scene, and exacerbated the already furious combatants by their poignant infantile satire. And the Philosopher, as he regarded the hot strife and struggle of these Candidates in the race for Gold, thought with a sigh of the Truthful and the Beautiful, and walked on, melancholy and serene.

'Twas noon in Chepe. The warerooms were thronged. The flaunting windows of the mercers attracted many a purchaser ; the glittering panes behind which Birmingham had glazed its simulated silver induced rustics to pause ; although only noon, the savoury odours of the Cook Shops tempted the over-hungry citizen to the bun of Bath, or to the fragrant potage that mocks the turtle's flavour—the turtle ! *O dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis !* I am an Alderman when I think of thee ! Well : it was noon in Chepe.

But were all battling for gain there ? Among the many brilliant shops, whose casements shone upon Chepe, there stood one a century back (about which period our tale opens) devoted to the sale of Colonial produce. A rudely carved image of a negro, with a fantastic plume and apron of variegated feathers, decorated the lintel. The East and West had sent their contributions to replenish the window.

The poor slave had toiled, died perhaps, to produce yon

pyramid of swarthy sugar marked "ONLY 6½d."—that catty box, on which was the epigraph "STRONG FAMILY CONGOUT ONLY 3s. 9d.," was from the country of Confutzee—that heap of dark produce bore the legend "TRY OUR REAL NUT"—'twas Cocoa—and that nut the Cocoa-nut, whose milk has refreshed the traveller and ~~partaken~~ the natural philosopher. The shop in question was, in a word, a Grocer's.

In the midst of the shop and its gorgeous contents sat one who, to judge from his appearance (though 'twas a difficult task, as, in sooth, his back was turned), had just reached that happy period of life when the Boy is expanding into the Man. O Youth, Youth! Happy and Beautiful! O fresh and roseate dawn of life; when the dew yet lies on the flowers, ere they have been scorched and withered by Passion's fiery Sun! Immersed in thought or study, and indifferent to the din around him, sat the boy. A careless guardian was he of the treasures confided to him. The crowd passed in Chepe: he never marked it. The sun shone on Chepe: he only asked that it should illumine the page he read. The knave might filch his treasures: he was heedless of the knave. The customer might enter: but his book was all in all to him.

And indeed a customer *was* there; a little hand was tapping on the counter with a pretty impatience; a pair of arch eyes were gazing at the boy, admiring, perhaps, his manly proportions through the homely and tightened garments he wore.

"Ahem! sir! I say, young man!" the customer exclaimed.

"*Ton d'apamibomenos prosephe*," read on the student, his voice choked with emotion. "What language!" he said; "how rich, how noble, how sonorous! *prosephe podas*!"

The customer burst out into a fit of laughter so shrill and cheery, that the young Student could not but turn round, and blushing, for the first time remarked her. "A pretty grocer's boy you are," she cried, "with your applepiebomenos and your French and lingo. Am I to be kept waiting for hever?"

"Pardon, fair Maiden," said he, with high-bred courtesy; "'twas not French I read, 'twas the Godlike language of the blind old bard. In what can I be serviceable to ye, lady?" and to spring from his desk, to smooth his apron, to stand before her the obedient Shop Boy, the Poet no more, was the work of a moment.

"I might have prigg'd this box of figs," the damsel said good-naturedly, "and you'd never have turned round."

"They came from the country of Hector," the boy said. "Would you have currants, lady? These once bloomed in the island gardens of the blue Ægean. They are uncommon fine ones, and the figure is low; they're fourpence-halfpenny a pound. Would you mayhap make trial of our teas? We do not advertise, as some folks do: but sell as low as any other house."

"You're precious young to have all these good things," the girl exclaimed, not unwilling, seemingly, to prolong the conversation. "If I was you, and stood behind the counter, I should be eating figs the whole day long."

"Time was," answered the lad, "and not long since, I thought so too. I thought I never should be tired of figs. But my old uncle bade me take my fill, and now in sooth I am weary of them."

"I think you gentlemen are always so," the coquette said.

"Nay, say not so, fair stranger!" the youth replied, his face kindling as he spoke, and his eagle eyes flashing fire. "Figs pall; but oh! the Beautiful never does. Figs rot; but oh! the Truthful is eternal. I was born, lady, to grapple with the Lofty and the Ideal. My soul yearns for the Visionary. I stand behind the counter, it is true; but I ponder here upon the deeds of heroes, and muse over the thoughts of sages. What is grocery for one who has ambition? What sweetness hath Muscovado to him who hath tasted of Poesy? The Ideal, lady, I often think, is the true Real, and the Actual but a visionary hallucination. But pardon me; with what may I serve thee?"

"I came only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust," the girl said with a faltering voice; "but oh, I should like to hear you speak on for ever!"

Only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust? Girl, thou camest for other things! Thou lovedst his voice? Siren! what was the witchery of thine own? He deftly made up the packet, and placed it in the little hand. She paid for her small purchase, and with a farewell glance of her lustrous eyes she left him. She passed slowly through the portal, and in a moment more was lost in the crowd. It was noon in Chepe. And George de Barnwell was alone.

VOL. II.

WE have selected the following episodical chapter in preference to anything relating to the mere story of George de Barnwell, with which most readers are familiar.

Up to this passage (extracted from the beginning of Vol. II.) the tale is briefly thus :

The rogue of a Millwood has come back every day to the grocer's shop in Chepe, wanting some sugar, or some nutmeg, or some figs, half-a-dozen times in the week.

She and George de Barnwell have vowed to each other an eternal attachment.

This flame acts violently upon George. His bosom swells with ambition. His genius breaks out prodigiously. He talks about the Good, the Beautiful, the Ideal, &c., in and out of all season, and is virtuous and eloquent almost beyond belief—in fact like Devereux, or P. Clifford, or E. Aram, Esquires.

Inspired by Millwood and love, George robs the till, and mingles in the world which he is destined to ornament. He outdoes all the dandies, all the wits, all the scholars, and all the voluptuaries of the age—an indefinite period of time between Queen Anne and George II. dines with Curll at St. John's Gate, pinks Colonel Charteris in a duel behind Montague House, is initiated into the intrigues of the Chevalier St. George, whom he entertains at his sumptuous pavilion at Hampstead, and likewise in disguise at the shop in Cheap-side.

His uncle, the owner of the shop, a surly curmudgeon with very little taste for the True and Beautiful, has retired from business to the pastoral village in Cambridgeshire from which the noble Barnwells came. George's cousin Annabel is, of course, consumed with a secret passion for him.

Some trifling inaccuracies may be remarked in the ensuing brilliant little chapter ; but it must be remembered that the author wished to present an age at a glance ; and the dialogue is quite as fine and correct as that in the "Last of the Barons," or in "Eugene Aram," or other works of our author, in which Sentiment and History, or the True and Beautiful, are united.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Button's in Pall Mall.

THOSE who frequent the dismal and enormous Mansions of Silence which society has raised to Ennui in that Omphalos of town, Pall Mall, and which, because they knock you down with their dulness, are called Clubs no doubt ; those who yawn from a bay-window in St. James's Street, at a half-score of other dandies gaping from another bay-window over the way ; those who consult a dreary evening paper for news, or satisfy themselves with the jokes of the miserable *Punch* by way of wit ; the men about town of the present day, in a word, can have but little idea of London some six or eight score years back. Thou pudding-sided old dandy of St. James's Street, with thy lacquered boots, thy dyed whiskers, and thy suffocating waistband, what art thou to thy brilliant predecessor in the same quarter ? The Brougham from which thou descendest at the portal of the "Carlton" or the "Traveller's," is like everybody else's ; thy black coat has no more plaits, nor buttons, nor fancy in it than thy neighbour's ; thy hat was made on the very block on which Lord Addlepat's was cast, who has just entered the Club before thee. You and he yawn together out of the same omnibus-box every night ; you fancy yourselves men of pleasure ; you fancy yourselves men of fashion ; you fancy yourselves men of taste ; in fancy, in taste, in opinion, in philosophy, the newspaper legislates for you ; it is there you get your jokes and your thoughts, and your facts and your wisdom—poor Pall Mall dullards. Stupid slaves of the press, on that ground which you at present occupy, there were men of wit and pleasure and fashion, some five-and-twenty lustres ago.

We are at Button's—the well-known sign of the "Turk's Head." The crowd of periwigged heads at the windows—the swearing chairmen round the steps (the blazoned and coronalled panels of whose vehicles denote the lofty rank of their owners),—the throng of embroidered beaux entering or departing, and rendering the air fragrant with the odours of pulvillio and pomander, proclaim the celebrated resort of London's Wit and Fashion. It is the corner of Regent Street. Carlton House has not yet been taken down.

A stately gentleman in crimson velvet and gold is sipping

chocolate at one of the tables, in earnest converse with a friend whose suit is likewise embroidered, but stained by time, or wine mayhap, or wear. A little deformed gentleman in iron-grey is reading the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper by the fire, while a divine, with a broad brogue, and a shovel hat and cassock, is talking freely with a gentleman, whose star and riband, as well as the unmistakable beauty of his Phidian countenance, proclaims him to be a member of Britain's aristocracy.

Two ragged youths, the one tall, gaunt, clumsy, and scrofulous, the other with a wild, careless, beautiful look, evidently indicating Race, are gazing in at the window, not merely at the crowd in the celebrated Club, but at Timothy the waiter, who is removing a plate of that exquisite dish, the muffin (then newly invented), at the desire of some of the revellers within.

"I would, Sam," said the wild youth to his companion, "that I had some of my mother Macclesfield's gold, to enable us to eat of those cates and mingle with yon springalds and beaux."

"To vaunt a knowledge of the stoical philosophy," said the youth addressed as Sam, "might elicit a smile of incredulity upon the cheek of the parasite of pleasure; but there are moments in life when History fortifies endurance: and past study renders present deprivation more bearable. If our pecuniary resources be exiguous, let our resolution, Dick, supply the deficiencies of Fortune. The muffin we desire to-day would little benefit us to-morrow. Poor and hungry as we are, are we less happy, Dick, than yon listless voluptuary who banquets on the food which you covet?"

And the two lads turned away up Waterloo Place, and past the "Parthenon" Club-house, and disappeared to take a meal of cow-heel at a neighbouring cook's shop. Their names were Samuel Johnson and Richard Savage.

Meanwhile the conversation at Button's was fast and brilliant. "By Wood's thirteens, and the divvle go wid 'em," cried the Church dignitary in the cassock, "is it in blue and goold ye are this morning, Sir Richard, when you ought to be in seebles?"

"Who's dead, Dean?" said the nobleman, the Dean's companion.

"Faix, mee Iard Bolingbroke, as sure as mee name's Jonathan Swift—and I'm not so sure of that neither, for who knows his father's name?—there's been a mighty cruel murder

committed entirely. A child of Dick Steele's has been barbarously slain, dthrawn, and quarthered, and it's Joe Addison yondther has done it. Ye should have killed one of your own, Joe, ye thief of the world."

"I!" said the amazed and Right Honourable Joseph Addison; "I kill Dick's child! I was godfather to the last."

"And promised a cup and never sent it," Dick ejaculated. Joseph looked grave.

"The child I mean is Sir Roger de Coverley, Knight and Baronet. What made ye kill him, ye savage Mohock? The whole town is in tears about the good knight; all the ladies at Church this afternoon were in mourning; all the booksellers are wild; and Lintot says not a third of the copies of the *Spectator* are sold since the death of the brave old gentleman." And the Dean of St. Patrick's pulled out the *Spectator* newspaper, containing the well-known passage regarding Sir Roger's death. "I bought it but now in Wellington Street," he said; "the news-boys were howling all down the Strand."

"What a miracle is Genius—Genius, the Divine and Beautiful," said a gentleman leaning against the same fire-place with the deformed cavalier in iron-grey, and addressing that individual, who was in fact Mr. Alexander Pope. "What a marvellous gift is this, and Royal privilege of Art! To make the Ideal more credible than the Actual: to enchain our hearts, to command our hopes, our regrets, our tears, for a mere brain-born Emanation: to invest with life the Incorporeal, and to glamour the cloudy into substance,—these are the lofty privileges of the Poet, if I have read poesy aright; and I am as familiar with the sounds that rang from Homer's lyre, as with the strains which celebrate the loss of Belinda's lovely locks"—(Mr. Pope blushed and bowed, highly delighted)—"these, I say, sir, are the privileges of the Poet—the Poietes—the Maker—he moves the world, and asks no lever; if he cannot charm death into life, as Orpheus feigned to do, he can create Beauty out of Nought, and defy Death by rendering Thought Eternal. Ho! Jemmy, another flask of Nantz."

And the boy—for he who addressed the most brilliant company of wits in Europe was little more—emptied the contents of the brandy-flask into a silver flagon, and quaffed it gaily to the health of the company assembled. 'Twas the third he had taken during the sitting. Presently, and with a graceful salute

to the Society, he quitted the coffee-house, and was seen cantering on a magnificent Arab past the National Gallery.

"Who is yon spark in blue and silver? He beats Joe Addison himself in drinking, and pious Joe is the greatest toper in the three kingdoms," Dick Sterle said good-naturedly.

"His paper in the *Spectator* beats thy best, Dick, thou slaggard," the Right Honourable Mr. Addison exclaimed. "He is the author of that famous No. 996, for which you have all been giving me the credit."

"The rascal foiled me at capping verses," Dean Swift said, "and won a tenpenny piece of me, plague take him!"

"He has suggested an emendation in my 'Homer,' which proves him a delicate scholar," Mr. Pope exclaimed.

"He knows more of the French King than any man I have met with; and we must have an eye upon him," said Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and beckoning a suspicious-looking person who was drinking at a side-table, whispered to him something.

Meantime who was he? where was he, this youth who had struck all the wits of London with admiration? His galloping charger had returned to the City; his splendid court-suit was doffed for the citizen's gaberdine and grocer's humble apron.

George de Barnwell was in Chepe—in Chepe, at the feet of Martha Millwood.

VOL. III.

The Condemned Cell.

"*Quid me mollibus implicitus lacertis*, my Ellinor? Nay," George added, a faint smile illumining his wan but noble features, "why speak to thee in the accents of the Roman poet, which thou comprehendest not? Bright One, there be other things in Life, in Nature, in this Inscrutable Labyrinth, this Heart on which thou leanest, which are equally unintelligible to thee! Yes, my pretty one, what is the Unintelligible but the Ideal? what is the Ideal but the Beautiful? what the Beautiful but the Eternal? And the Spirit of Man that would commune with these is like Him who wanders by the *thina pot'phloisboio thalasses*, and shrinks awe-struck before that Azure Mystery.

Emily's eyes filled with fresh-gushing dew. "Speak on, speak ever thus, my George," she exclaimed. Barnwell's chains rattled as the confiding girl clung to him. Even Snoggin, the Turnkey appointed to sit with the Prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and also burst into tears.

"You weep, my Snoggin," the Boy said; "and why? Hath Life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? Hath Pleasure no after-Weariness? Ambition no Deception; Wealth no Care; and Glory no Mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, palled of Pleasure, weary of Wine and Wit, and—nay, start not, my Adelaide—and Woman. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a Man, and pine for the Illimitable! Mark you me! Has the Morrow any terrors for me, think ye? Did Socrates falter at his poison? Did Seneca blench in his bath? Did Brutus shirk the sword when his great stake was lost? Did even weak Cleopatra shrink from the Serpent's fatal nip? And why should I? My great Hazard hath been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart, thou flashing Blade! Welcome to my bosom, thou faithful Serpent; I hug thee, peace-bearing Image of the Eternal! Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, boy, for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the bath, friends; prepare me for the feast To-morrow—bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair."

"Has for a bath," Snoggin interposed, "they're not to be 'ad in this ward of the prison; but I dussay Hemmy will git you a little hoil for your 'air."

The Prisoned One laughed loud and merrily. "My guardian understands me not, pretty one—and thou, what sayest thou? From those dear lips methinks—*plura sunt oscula quam sententie*—I kiss away thy tears, dove!—they will flow apace when I am gone, then they will dry, and presently these fair eyes will shine on another, as they have beamed on poor George Barnwell. Yet wilt thou not all forget him, sweet one. He was an honest fellow, and had a kindly heart for all the world said."

"That, that he had," cried the gaoler and the girl, in voices gurgling with emotion. And you who read! you unconvicted Convict—you murderer, though haply you have slain no one—you Felon *in posse* if not *in esse*—deal gently with one who has used the Opportunity that has failed thee—and believe that the

Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the dock and the convict's tawny Gaberdine !

In the matter for which he suffered, George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. "It may be an error of judgment," he said to the Venerable Chaplain of the gaol, "but it is no crime. Were it Crime, I should feel Remorse. Where there is no Remorse, Crime cannot exist. I am not sorry : therefore, I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?"

The excellent Doctor admitted that it was not to be contested.

"And wherefore, sir, should I have sorrow," the Boy resumed, "for ridding the world of a sordid worm ; * of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Truthful and the Beautiful? When I stood before my uncle in the moonlight, in the gardens of the ancestral halls of the De Barnwells, I felt that it was the Nemesis come to overthrow him. 'Dog,' I said to the trembling slave, 'tell me where thy Gold is, Thou hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the Poverty on which thou tramplest ; in aiding Science, which thou knowest not ; in uplifting Art, to which thou art blind. Give Gold, and thou art free.' But he spake not, and I slew him."

"I would not have this doctrine vulgarly promulgated," said the admirable chaplain, "for its general practice might chance to do harm. Thou, my son, the Refined, the Gentle, the Loving and Beloved, the Poet and Sage, urged by what I cannot but think a grievous error, hast appeared as Avenger. Think what would be the world's condition, were men without any Yearning after the Ideal to attempt to reorganise Society, to redistribute Property, to avenge Wrong."

"A rabble of pigmies sealing Heaven," said the noble though misguided young Prisoner. "Prometheus was a Giant, and he fell."

"Yes, indeed, my brave youth!" the benevolent Doctor

* This is a gross plagiarism : the above sentiment is expressed much more eloquently in the ingenious romance of "Eugene Aram :"—"The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay : these tell me, that whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an immortality, and the creature of a God. . . . I have destroyed a man noxious to the world ! with the wealth by which he afflicted society, I have been the means of blessing many."

Fuzwig exclaimed, clasping the Prisoner's marble and manacled hand ; "and the Tragedy of To-morrow will teach the World that Homicide is not to be permitted even to the most amiable Genius, and that the lover of the Ideal and the Beautiful, as thou art, my son, must respect the Real likewise."

"Look ! here is supper !" cried Barnwell gaily. "This is the Real, Doctor ; let us respect it and fall to." He partook of the meal as joyously as if it had been one of his early festals ; but the worthy chaplain could scarcely eat it for tears.



CODLINGSBY.

BY D. SHIPWISBERRY, ESQ.

I

THE whole world is bound on chain. In every city in the globe there is one great spot that certain travellers know and recognise from it. There is a brother district in all other places where are congregated the habitations of men. In Tehran or Peking or Samouel or New York or Imbuetoo, or London there is a certain district where a certain man is not a stranger. When the idols are fed with incense by the streams of Ching wang foo, where the incense is sent sparkling above the cypresses, their reflections quivering in the lucid waters of the Golden Horn, where the yellow river flows under broken bridge, and over imperial fane, where the huts are squatted by the Niger under the red dirt, here the Northern Babel lies, with its warehouses, and its bright, its graceful factory chimneys, in its chimney-fane, amid the fog and smoke by the dirtiest river in the world. In all the race of mankind there is One Home, whither men of one family may resort. Over the entire world spread a vast brotherhood, suffering, silent, scattered, sympathising, in common the human race. Once this world spread in India, in Arabiachin—a little nation alone and outlying among the mighty monarchies of ancient time, the Meruthu of history. The sails of their rare ships might be seen in the Euxine in winter, the camels of their caravans might thread the sands of Taklac or wind through the date groves of Damascus, their flag was raised not ingloriously, in many wars against mighty foes, but was a small people, and on one dark night the Lion of Judah went down before Vespasian's Eagles, and in flame and death and struggle, Jerusalem agonised and died. Yes, the Jewish city is lost to Jewish men, but have they not taken the world in exchange?"

* Mused thus Godfrey de Bouillon, Marquis of Codlingsby, as

he debouched from Wych Street into the Strand. He had been to take a box for Armida at Madame Vestris's theatre. That little Armida was *folle* of Madame Vestris's theatre; and her little brougham, and her little self, and her enormous eyes, and her prodigious opera-glass, and her miraculous bouquet, which cost Lord Codlingsby twenty guineas every evening at Nathan's in Covent Garden (the children of the gardeners of Sharon have still no rival for flowers), might be seen, three nights in the week at least, in the narrow, charming, comfortable little theatre. Godfrey had the box. He was strolling, listlessly, eastward; and the above thoughts passed through the young noble's mind as he came in sight of Holywell Street.

The occupants of the London Ghetto sat at their porches basking in the evening sunshine. Children were playing on the steps. Fathers were smoking at the lintel. Smiling faces looked out from the various and darkling draperies with which the warehouses were hung. Ringlets glossy, and curly, and jetty—eyes black as night—midsummer night—when it lightens; haughty noses bending like beaks of eagles—eager quivering nostrils—lips curved like the bow of Love—every man or maiden, every babe or matron in that English Jewry bore in his countenance one or more of these characteristics of his peerless Arab race.

"How beautiful they are!" roused Codlingsby, as he surveyed these placid groups calmly taking their pleasure in the sunset.

"D'you want to look at a niche coat?" a voice said, which made him start; and then some one behind him began handling a masterpiece of Stultz's with a familiarity which would have made the Baron tremble.

"Rafael Mendoza!" exclaimed Godfrey.

"The same, Lord Codlingsby," the individual so apostrophised replied. "I told you we should meet again where you would little expect me. Will it please you to enter? this is Friday, and we close at sunset. It rejoices my heart to welcome you home." So saying, Rafael laid his hand on his breast, and bowed, an oriental reverence. All traces of the accent with which he first addressed Lord Codlingsby had vanished: it was disguise: half the Hebrew's life is a disguise. He shielded himself in craft, since the Norman boors persecuted him.

They passed under an awning of old clothes, tawdry fripperies, greasy spangles, and battered masks, into a shop as black and

hideous as the entrance was foul. "*This your home, Rafael?*" said Lord Codlingsby.

"Why not?" Rafael answered. "I am tired of Schloss Schinkenstein; the Rhine bores me after a while. It is too hot for Florence; besides, they have not completed the picture-gallery, and my place smells of putty. You wouldn't have a man, *mon cher*, bury himself in his chateau in Normandy, out of the hunting season? The Rugantino Palace stupefies me. Those Titians are so gloomy, I shall have my Hobbemas and Tenierses, I think, from my house at the Hague hung over them."

"How many castles, palaces, houses, warehouses, shops, have you, Rafael?" Lord Codlingsby asked, laughing.

"This is one," Rafael answered. "Come in."

II.

THE noise in the old town was terrific; Great Tom was booming sullenly over the uproar; the bell of St. Mary's was clanging with alarm; St. Giles's tocsin chimed furiously; howls, curses, flights of brickbats, stones slaving windows, groans of wounded men, cries of frightened females, cheers of either contending party as it charged the enemy from Carfax to Trumpington Street, proclaimed that the battle was at its height.

In Berlin they would have said it was a revolution, and the cuirassiers would have been charging, sabre in hand, amidst that infuriate mob. In France they would have brought down artillery, and played on it with twenty-four pounders. In Cambridge nobody heeded the disturbance—it was a Town and Gown row.

The row arose at a boat-race. The Town boat (manned by eight stout Burgees, with the redoubted Kullöck for stroke) had bumped the Brazenose light oar, usually at the head of the river. High words arose regarding the dispute. After returning from Granchester, when the boats pulled back to Christchurch meadows, the disturbance between the Towns:men and the University youths—their invariable opponents—grew louder and more violent, until it broke out in open battle. Sparring and skirmishing took place along the pleasant fields that lead from the University gate down to the broad and shining waters

of the Cam, and under the walls of Balliol and Sidney Sussex. The Duke of Bellamont (then a dashing young sizar at Exeter) had a couple of rounds with Billy Butt, the bow-oar of the Bargee boat. Vavasour of Brazenose was engaged with a powerful butcher, a well-known champion of the Town party, when, the great University bells ringing to dinner, truce was called between the combatants, and they retired to their several colleges for refectation.

During the boat-race, a gentleman pulling in a canoe, and smoking a narghilly, had attracted no ordinary attention. He rowed about a hundred yards ahead of the boats in the race, so that he could have a good view of that curious pastime. If the eight-oars neared him, with a few rapid strokes of his flashing paddles his boat shot a furlong ahead; then he would wait, surveying the race, and sending up volumes of odour from his cool narghilly.

"Who is he?" asked the crowds who panted along the shore, encouraging, according to Cambridge wont, the efforts of the oarsmen in the race. Town and Gown alike asked who it was, who, with an ease so provoking, in a barque so singular, with a form seemingly so slight, but a skill so prodigious, beat their best men. No answer could be given to the query, save that a gentleman in a dark travelling-el ariot, preceded by six fourgons and a courier, had arrived the day before at the "Hoop Inn," opposite Brazenose, and that the stranger of the canoe seemed to be the individual in question.

No wonder the boat, that all admired so, could compete with any that ever was wrought by Cambridge artificer or Putney workman. That boat—slim, shining, and shooting through the water like a pike after a small fish—was a caique from Tophana: it had distanced the Sultan's oarsmen and the best crews of the Capitan Pasha in the Bosphorus; it was the workmanship of Togrul-Beg, Caikjee Bashee of His Highness. The Bashee had refused fifty thousand tomauns from Count Boute-nieff, the Russian Ambassador, for that little marvel. When his head was taken off, the Father of Believers presented the boat to Rafael Mendoza.

It was Rafael Mendoza that saved the Turkish monarchy after the battle of Nezeeb. By sending three millions of piastres to the Seraskier; by bribing Colonel de St. Cornichon, the French envoy in the camp of the victorious Ibrahim, the march

of the Egyptian army was stopped—the menaced empire of the Ottomans was saved from ruin ; the Marchioness of Stokepogis, our Ambassador's lady, appeared in a suit of diamonds which outblazed even the Romanoff jewels, and Rafael Mendoza obtained the little caïque. He never travelled without it. It was scarcely heavier than an arm-chair. Baroni, the courier, had carried it down to the Cam that morning, and Rafael had seen the singular sport which we have mentioned.

The dinner over, the young men rushed from their colleges, flushed, full-fed, and eager for battle. If the Gown was angry, the Town, too, was on the alert. From Ifley and Barnwell, from factory and mill, from wharf and warehouse, the Town poured out to meet the enemy, and their battle was soon general. From the Addenbrooke's hospital to the Blenheim turnpike, all Cambridge was in an uproar—the College gates closed—the shops barricaded—the shop-boys away in support of their brother townsmen—the battle raged, and the Gown had the worst of the fight.

A luncheon of many courses had been provided for Rafael Mendoza at his inn ; but he smiled at the clumsy efforts of the University cooks to entertain him, and a couple of dates and a glass of water formed his meal. In vain the discomfited landlord pressed him to partake of the slighted banquet. "A breakfast ! p-sha !" said he. "My good man, I have nineteen cooks, at salaries rising from four hundred a year. I can have a dinner at any hour, but a Town and Gown row" (a brickbat here flying through the window crashed the carafe of water in Mendoza's hand)—"a Town and Gown row is a novelty to me. The Town has the best of it, clearly, though : the men outnumber the lads. Ha, a good blow ! How that tall townsman went down before yonder slim young fellow in the scarlet trencher-cap !"

"That is the Lord Codlingsby," the landlord said.

"A light weight, but a pretty fighter," Mendoza remarked. "Well hit with your left, Lord Codlingsby ; well parried, Lord Codlingsby ; claret drawn, by Jupiter !"

"Ours is werry fine," the landlord said. "Will your Highness have Château Margaux or Lafitte ?"

"He never can be going to match himself against that barge-man !" Rafael exclaimed, as an enormous boatman—no other than Rullock, indeed, the most famous bruiser of Cambridge,

and before whose fists the Gownsmen went down like ninepins—fought his way up to the spot where, with admirable spirit and resolution, Lord Codlingsby and one or two of his friends were making head against a number of the Town.

The young noble faced the huge champion with the gallantry of his race, but was no match for the enemy's strength and weight and sinew, and went down at every round. The brutal fellow had no mercy on the lad. His savage treatment chafed Mendoza as he viewed the unequal combat from the inn-window. "Hold your hand!" he cried to this Goliath; "don't you see he's but a boy?"

"Down he goes again!" the bargeman cried, not heeding the interruption. "Down he goes again: I likes whopping a lord!"

"Coward!" shouted Mendoza; and to fling open the window amidst a shower of brickbats, to vault over the balcony, to slide down one of the pillars to the ground, was an instant's work.

At the next he stood before the enormous bargeman.

After the coroner's inquest, Mendoza gave ten thousand pounds to each of the bargeman's ten children, and it was thus his first acquaintance was formed with Lord Codlingsby.

But we are lingering on the threshold of the house in Holywell Street. Let us go in.

III.

GODFREY and Rafael passed from the street into the outer shop of the old mansion in Holywell Street. It was a masquerade warehouse to all appearance. A dark-eyed damsel of the nation was standing at the dark and grimy counter, strewn with old feathers, old yellow boots, old stage mantles, painted masks, blind and yet gazing at you with a look of sad death-like intelligence from the vacancy behind their sockets.

A medical student was trying one of the doublets of orange-tawny and silver, sashed with dirty light blue. He was going to a masquerade that night. He thought Polly Pattens would admire him in the dress—Polly Pattens, the fairest of maids-of-all-work—the Borough Venus, adored by half the youth of Gay's.

"You look like a prince in it, Mr. Lint," pretty Rachel said, coaxing him with her beady black eyes.

"It is the cheese," replied Mr. Lint; "it ain't the dress that don't suit, my rose of Sharon; it's the *figure*. Hullo, Rafael, is that you, my lad of sealing-wax? Come and intercede for me with this wild gazelle; she says I can't have it under fifteen bob for the night. And it's too much: cuss me if it's not too much, unless you'll take my little bill at two months, Rafael."

"There's a sweet pretty brigand's dress you may have for



half de monish," Rafael replied; "there's a splendid clown for eight bob; but for dat Spanish dress, selp ma Moshesh, Mistaer Lint, ve'd ask a guinea of any but you. Here's a gentlemansh just come to look at it. Look 'ear, Mr. Brownsh, did you ever shee a nisher ting dan dat?" So saying, Rafael turned to Lord Codlingsby with the utmost gravity and displayed to him the garment about which the young medicus was haggling.

"Cheap at the money," Codlingsby replied; "if you won't make up your mind, sir, I should like to engage it myself."

But the thought that another should appear before Polly Pattens in that costume was too much for Mr. Lint; he agreed to pay the fifteen shillings for the garment. And Rafael, pocketing the money with perfect simplicity, said, "Dis vay, Mr. Brownsh; dere's someting vill shoot you in the next shop."

Lord Codlingsby followed him, wondering.

"You are surprised at our system," said Rafael, marking the evident bewilderment of his friend. "Confess you would call it meanness—my huckstering with yonder young fool. I call it simplicity. Why throw away a shilling without need? Our race never did. A shilling is four men's bread: shall I disdain to defile my fingers by holding them out relief in their necessity? It is you who are mean—you Normans—not we of the ancient race. You have your vulgar measurement for great things and small. You call a thousand pounds respectable, and a shekel despicable. Psha, my Codlingsby! One is as the other. I trade in pennies and in millions. I am above or below neither."

They were passing through a second shop smelling strongly of cedar, and, in fact, piled up with bales of those pencils which the young Hebrews are in the habit of vending through the streets. "I have sold bundles and bundles of these," said Rafael. "My little brother is now out with oranges in Piccadilly. I am bringing him up to be head of our house in Amsterdam. We all do it. I had myself to see Rothschild in Eaton Place this morning, about the Irish loan, of which I have taken three millions: and as I wanted to walk, I carried the bag."

"You should have seen the astonishment of Lauda Latymer, the Archbishop of Croydon's daughter, as she was passing St. Bennet's, Knightsbridge, and as she fancied she recognised in the man who was crying old clothes the gentleman with whom she had talked at the Count de St. Aular's the night before." Something like a blush flushed over the pale features of Mendoza as he mentioned the Lady Lauda's name. "Come on," said he. They passed through various warehouses—the orange-room, the sealing-wax room, the six-bladed knife department, and finally came to an old baize door. Rafael opened the baize door by some secret contrivance, and they were in a black passage, with a curtain at the end.

He clapped his hands; the curtain at the end of the passage drew back, and a flood of golden light streamed on the Hebrew and his visitor.

CHAPTER XXIV. *

THEY entered a moderate-sized apartment—indeed, Holywell Street is not above a hundred yards long, and this chamber was not more than half that length—it was fitted up with the simple taste of its owner.

The carpet was of white velvet—(laid over several webs of Aubusson, Ispahan, and Axminster, so that your foot gave no more sound as it trod upon the yielding plain than the shadow did which followed you)—of white velvet, painted with flowers, arabesques, and classic figures, by Sir William Ross, J. M., W. Turner, R.A., Mrs. Mee, and Paul Delaroche. The edges were wrought with seed-pearls, and fringed with Valenciennes lace and bullion. The walls were hung with cloth of silver, embroidered with gold figures, over which were worked pomegranates, polyanthus, and passion-flowers, in ruby, amethyst, and smaragd. The drops of dew which the artificer had sprinkled on the flowers were diamonds. The hangings were overhung by pictures yet more costly. Giorgione the gorgeous, Titian the golden, Rubens the ruddy and pulpy (the Pan of Painting), some of Murillo's beautiful shepherdesses, who smile on you out of darkness like a star, a few score first-class Leonardos, and fifty of the masterpieces of the patron of Julius and Leo, the Imperial genius of Urbino, covered the walls of the little chamber. Divans of carved amber covered with ermine went round the room, and in the mid-st was a fountain, pattering and babbling with jets of double-distilled otto of roses.

"Pipes, Goliath!" Rafael said gaily to a little negro with a silver collar (he spoke to him in his native tongue of Dongola); "and welcome to our snuggery, my Codling-by. We are quieter here than in the front of the house, and I wanted to show you a picture. I'm proud of my pictures. That Leonardo came from Genoa, and was a gift to our father from my cousin, Marshal Manasseh: that Murillo was pawned to my uncle by Marie Antoinette before the flight to Varennes—the poor lady could not redeem the pledge, you know, and the picture remains with us. As for the Rafael, I suppose you are aware that he was one of our people. But what are you gazing at? Oh! my sister—I forgot. Miriam! this is the Lord Codlingsby."

She had been seated at an ivory pianoforte on a mother-of-pearl music-stool, trying a sonata of Herz. She rose when

thus apostrophised: Miriam de Mendoza rose and greeted the stranger.

The Talmud relates that Adam had two wives—Zillah the dark beauty; Eva the fair one. The ringlets of Zillah were black; those of Eva were golden. The eyes of Zillah were night; those of Eva were morning. Codlingsby was fair—of the fair Saxon race of Hengist and Horsa—they called him Miss Codlingsby at school; but how much fairer was Miriam the Hebrew!

Her hair had that deep glowing tinge in it which has been the delight of all painters, and which, therefore, the vulgar sneer at. It was of burning auburn. Meandering over her fairest shoulders in twenty thousand minute ringlets, it hung to her waist and below it. A light blue velvet fillet clasped with a diamond *agrette* (valued at two hundred thousand tomanes, and bought from Lieutenant Vicovich, who had received it from Dost Mahomed), with a simple bird of paradise, formed her head-gear. A sea green cymar, with short sleeves, displayed her exquisitely moulded arms to perfection, and was fastened by a girdle of emeralds over a yellow satin frock. Pink gauze trousers spangled with silver, and slippers of the same colour as the band which clasped her ringlets (but so covered with pearls that the original hue of the charming little *papoosh* disappeared entirely) completed her costume. She had three necklaces on, each of which would have dowered a Princess—her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned.

As Miriam de Mendoza greeted the stranger, turning upon him the solemn welcome of her eyes, Codlingsby swooned almost in the brightness of her beauty. It was well she spoke; the sweet kind voice restored him to consciousness. Muttering a few words of incoherent recognition, he sank upon a sandal-wood settee, as Goliath, the little slave, brought aromatic coffee in cups of opal, and alabaster spittoons, and pipes of the fragrant Gibeley.

"My Lord's pipe is out," said Miriam, with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest—who in truth forgot to smoke—and taking up a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper and proceeded to reillumine the extinguished *chibouk* of Lord Codlingsby.

IV,

WHEN Miriam, returning to the mother-of-pearl music-stool, at a signal from her brother, touched the silver and enamelled keys of the ivory piano, and began to sing, Lord Codlingsby felt as if he were listening at the gates of Paradise, or were hearing Jenny Lind.

"Lind is the name of the Hebrew race; so is Mendelssohn, the son of Almonds: so is Rosenthal, the Valley of the Roses: so is Lowe or Lewis or Lyons or Lion. The beautiful and the brave alike give cognisances to the ancient people: you Saxons call yourselves Brown, or Smith, or Rodgers," Rafael observed to his friend; and, drawing the instrument from his pocket, he accompanied his sister, in the most ravishing manner, on a little gold and jewelled harp, of the kind peculiar to his nation.

All the airs which the Hebrew maid selected were written by composers of her race: it was either a hymn by Rossini, a polacca by Braham, a delicious romance by Sloman, or a melody by Weber, that, thrilling on the strings of the instrument, wakened a harmony on the fibres of the heart; but she sang no other than the songs of her nation.

"Beautiful one! sing ever, sing always," Codlingsby thought. "I could sit at thy feet as under a green palm-tree, and fancy that Paradise-birds were singing in the boughs."

Rafael read his thoughts. "We have Saxon blood too in our veins," he said. "You smile! but it is even so. An ancestress of ours made a *mésalliance* in the reign of your King John. Her name was Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, and she married in Spain, whither she had fled to the Court of King Bæddil, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, then a widower by the demise of his first lady, Rowena. The match was deemed a cruel insult amongst our people; but Wilfrid conformed, and was a Rabbi of some note at the synagogue of Cordova. We are descended from him lineally. It is the only blot upon the escutcheon of the Mendozas."

As they sat talking together, the music finished, and Miriam having retired (though her song and her beauty were still present to the soul of the stranger) at a signal from Mendoza, various messengers from the outer apartments came in to transact business with him.

First it was Mr. Aminadab, who kissed his foot, and brought

papers to sign. "How is the house in Grosvenor Square, Aminadab; and is your son tired of his yacht yet?" Mendoza asked. "That is my twenty-fourth cashier," said Rafael to Codlingsby, when the obsequious clerk went away. "He is fond of display, and all my people may have what money they like."

Entered presently the Lord Bareacres, on the affair of his mortgage. The Lord Bareacres, strutting into the apartment with a haughty air, shrank back, nevertheless, with surprise on beholding the magnificence around him. "Little Mordecai," said Rafael to a little orange-boy, who came in at the heels of the noble, "take this gentleman out and let him have ten thousand pounds. I can't do more for you, my Lord, than this—I'm busy. Good-bye!" And Rafael waved his hand to the peer, and fell to smoking his narghilly.

A man with a square face, cat-like eyes, and a yellow moustache, came next. He had an hour glass of a waist, and walked uneasily upon his high-heeled boots. "Tell your master that he shall have two millions more, but not another shilling," Rafael said. "That story about the five-and-twenty millions of ready money at Cronstadt is all bosh. They won't believe it in Europe. You understand me, Count Grogomoffski?"

"But his Imperial Majesty said four millions, and I shall get the knout unless"—

"Go and speak to Mr. Shadrach, in room Z 94, the fourth court," said Mendoza good-naturedly. "Leave me at peace, Count; don't you see it is Friday, and almost sunset?" The Calmuck envoy retired cringing, and left an odour of musk and candle-grease behind him.

An orange-man; an emissary from Lola Montes; a dealer in piping bullfinches; and a Cardinal in disguise, with a proposal for a new loan for the Pope, were heard by turns; and each, after a rapid colloquy in his own language, was dismissed by Rafael.

"The Queen must come back from Aranjuez, or that King must be disposed of," Rafael exclaimed, as a yellow-faced ambassador from Spain, General the Duke of Olla Podrida, left him. "Which shall it be, my Codlingsby?" Codlingsby was about laughingly to answer—for indeed he was amazed to find all the affairs of the world represented here, and Holywell Street the centre of Europe—when three knocks of a peculiar nature

were heard, and Mendoza starting up, said, "Ha ! there are only four men in the world who know that signal." At once, and with a reverence quite distinct from his former *nonchalant* manner, he advanced towards the new-comer.

He was an old man—an old man evidently, too, of the Hebrew race—the light of his eyes was unfathomable—about his mouth there played an inscrutable smile. He had a cotton umbrella, and old trousers, and old boots, and an old wig, curling at the top like a rotten old pear.

He sat down, as if tired, in the first seat at hand, as Rafael made him the lowest reverence.

"I am tired," says he ; "I have come in fifteen hours. I am ill at Neuilly," he added with a grin. "Get me some *eau sucrée*, and tell me the news, Prince de Mendoza. These bread rows ; this unpopularity of Guizot ; this odious Spanish conspiracy against my darling Montpensier and daughter ; this ferocity of Palmerston against Coletti, make me quite ill. Give me your opinion, my dear duke. But ha ! whom have we here?"

The august individual who had spoken had used the Hebrew language to address Mendoza, and the Lord Codlingsby might easily have pleaded ignorance of that tongue. But he had been at Cambridge, where all the youth acquire it perfectly.

"Sire," said he, "I will not disguise from you that I know the ancient tongue in which you speak. There are probably secrets between Mendoza and your Maj.—"

"Hush !" said Rafael, leading him from the room. "Au revoir, dear Codlingsby. His Majesty is one of us," he whispered at the door ; "so is the Pope of Rome ; so is . . ."—a whisper concealed the rest.

"Gracious powers ! is it so ?" said Codlingsby, musing. He entered into Holywell Street. The sun was sinking.

"It is time," said he, "to go and fetch Armida to the Olympic."



PHIL FOGARTY.

A TALE OF THE FIGHTING QNETY-ONETH.

BY HARRY ROLICKER.

I.

THE gabion was ours. After two hours' fighting we were in possession of the first embasure, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Jack Delamere, Tom Delancy, Jerry Blake, the Doctor, and myself, sat down under a pontoon, and our servants laid out a hasty supper on a tumbrel. Though Cambacérès had escaped me so provokingly after I cut him down, his spoils were mine; a cold fowl and a Bologna sausage were found in the Marshal's holsters; and in the haversack of a French private who lay a corpse on the glacis, we found a loaf of bread, his three days' ration. Instead of salt, we had gunpowder; and you may be sure, wherever the Doctor was, a flask of good brandy was behind him in his instrument case. We sat down and made a soldier's supper. The Doctor pulled a few of the delicious fruit from the lemon-trees growing near (and round which the Carabiniers and the 24th Leger had made a desperate rally), and punch was brewed in Jack Delamere's helmet.

"Faith, it never had so much wit in it before," said the Doctor, as he ladled out the drink. We all roared with laughing, except the guardsman, who was as savage as a Turk at a christening.

"Buvez-en," said old Sawbones to our French prisoner; "*ça vous fera du bien, mon vieux coq!*" and the Colonel, whose wound had been just dressed, eagerly grasped at the proffered cup, and drained it with a health to the donor.

How strange are the chances of war! But half-an-hour before he and I were engaged in mortal combat, and our pri-

soner was all but my conqueror. Grappling with Cambacères, whom I knocked from his horse, and was about to despatch, I felt a lunge behind, which luckily was parried by my sabretache ; a herculean grasp was at the next instant at my throat—I was on the ground—my prisoner had escaped, and a gigantic warrior in the uniform of a colonel of the regiment of Artois glaring over me with pointed sword.

" Rends-toi, coquin ! " says he.

" Allez au Diable ! " said I : " a Fogarty never surrenders."

I thought of my poor mother and my sisters, at the old house in Killaloo—I felt the tip of his blade between my teeth—I



breathed a prayer, and shut my eyes—when the tables were turned—the butt-end of Lanty Clancy's musket knocked the sword up, and broke the arm that held it.

" Thonamoundiaoul nabochlish," said the French officer, with a curse in the purest Irish. It was lucky I stopped laughing time enough to bid Lanty hold his hand, for the honest fellow would else have brained my gallant adversary. We were the better friends for our combat, as what gallant hearts are not?

The breach was to be stormed at sunset, and like true soldiers we sat down to make the most of our time. The rogue of a Doctor took the liver-wing for his share—we gave the other to our guest, a prisoner ; those scoundrels Jack Delamere and

Tom Delancy took the legs—and, 'faith, poor I was put off with the Pope's nose and a bit of the back.

"How d'ye like his Holiness's *sayture*?" said Jetty Blake.

"Anyhow you'll have a *merry thought*," cried the incorrigible Doctor, and all the party shrieked at the witticism.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," said Jack, holding up the drumstick clean.

"'Faith, there's not enough of it to make us *chicken-hearted*, anyhow," said I. "Come, boys, let's have a song."

"Here goes," said Tom Delancy, and sung the following lyric, of his own composition:—

"Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drunk to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Toss-pot's, as jovial a sot
As e'er drew a spigot, or drained a full pot—
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigged off his glass.

One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, 'Honest Thomas, come take your last bier ;'
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan "

"Psha!" said the Doctor, "I've heard that song before; here's a new one for you, boys!" and Sawbones began, in a rich Corkagian voice—

"You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drungoole;
He had but one eye
To ogie ye by—

Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!

A fool
He made of de gils, dis O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and maul;
He never would shrink

From any sthrug dthrink,

Was it whisky or Drogheda ale;

I'm bail

This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;

He's gone to his rest,

Where there's dthrink of the best,

And so let us give his old sowl

A howl,

For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl."

I observed the French Colonel's eye glistened as he heard these well-known accents of his country ; but we were too well bred to pretend to remark his emotion.

The sun was setting behind the mountains as our songs were finished, and each began to look out with some anxiety for the preconcerted signal, the rocket from Sir Hussey Vivian's quarters, which was to announce the recommencement of hostilities. It came just as the moon rose in her silver splendour, and ere the rocket-stick fell quivering to the earth at the feet of General Picton and Sir Lowry Cole, who were at their posts at the head of the storming-parties, nine hundred and ninety-nine guns in position opened their fire from our batteries, which were answered by a tremendous cannonade from the fort.

"Who's going to dance?" said the Doctor: "the ball's begun. Ha! there goes poor Jack Delamere's head off! The ball chose a soft one, anyhow. Come here, Tim, till I mend your leg. Your wife need only knit half as many stockings next year, Doolan my boy. Faix! there goes a big one had well-nigh stopped my talking! bedad! it has snuffed the feather off my cocked hat!"

In this way, with eighty-four pounders roaring over us like hail, the undaunted little Doctor pursued his jokes and his duty. That he had a feeling heart, all who served with him knew, and none more so than Philip Fogarty, the humble writer of this tale of war.

Our embrasure was luckily bomb proof, and the detachment of the On-ty-oneth under my orders suffered comparatively little. "Be cool, boys," I said; "it will be hot enough work for you ere long."

The honest fellows answered with an Irish cheer. I saw that it affected our prisoner.

"Countryman!" said I, "I know you; but an Irishman was never a traitor."

"Taisez-vous!" said he, putting his finger to his lip. "C'est la fortune de la guerre: if ever you come to Paris, ask for the Marquis d'O'Mahony, and I may render you the hospitality which your tyrannous laws prevent me from exercising in the ancestral halls of my own race."

I shook him warmly by the hand as a tear bedimmed his eye. It was, then, the celebrated colonel of the Irish Brigade, created a Marquis by Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz.

"Marquis," said I, "the country which disowns you is proud of you; but—ha! here, if I mistake not, comes our signal to advance." And in fact Captain Vandeleur, riding up through the shower of shot, asked for the commander of the detachment, and bade me hold myself in readiness to move as soon as the flank companies of the Ninety-ninth, and Sixty-sixth, and the Grenadier Brigade of the German Legion began to advance up the échelon. The devoted band soon arrived; Jack Bowser heading the Ninety-ninth (when was he away and a storming-party to the fore?), and the gallant Potztausend, with his Hanoverian veterans.

The second rocket flew up.

"Forward, Onety-oneth!" cried I, in a voice of thunder. "Killaloo boys, follow your captain!" and with a shrill hurray, that sounded above the tremendous fire from the fort, we sprung up the steep; Bowser with the brave Ninety-ninth, and the bold Potztausend, keeping well up with us. We passed the demilune, we passed the culverin, bayonetting the artillerymen at their guns; we advanced across the two tremendous demilunes which flank the counter-scarp, and prepared for the final spring upon the citadel. Scout I could see quite pale on the wall; and the scoundrel Cambacérés, who had been so nearly my prisoner that day, trembled as he cheered his men. "On boys, on!" I hoarsely exclaimed. "Hurroo!" said the fighting Onety-oneth!

But there was a movement among the enemy. An officer, glittering with orders, and another in a grey coat and a cocked hat, came to the wall, and I recognised the Emperor Napoleon and the famous Joachim Murat.

"We are hardly pressed, methinks," Napoleon said sternly. "I must exercise my old trade as an artilleryman;" and Murat loaded, and the Emperor pointed the only hundred-and-twenty-four pounder that had not been silenced by our fire.

"Hurra, Killaloo boys!" shouted I. The next moment a sensation of numbness and death seized me, and I lay like a corpse upon the rampart.

II.

"HUSH!" said a voice, which I recognised to be that of the Marquis d'O'Mahony. "Heaven be praised, reason has returned to you. For six weeks those are the only sane words I have heard from you."

"Faix, and 'tis thrue for you, Colonel dear," cried another voice, with which I was even more familiar: 'twas that of my honest and gallant Lanty Clancy, who was blubbering at my bedside overjoyed at his master's recovery.

"O musha, Masther Phil aghra! but this will be the great day intirely, when I send off the news, which I would, barrin' I can't write, to the lady your mother and your sisters at Castle Fogarty; and 'tis his Riv'rence Father Luke will jump for joy thin, when he reads the lether? Six weeks ravin' and roarin' as bould as a lion, and as mad as Mick Malony's pig, that mistuck Mick's wig for a cablage, and died of atin' it!"

"And have I then lost my senses?" I exclaimed feebly.

"Sure, didn't you call me your beautiful Donna Anna only yesterday, and catch hould of me whiskers as if they were the Signora's jet black ringlets?" Lanty cried.

At this moment, and blushing deeply, the most beautiful young creature I ever set my eyes upon, rose from a chair at the foot of the bed, and sailed out of the room.

"Confusion, you blundering rogue," I cried; "who is that lovely lady whom you frightened away by your impertinence? Donna Anna? Where am I?"

"You are in good hands, Philip," said the Colonel; "you are at my house in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, of which I am the military Governor. You and Lanty were knocked down by the wind of the cannon-ball at Burgos. Do not be ashamed: 'twas the Emperor pointed the gun;" and the Colonel took off his hat as he mentioned the name darling to France. "When our troops returned from the sally in which your gallant storming-party was driven back, you were found on the glacis, and I had you brought into the City. Your reason had left you, however, when you returned to life; but, unwilling to desert the son of my old friend, Philip Fogarty, who saved my life in '98, I brought you in my carriage to Paris."

"And many's the time you tried to jump out of the windy, Masther Phil," said Clancy.

"Brought you to Paris," resumed the Colonel, smiling; "where, by the *soins* of my friends Broussais, Esquirol, and Baron Larrey, you have been restored to health, thank Heaven!"

"And that lovely angel who quitted the apartment?" "I cried.

"That lovely angel is the Lady Blanche Sarsfield, my ward, a descendant of the gallant Lucan, and who may be, when she chooses, Madame la Maréchale de Cambacérès, Duchess of Illyria.

"Why did you deliver the ruffian when he was in my grasp?" I cried.

"Why did Lanty deliver you when in mine?" the Colonel replied. "C'est la fortune de la guerre, mon garçon; but calm yourself, and take this potion which Blanche has prepared for you."

I drank the *tisane* eagerly when I heard whose fair hands had compounded it, and its effects were speedily beneficial to me, for I sank into a cool and refreshing slumber.

From that day I began to mend rapidly, with all the elasticity of youth's happy time. Blanche—the enchanting Blanche—ministered henceforth to me, for I would take no medicine but from her lily hand. And what were the effects? 'Faith, ere a month was past, the patient was over head and ears in love with the doctor; and as for Baron Larrey, and Broussais, and Esquirol, they were sent to the right-about. In a short time I was in a situation to do justice to the *gigot aux navets*, the *bauf aux cornichons*, and the other delicious *entremets* of the Marquis's board, with an appetite that astonished some of the Frenchmen who frequented it.

"Wait till he's quite well, miss," said Lanty, who waited always behind me. "'Faith! when he's in health, I'd back him to ate a cow, barrin' the horns and teel." I sent a decanter at the rogue's head, by way of answer to his impertinence.

Although the disgusting Cambacérès did his best to have my parole withdrawn from me, and to cause me to be sent to the English dépôt of prisoners at Verdun, the Marquis's interest with the Emperor prevailed, and I was allowed to remain at Paris, the happiest of prisoners, at the Colonel's hotel at the Place Vendôme. I here had the opportunity (an opportunity not lost, I flatter myself, on a young fellow with the accomplishments of Philip Fogarty, Esq.) of mixing with the *élite* of French society, and meeting with many of the great, the beautiful, and

the brave. Talleyrand was a frequent guest of the Marquis's. His *bon-mots* used to keep the table in a roar. Ney frequently took his chop with us; Murat, when in town, constantly dropt in for a cup of tea and friendly round game. Alas! who would have thought those two gallant heads would be so soon laid low? My wife has a pair of earrings which the latter, who always wore them, presented to her—but we are advancing matters. Anybody could see, "*avec un demi-œil*," as the Prince of Benevento remarked, how affairs went between me and Blanche; but though she loathed him for his cruelties and the odiousness of his person, the brutal Cambacérès, still pursued his designs upon her.

I recollect it was on St. Patrick's Day. My lovely friend had procured, from the gardens of the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison (whom we loved a thousand times more than her Austrian successor, a sandy-haired woman, between ourselves, with an odious squint), a quantity of shamrock wherewith to garnish the hotel, and all the Irish in Paris were invited to the national festival.

I and Prince Talleyrand danced a double hornpipe with Pauline Bonaparte and Madame de Staël; Marshal Soult went down a couple of sets with Madame Recamier; and Robespierre's widow—an excellent, gentle creature, quite unlike her husband—stood up with the Austrian ambassador. Besides, the famous artists Baron Gros, David and Nicholas Poussin, and Canova, who was in town making a statue of the Emperor for Leo X., and, in a word, all the celebrities of Paris—as my gifted countrywoman, the Wild Irish Girl, calls them—were assembled in the Marquis's elegant receiving-rooms.

At last a great outcry was raised for "*La Gigue Irlandaise!*" a dance which had made a *fureur* amongst the Parisians ever since the lovely Blanche Sarsfield had danced it. She stepped forward and took me for a partner, and amidst the bravos of the crowd, in which stood Ney, Murat, Lannes, the Prince of Wagram, and the Austrian ambassador, we showed to the *beau monde* of the French capital, I flatter myself, a not unfavourable specimen of the dance of our country.

As I was cutting the double shuffle, and toe-and-heeling it in the "rail" style, Blanche danced up to me smiling, and said, "Be on your guard; I see Cambacérès talking to Fouché, the

Duke of Otranto, about us ; and when Otranto turns his eyes upon a man, they bode him no good."

"Cambacérès is jealous," said I. "I have it," says she ; "I'll make him dance a turn with me." So, presently, as the music was going like mad all this time, I pretended fatigue from my late wounds, and sat down. The lovely Blanche went up smiling, and brought out Cambacérès as a second partner.

The Marshal is a lusty man, who makes desperate efforts to give himself a waist, and the effect of the exercise upon him was speedily visible. He puffed and snorted like a walrus, drops trickled down his purple face, while my lovely mischief of a Blanche went on dancing at treble quick, till she fairly danced him down.

"Who'll take the flute with me?" said the charming girl, animated by the sport.

"Faix, den, 'tis I, Lanty Clancy!" cried my rascal, who had been mad with excitement at the scene ; and, stepping in with a whoop and a hurroo, he began to dance with such rapidity as made all present stare.

As the couple were footing it, there was a noise as of a rapid cavalcade traversing the Place Vendôme, and stopping at the Marquis's door. A crowd appeared to mount the stair ; the great doors of the reception-room were flung open, and two pages announced their Majesties the Emperor and the Empress. So engaged were Lanty and Blanche, that they never heard the tumult occasioned by the august approach.

It was indeed the Emperor, who, returning from the Théâtre Français, and seeing the Marquis's windows lighted up, proposed to the Empress to drop in on the party. He made signs to the musicians to continue : and the conqueror of Marengo and Friedland watched with interest the simple evolutions of two happy Irish people. Even the Empress smiled ; and seeing this, all the courtiers, including Naples and Talleyrand, were delighted.

"Is not this a great day for Ireland?" said the Marquis, with a tear trickling down his noble face. "O Ireland ! O my country ! But no more of that. Go up, Phil you divvie, and offer Her Majesty the choice of punch or negus."

Among the young fellows with whom I was most intimate in Paris was Eugène Beauharnais, the son of the ill-used and unhappy Josephine by her former marriage with a French gentle-

man of good family. Having a smack of the old blood in him, Eugène's manners were much more refined than those of the new-fangled dignitaries of the Emperor's Court, where (for my knife and fork were regularly laid at the Tuileries) I have seen my poor friend Murat repeatedly mistake a fork for a toothpick, and the gallant Massena devour peas by means of his knife, in a way more innocent than graceful. Talleyrand, Eugène, and I used often to laugh at these eccentricities of our brave friends ; who certainly did not shine in the drawing-room, however brilliant they were on the field of battle. The Emperor always asked me to take wine with him, and was full of kindness and attention.

"I like Eugène," he would say, pinching my ear confidentially, as his way was—"I like Eugène to keep company with such young fellows as you : you have manners ; you have principles ; my rogues from the camp have none. And I like you, Philip my boy," he added, "for being so attentive to my poor wife—the Empress Josephine, I mean." All these honours made my friends at the Marquis's very proud, and my enemies at Court *craver* with envy. Among these, the atrocious Cambacérés was not the least active and envenomed.

The cause of the many attentions which were paid to me, and which, like a vain coxcomb, I had chosen to attribute to my own personal amiability, soon was apparent. Having formed a good opinion of my gallantry from my conduct in various actions and forlorn hopes during the war, the Emperor was most anxious to attach me to his service. The Grand Cross of St. Louis, the title of Count, the command of a crack cavalry regiment, the *14me Chevaux Marins*, were the bribes that were actually offered to me ; and must I say it ? Blanche, the lovely, the perfidious Blanche, was one of the agents employed to tempt me to commit this act of treason.

"Object to enter a foreign service !" she said, in reply to my refusal. "It is you, Philip, who are in a foreign service. The Irish nation is in exile, and in the territories of its French allies. Irish traitors are not here ; they march alone under the accursed flag of the Saxon, whom the great Napoleon would have swept from the face of the earth, but for the fatal valour of Irish mercenaries ! Accept this offer, and my heart, my hand, my all are yours. Refuse it, Philip, and we part."

"To wed the abominable Cambacérés !" I cried, stung

with rage. "To wear a duchess's coronet, *Blanche*! Ha, ha! Mushrooms, instead of strawberry-leaves, should decorate the brows of the upstart French nobility. I shall withdraw my parole. I demand to be sent to prison—to be exchanged—to die—anything rather than be a traitor, and the tool of a traitress!" Taking up my hat, I left the room in a fury; and flinging open the door tumbled over *Cambacérès*, who was listening at the keyhole, and must have overheard every word of our conversation.

We tumbled over each other, as *Blanche* was shrieking with laughter at our mutual discomfiture. Her scorn only made me more mad; and, having spurs on, I began digging them into *Cambacérès's* fat sides as we rolled on the carpet, until the Marshal howled with rage and anger.

"This insult must be avenged with blood!" roared the Duke of *Illyria*.

"I have already drawn it," says I, "with my spurs."

"*Malheur et malédiction!*" roared the Marshal.

"Hadn't you better settle your wig," says I, offering it to him on the tip of my cane, "and we'll arrange time and place when you have put your jasey in order." I shall never forget the look of revenge which he cast at me, as I was thus turning him into ridicule before his mistress.

"Lady *Blanche*," I continued bitterly, "as you look to share the Duke's coronet, hadn't you better see to his wig?" And so saying, I cocked my hat, and walked out of the Marquis's place, whistling "*Garryowen*."

I knew my man would not be long in following me, and waited for him in the *Place Vendôme*, where I luckily met *Eugène* too, who was looking at the picture-shop in the corner. I explained to him my affair in a twinkling. He at once agreed to go with me to the ground, and commended me, rather than otherwise, for refusing the offer which had been made to me. "I knew it would be so," he said kindly; "I told my father you wouldn't. A man with the blood of the *Fogarties*, *Phil* my boy, doesn't wheel about like those fellows of yesterday." So, when *Cambacérès* came out, which he did presently, with a more furious air than before, I handed him at once over to *Eugène*, who begged him to name a friend, and an early hour for the meeting to take place.

"Can you make it before eleven, *Phil*?" said *Beauharnais*.

"The Emperor reviews the troops in the Bois de Boulogne at that hour, and we might fight there handily before the review."

"Done!" said I. "I want of all things to see the newly-arrived Saxon cavalry manœuvre:" on which Cambacérès, giving me a look, as much as to say, "See sights! Watch cavalry manœuvres! Make your soul, and take measure for a coffin, my boy!" walked away, naming our mutual acquaintance, Marshal Ney, to Eugène, as his second in the business.

I had purchased from Murat a very fine Irish horse, Bugaboo, out of Smithereens, by Fadladeen, which ran into the French ranks at Salamanca, with poor Jack Clonakilty, of the 13th, dead, on the top of him. Bugaboo was much too ugly an animal for the King of Naples, who, though a showy horseman, was a bad rider across country; and I got the horse for a song. A wickeder and uglier brute never wore pigskin; and I never put my leg over such a timber-jumper in my life. I rode the horse down to the Bois de Boulogne on the morning that the affair with Cambacérès was to come off, and Lanty held him as I went in, "sure to win," as they say in the ring.

Cambacérès was known to be the best shot in the French army; but I, who am a pretty good hand at a snipe, thought a man was bigger; and that I could wing him if I had a mind. As soon as Ney gave the word, we both fired: I felt a whizz past my left ear, and putting up my hand there, found a large piece of my whiskers gone; whereas at the same moment, and shrieking a horrible malediction, my adversary reeled and fell.

"Mon Dieu, il est mort!" cried Ney.

"Pas du tout," said Beauharnais. "Ecoute; il jure toujours."

And such, indeed, was the fact: the supposed dead man lay on the ground cursing most frightfully. We went up to him: he was blind with the loss of blood, and my ball had carried off the bridge of his nose. He recovered; but he was always called the Prince of Ponterotto in the French army, afterwards. The surgeon in attendance having taken charge of this unfortunate warrior, we rode off to the review, where Ney and Eugène were on duty at the head of their respective divisions; and where, by the way, Cambacérès, as the French say, "se faisait désirer."

It was arranged that Cambacérès's division of six battalions and nine-and-twenty squadrons should execute a *ricochet* movement, supported by artillery in the intervals, and converging by

different *épaulements* on the light infantry, that formed, as usual, the centre of the line. It was by this famous manœuvre that at Arcola, at Montenotte, at Friedland, and subsequently at Mazafran, Suwaroff, Prince Charles, and General Castanos were defeated with such victorious slaughter; but it is a movement which, I need not tell every military man, requires the greatest delicacy of execution, and which, if it fails, plunges an army into confusion.

"Where is the Duke of Illyria?" Napoleon asked. "At the head of his division, no doubt," said Murat: at which Eugène, giving me an arch look, put his hand to his nose, and caused me almost to fall off my horse with laughter. Napoleon looked sternly at me; but at this moment the troops getting in motion, the celebrated manœuvre began, and His Majesty's attention was taken off from my impudence.

Milhaud's Dragoons, their bands playing "*Vive Henri Quatre*," their cuirasses gleaming in the sunshine, moved upon their own centre from the left flank in the most brilliant order, while the Carbineers of Foy, and the Grenadiers of the Guard under Drouet d'Erlon, executed a carambolade on the right, with the precision which became those veteran troops; but the Chasseurs of the young guard, marching by twos instead of threes, bore consequently upon the Bavarian Uhlans (an ill-disciplined and ill-affected body), and these, falling back in disorder, became entangled with the artillery and the left centre of the line, and in one instant thirty thousand men were in inextricable confusion.

"Clubbed, by Jabsers!" roared out Lanty Clancy. "I wish we could show 'em the Fighting Onety-oneth, Captain darling."

"Silence, fellow!" I exclaimed. I never saw the face of man express passion so vividly as now did the livid countenance of Napoleon. He tore off General Milhaud's epaulettes, which he flung into Foy's face. He glared about him wildly, like a demon, and shouted hoarsely for the Duke of Illyria. "He is wounded, Sire," said General Foy, wiping a tear from his eye, which was blackened by the force of the blow; "he was wounded an hour since in a duel, Sire, by a young English prisoner, Monsieur de Fogarty."

"Wounded! a Marshal of France wounded! Where is the Englishman? Bring him out, and let a file of grenadiers"—

"Sire!" interposed Eugène.

"Let him be shot!" shrieked the Emperor, shaking his spy-glass at me with the fury of a fiend.

This was too much. "Here goes," said I, and rode slap at him.

There was a shriek of terror from the whole of the French army, and I should think at least forty thousand guns were levelled at me in an instant. But as the muskets were not loaded, and the cannon had only wadding in them, these facts, I presume, saved the life of Phil Fogarty from this discharge.

Knowing my horse, I put him at the Emperor's head, and Bugaboo went at it like a shot. He was riding his famous white Arab, and turned quite pale as I came up and went over the horse and the Emperor, scarcely brushing the cockade which he wore.

"Bravo!" said Murat, bursting into enthusiasm at the leap.

"Cut him down!" said Siéyès, once an Abbé, but now a gigantic Chirassier; and he made a pass at me with his sword. But he little knew an Irishman on an Irish horse. Bugaboo cleared Siéyès, and fetched the monster a slap with his near hind hoof which sent him reeling from his saddle, - and away I went, with an army of a hundred and seventy-three thousand eight hundred men at my heels. . . .



BARBAZURE.

BY G. P. R. JEAMIS, ESQ., &c.

I.

IT was upon one of those balmy evenings of November which are only known in the valleys of Languedoc and among the mountains of Alsace, that two cavaliers might have been perceived by the naked eye threading one of the rocky and romantic gorges that skirt the mountain-land between the Marne and the Garonne. The rosy tints of the declining luminary were gilding the peaks and crags which lined the path, through which the horsemen wound slowly ; and as these eternal battlements with which Nature had hemmed in the ravine which our travellers trod, blushed with the last tints of the fading sunlight, the valley below was grey and darkling, and the hard and devious course was sombre in twilight. A few goats, hardly visible among the peaks, were cropping the scanty herbage here and there. The pipes of shepherds, calling in their flocks as they trooped homewards to their mountain villages, sent up plaintive echoes which moaned through those rocky and lonely steepes ; the stars began to glimmer in the purple heavens spread serenely overhead ; and the faint crescent of the moon, which had peered for some time scarce visible in the azure, gleamed out more brilliantly, at every moment, until it blazed as if in triumph at the sun's retreat. 'Tis a fair land that of France, a gentle, a green, and a beautiful ; the home of arts and arms, of chivalry and romance, and (however sadly stained by the excesses of modern times) 'twas the unbought grace of nations once, and the seat of ancient renown and disciplined valour.

And of all that fair land of France, whose beauty is so bright and bravery is so famous, there is no spot greener or fairer than that one over which our travellers wended, and which stretches

between the good towns of Vendémiaire and Nivôse. 'Tis common now to a hundred thousand voyagers: the English tourist, with his chariot and his Harvey's Sauce, and his imperials; the bustling *commis-voyageur* on the roof of the rumbling diligence; the rapid *malle-poste* thundering over the *chaussée* at twelve miles an hour—pass the ground hourly and daily now: 'twas lonely and unfrequented at the end of that seventeenth century with which our story commences.

Along the darkening mountain-paths the two gentlemen (for such their outward bearing proclaimed them) caracolled together. The one, seemingly the younger of the twain, wore a flaunting feather in his barret-cap, and managed a prancing Andalusian palfrey that bounded and curvetted gaily. A surcoat of peach-coloured samite and a purfled doublet of vair bespoke him noble, as did his brilliant eye, his exquisitely chiselled nose, and his curling chestnut ringlets.

Youth was on his brow; his eyes were dark and dewy, like spring violets, and spring roses bloomed upon his cheek—roses, alas! that bloom and die with life's spring! Now bounding over a rock, now playfully whirling off with his riding rod a floweret in his path, Philibert de Coquelicot rode by his darker companion.

His comrade was mounted upon a *dettidre* of the true Norman breed, that had first champed grass on the green pastures of Aquitaine. Thence through Berry, Picardy, and the Limousin, halting at many a city and commune, holding joust and tourney in many a castle and manor of Navarre, Poitou, and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the warrior and his charger reached the lonely spot where now we find them.

The warrior who bestrode the noble beast was in sooth worthy of the steed which bore him. Both were caparisoned in the fullest trappings of feudal war. The arblast, the mangonel, the demiculverin, and the cussart of the period, glittered upon the neck and chest of the war-steed; while the rider, with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arrière ban, morion and tumbrel, battle-axe and riffard, and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel. This mighty horseman was carried by his steed as lightly as the young springald by his Andalusian hackney.

"'Twas well done of thee, Philibert," said he of the proof-

armour, to ride forth so far to welcome thy cousin and companion in arms."

"Companion in battledore and shuttlecock, Romané de Clos-Vougeot!" replied the younger Cavalier. "When I was yet a page, thou wert a belted knight; and thou wert away to the Crusades ere ever my beard grew."

"I stood by Richard of England at the gates of Ascalon, and drew the spear from sainted King Louis in the tents of Damietta," the individual addressed as Romané replied. "Well-a-day! since thy beard grew, boy (and marry 'tis yet a thin one), I have broken a lance with Solymán at Rhodes, and smoked a chibouque with Saladin at Acre. But enough of this. Tell me of home—of our native valley—of my hearth, and my lady-mother, and my good chaplain—tell me of *her*, Philibert," said the knight, executing a demivolté, in order to hide his emotion.

Philibert seemed uneasy, and to strive as though he would *parry* the question. "The castle stands on the rock," he said, "and the swallows still build in the battlements. The good chaplain still chants his vespers at morn, and snuffles his matins at even-song. The lady-mother still distributeth tracts and knitteth Berlin linsey-woolsey. The tenants pay no better, and the lawyers dun as sorely, kinsman mine," he added with an arch look.

"But Fatima, Fatima, how fare'st she?" Romané continued. "Since I ammas was a twelvemonth, I hear nought of her; my letters are unanswered. The postman hath traversed our camp every day, and never brought me a billet. How is Fatima, Philibert de Coquelicot?"

"She is—well," Philibert replied; "her sister Anne is the fairest of the twain, though."

"Her sister Anne was a baby when I embarked for Egypt. A plague on sister Anne! Speak of Fatima, Philibert—my blue-eyed Fatima!"

"I say she is—well," answered his comrade gloomily.

"Is she dead? Is she ill? Hath she the measles? Nay, hath she had small-pox, and lost her beauty? Speak! speak, boy!" cried the knight, wrought to agony.

"Her cheek is as red as her mother's, though the old Countess paints hers every day. Her foot is as light as a sparrow's, and her voice as sweet as a minstrel's dulcimer; but give me *nothless* the Lady Anne," cried Philibert; "give me the peerless Lady

Anne! As soon as ever I have won spurs, I will ride all Christendom through, and proclaim her the Queen of Beauty. Ho, Lady Anne! Lady Anne!" And so saying—but evidently wishing to disguise some emotion, or conceal some tale his friend could ill brook to hear—the reckless *damoiseau* galloped wildly forward.

But swift as was his courser's pace, that of his companion's enormous charger was swifter. "Boy," said the elder, "thou hast ill tidings. I know it by thy glance. Speak: shall he who hath bearded grim Death in a thousand fields shame to



face truth from a friend? Speak, in the name of Heaven and good Saint Botibol. Romané de Clos-Vougeot will bear your tidings like a man!"

"Fatima is well," answered Philibert once again; "she hath had no measles; she lives and is still fair."

"Fair, ay, peerless fair; but what more, Philibert? Not false? By Saint Botibol, say not false," groaned the elder warrior.

"A month syne," Philibert replied, "she married the Baron de Barbazure."

With that scream which is so terrible in a strong man in

agony, the brave knight Romané de Clos-Vougeot sank back at the words, and fell from his charger to the ground, a lifeless mass of steel.

II.

LIKE many another fabric of feudal war and splendour, the once vast and magnificent Castle of Barbazure is now a moss-grown ruin. The traveller of the present day, who wanders by the banks of the silvery Loire, and climbs the steep on which the magnificent edifice stood, can scarcely trace, among the shattered masses of ivy-covered masonry which lie among the lonely crags, even the skeleton of the proud and majestic palace-stronghold of the Barons of Barbazure.

In the days of our tale its turrets and pinnacles rose as stately, and seemed (to the pride of sinful man!) as strong as the eternal rocks on which they stood. The three mullets on a gules wavy reversed, surmounted by the sinople couchant or, the well-known cognisance of the house, blazed in gorgeous heraldry on a hundred banners, surmounting as many towers. The long lines of battlemented walls spread down the mountain to the Loire, and were defended by thousands of steel clad serving-men. Four hundred knights and six times as many archers fought round the banner of Barbazure at Bouvines, Malplaquet, and Azincour. For his services at Fontenoy against the English, the heroic Charles Martel appointed the fourteenth Baron Hereditary Grand Bootjack of the kingdom of France; and for wealth, and for splendour, and for skill and fame in war, Raoul, the twenty-eighth Baron, was in nowise inferior to his noble ancestors.

That the Baron Raoul levied toll upon the river and mail upon the shore; that he now and then ransomed a burgher, plundered a neighbour, or drew the fangs of a Jew, that he burned an enemy's castle with the wife and children within;—these were points for which the country knew and respected the stout Baron. When he returned from victory, he was sure to endow the Church with a part of his spoil, so that when he went forth to battle he was always accompanied by her blessing. Thus lived the Baron Raoul, the pride of the country in which he dwelt, an ornament to the Court, the Church, and his neighbours.

But in the midst of all his power and splendour there was a

domestic grief which deeply afflicted the princely Barbazure. His lovely ladies died one after the other. No sooner was he married than he was a widower ; in the course of eighteen years no less than nine bereavements had befallen the chieftain. So true it is, that if fortune is a parasite, grief is a republican, and visits the halls of the great and wealthy as it does the humbler tenements of the poor.

"Leave off deploring thy faithless gad-about lover," said the Lady of Chacahacque to her daughter, the lovely Fatima, "and think how the noble Barbazure loves thee ! Of all the damsels at the ball last night, he had eyes for thee and thy cousin only."

"I am sure my cousin hath no good looks to be proud of !" the admirable Fatima exclaimed, bridling up. "Not that I care for my Lord of Barbazure's looks. My heart, dearest mother, is with him who is far away !"

"He danced with thee four galliards, nine quadrilles, and twenty three corantos, I think, child," the mother said, eluding her daughter's remark.

"Twenty five," said lovely Fatima, casting her beautiful eyes to the ground. "Heigh-ho, but Romané danced them very well !"

"He had not the Court air," the mother suggested.

"I don't wish to deny the beauty of the Lord of Barbazure's dancing, mamma," Fatima replied. "For a short lusty man, 'tis wondrous how active he is ; and in dignity the King's Grace himself could not surpass him."

"You were the noblest couple in the room, love," the lady cried.

"That pea-green doublet, slashed with orange tawny, those ostrich plumes, blue, red, and yellow, those parti-coloured hose and pink shoon, became the noble Baron wondrous well," Fatima acknowledged. "It must be confessed that, though middle-aged, he hath all the agility of youth. But alas, madam ! The noble Baron hath had nine wives already."

"And your cousin would give her eyes to become the tenth," the mother replied.

"My cousin give her eyes !" Fatima exclaimed. "It's not much, I'm sure, for she squints abominably." And thus the ladies prattled, as they rode home at night after the great ball at the house of the Baron of Barbazure.

The gentle reader, who has overheard their talk, will under-

stand the doubts which pervaded the mind of the lovely Fatima, and the well-nurtured English maiden will participate in the divided feelings which rent her bosom. 'Tis true, that on his departure for the holy wars, Romané and Fatima were plighted to each other; but the folly of long engagements is proverbial; and though for many months the faithful and affectionate girl had looked in vain for news from him, her admirable parents had long spoken with repugnance of a match which must bring



inevitable poverty to both parties. They had suffered, 'tis true, the engagement to subvert, hostile as they ever were to it; but when, on the death of the ninth lady of Barbazure, the noble Baron remarked Fatima at the funeral, and rode home with her after the ceremony, her prudent parents saw how much wiser, better, happier for their child it would be to have for life a partner like the Baron than to wait the doubtful return of the penniless wanderer to whom she was plighted.

Ah ! how beautiful and pure a being ! how regardless of self ! how true to duty ! how obedient to parental command ! is that earthly angel, a well-bred woman of genteel family ! Instead of indulging in spleenetic refusals or vain regrets for her absent lover, the exemplary Fatima at once signified to her excellent parents her willingness to obey their orders ; though she had sorrows (and she declared them to be tremendous), the admirable being disguised them so well, that none knew they oppressed her. She said she would try to forget former ties, and (so strong in her mind was *duty* above every other feeling !—so strong may it be in every British maiden !) the lovely girl kept her promise. " My former engagements," she said, packing up Romané's letters and presents (which, as the good knight was mortal poor, were in sooth of no great price) — " my former engagements I look upon as childish follies ; my affections are fixed where my dear parents graft them—on the noble, the princely, the polite Barbazure. 'Tis true he is not comely in feature, but the chaste and well bred female knows how to despise the fleeting charms of form. 'Tis true he is old, but can woman be better employed than in tending her aged and sickly companion ? That he has been married is likewise certain—but ah, my mother ! who knows not that he must be a good and tender husband, who, nine times wedded, owns that he cannot be happy without another partner ? "

It was with these admirable sentiments the lovely Fatima proposed obedience to her parents' will, and consented to receive the magnificent marriage gift presented to her by her gallant bridegroom.

III.

THE old Countess of Chacabacque had made a score of vain attempts to see her hapless daughter. Ever, when she came, the porters grinned at her savagely through the grating of the portcullis of the vast embattled gate of the Castle of Barbazure, and rudely bade her begone. " The Lady of Barbazure sees nobody but her confessor, and keeps her chamber," was the invariable reply of the dogged functionaries to the entreaties of the agonised mother. And at length, so furious was he at her perpetual calls at his gate, that the angry Lord of Barbazure

himself, who chanced to be at the postern, armed a cross-bow, and let fly an arblast at the crupper of the lady's palfrey, whereon she fled finally, screaming, and in terror. "I will aim at the rider next time!" howled the ferocious Baron, "and not at the horse!" And those who knew his savage nature and his unrivalled skill as a bowman, knew that he would neither break his knightly promise nor miss his aim.

Since the fatal day when the Grand Duke of Burgundy gave his famous passage of arms at Nantes, and all the nobles of France were present at the joustings, it was remarked that the Barbazure's heart was changed towards his gentle and virtuous lady.

For the three first days of that famous festival, the redoubted Baron of Barbazure had kept the field against all the knights who entered. His lance bore everything down before it. The most famous champions of Europe, assembled at these joustings, had dropped, one by one, before this tremendous warrior. The prize at the tourney was destined to be his, and he was to be proclaimed bravest of the brave, as his lady was the fairest of the fair.

On the third day, however, as the sun was declining over the Vosges, and the shadows were lengthening over the plain where the warrior had obtained such triumphs ;-- after having overcome two hundred and thirteen knights of different nations, including the fiery Dunois, the intrepid Walter Manny, the spotless Bayard, and the undaunted Duguesclin, as the conqueror sat still erect on his charger, and the multitudes doubted whether ever another champion could be found to face him, three blasts of a trumpet were heard, faint at first, but at every moment ringing more clearly, until a knight in pink armour rode into the lists with his visor down, and riding a tremendous dun charger, which he managed to the admiration of all present.

The heralds asked him his name and quality.

"Call me," said he, in a hollow voice, "the Jilted Knight."

What was it made the Lady of Barbazure tremble at his accents?

The knight refused to tell his name and qualities; but the companion who rode with him, the young and noble Philibert de Coquelicot, who was known and respected universally through the neighbourhood, gave a warranty for the birth and noble degree of the Jilted Knight--and Raoul de Barbazure, yelling hoarsely for a two-hundred-and-fourteenth lance, shook the huge

weapon in the air as though it were a reed, and prepared to encounter the intruder.

According to the wont of chivalry, and to keep the point of the spear from harm, the top of the unknown knight's lance was shielded with a bung, which the warrior removed ; and galloping up to Barbazure's pavilion, over which his shield hung, touched that noble cognisance with the sharpened steel. A thrill of excitement ran through the assembly at this daring challenge to a combat *à outrance*. "Hast thou confessed, Sir Knight?" roared the Barbazure ; "take thy ground and look to thyself ; for by Heaven thy last hour is come !" "Poor youth, poor youth !" sighed the spectators ; "he has called down his own fate." The next minute the signal was given, and as the simoom across the desert, the cataract down the rock, the shell from the howitzer, each warrior rushed from his goal.

"Thou wilt not slay so good a champion?" said the Grand Duke, as at the end of that terrific combat the knight in rose armour stood over his prostrate foe, whose helmet had rolled off when he was at length unhorsed, and whose bloodshot eyes glared unutterable hate and ferocity on his conqueror.

"Take thy life," said he who had styled himself the Jilted Knight ; "thou hast taken all that was dear to me." And the sun setting, and no other warrior appearing to do battle against him, he was proclaimed the conqueror, and rode up to the Duchess's balcony to receive the gold chain which was the reward of the victor. He raised his vizor as the smiling princess guerdoned him--raised it, and gave *one* sad look towards the Lady Fatima at her side !

"*Romane de Clos-Vougeot !*" shrieked she, and fainted. The Baron of Barbazure heard the name as he writhed on the ground with his wound, and by his slighted honour, by his broken ribs, by his roused fury, he swore revenge ; and the Lady Fatima, who had come to the tourney as a queen, returned to her castle as a prisoner.

(As it is impossible to give the whole of this remarkable novel, let it suffice to say briefly here, that in about a volume and a half, in which the descriptions of scenery, the account of the agonies of the Baroness, kept on bread and water in her dungeon, and the general tone of morality, are all excellently worked out, the Baron

de Barbazure resolves upon putting his wife to death by the hands of the public executioner.)

Two minutes before the clock struck noon, the savage Baron was on the platform to inspect the preparation for the frightful ceremony of mid-day.

The block was laid forth—the hideous minister of vengeance, masked and in black, with the flaming glaive in his hand, was ready. The Baron tried the edge of the blade with his finger, and asked the dreadful swordsman if his hand was sure? A nod was the reply of the man of blood. The weeping garrison and domestics shuddered and shrank from him. There was not one there but loved and pitied the gentle lady.

Pale, pale as a stone, she was brought from her dungeon. To all her lord's savage interrogatories, her reply had been, "I am innocent." To his threats of death, her answer was, "You are my lord; my life is in your hands, to take or to give." How few are the wives, in our day, who show such angelic meekness! It touched all hearts around her, save that of the implacable Barbazure! Even the Lady Blanche (Fatima's cousin), whom he had promised to marry upon his faithless wife's demise, besought for her kinswoman's life, and a divorce; but Barbazure had vowed her death.

"Is there no pity, sir?" asked the chaplain who had attended her.

"No pity?" echoed the weeping serving-maid.

"Did I not aye say I would die for my lord?" said the gentle lady, and placed herself at the block.

Sir Raoul de Barbazure seized up the long ringlets of her raven hair. "Now!" shouted he to the executioner, with a stamp of his foot—"Now strike!"

The man (who knew his trade) advanced at once, and poised himself to deliver his blow: and making his flashing sword sing in the air, with one irresistible rapid stroke, it sheared clean off the head of the furious, the bloodthirsty, the implacable Baron de Barbazure!

Thus he fell a victim to his own jealousy; and the agitation of the Lady Fatima may be imagined when the executioner, flinging off his mask, knelt gracefully at her feet, and revealed to her the well-known features of Romané de Clos-Vougeot.

LORDS AND LIVERIES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF

'DUKES AND D'JEUNERS,' "HEARTS AND DIAMONDS,"
"MARCHIONESSES AND MILLINERS," &c. &c.



I.

CORBLEU! What a lovely creature that was in the Fitz-battleaxe box to-night!" said one of a group of young dandies who were leaning over the velvet-cushioned balconies of the "Coventry Club," smoking their full-flavoured Cuba's (from Hudson's) after the opera.

Everybody stared at such an exclamation of enthusiasm from the lips of the young Earl of Bagnigge, who was never heard to admire anything except a *coulis de dindonneau à la Ste. Ménehould*, or a *suprême de cochen en torticottis à la Piffarde*; such as Champollion, the *chef* of the "Traveller's," only knows how to dress; or the *boquet* of a flask of Médoc, of Carbonell's best quality; or a *goutte* of Marasquin, from the cellars of Briggs and Hobson.

Alured de Pentouville, eighteenth Earl of Bagnigge, Viscount Paon of Islington, Baron Pancras, Kingcross, and a Baronet, was, like too many of our young men of *ton*, utterly *blusé*, although only in his twenty-fourth year. Blest, luckily, with a mother of excellent principles (who had imbued his young mind with that Morality which is so superior to all the vain pomps of the world!), it had not been always the young Earl's lot to wear the coronet for which he now in sooth cared so little. His father, a captain of Britain's navy, struck down by the side of the gallant Collingwood in the Bay of Fundy, left little but his sword and spotless name to his young, lovely, and inconsolable widow, who passed the first years of her mourning in educating her child in an elegant though small cottage in one

of the romantic marine villages of beautiful Devonshire. Her child! What a gush of consolation filled the widow's heart as she pressed him to it! How faithfully did she instil into his young bosom those principles which had been the pole-star of the existence of his gallant father!

In this secluded retreat, rank and wealth almost boundless found the widow and her boy. The seventeenth Earl—gallant and ardent, and in the prime of youth—went forth one day from the Eternal City to a steeplechase in the Campagna. A mutilated corpse was brought back to his hotel in the Piazza di Spagna. Death, alas! is no respecter of the Nobility. That shattered form was all that remained of the fiery, the haughty, the wild, but the generous Altamont de Pentonville! Such, such is fate!



The admirable Emily de Pentonville trembled with all a mother's solicitude at the distinctions and honours which thus suddenly descended on her boy. She engaged an excellent clergyman of the Church of England to superintend his studies; to accompany him on foreign travel when the proper season arrived; to ward from him those dangers which dissipation always throws in the way of the noble, the idle, and the wealthy. But the Reverend Cyril Delaval died of the measles at Naples, and henceforth the young Earl of Bagnigge was without a guardian.

What was the consequence? That, at three-and-twenty, he

was a cynic and an epicure. He had drained the cup of pleasure till it had palled in his unnerved hand. He had looked at the Pyramids without awe, at the Alps without reverence. He was unmoved by the sandy solitudes of the Desert, as by the placid depth of Mediterranean's sea of blue. Bitter, bitter tears did Emily de Pentonville weep, when, on Alured's return from the Continent, she beheld the awful change that dissipation had wrought in her beautiful, her blue-eyed, her perverted, her still beloved boy!

"Corpo di Bacco!" he said, pitching the end of his cigar on to the red nose of the Countess of Delawaldymore's coachman—who, having deposited her fat ladyship at No. 236 Piccadilly, was driving the carriage to the stables, before commencing his evening at the "Fortune of War" public house—"what a lovely creature that was! What eyes! what hair! Who knows her? Do you, mon cher prince?"

"E bellissimo, certamente," said the Duca de Montepulciano, and stroked down his jolly moustache.

"Ein gar schönes Mädchen," said the Hereditary Grand Duke of Lulenschreckenstem, and turned up his carrotty one.

"Eile n'est pas mal, ma foi!" said the Prince de Borodino, with a scowl on his darkling brows. "Mon Dieu, que ces cigarettes sont mauvais!" he added, as he too cast away his Cuba.

"Try one of my Pickwicks," said Franklin Fox, with a sneer, offering his gold *but* to the young Frenchman; "they are some of Pontef's best. Prince. What, do you bear malice? Come, let us be friends," said the gay and careless young patrician; but a scowl on the part of the Frenchman was the only reply.

"—Want to know who she is? Borodino knows who she is, Bagnigge," the wag went on.

Everybody crowded round Monsieur de Borodino thus apostrophised. The Marquis of Alcompyne, young De Boots of the Lifeguards, Tom Protocol of the Foreign Office; the gay young peers, Farintosh, Poldoody, and the rest, and Bagnigge, for a wonder, not less eager than any one present.

"No, he will tell you nothing about her. Don't you see he has gone off in a fury!" Franklin Fox continued. "He has his reasons, ce cher prince! he will tell you nothing; but I will. You know that I am *au mieux* with the dear old Duchess."

"They say Frank and she are engaged after the Duke's death," cried Poldoody.

"I always thought Fwank was the Duke's illicit gwend-wandson," drawled out De Boots.

"I heard that he doctored her Blenheim, and used to bring her wigs from Paris," cried that malicious Tom Protocol, whose *mot*s are known in every diplomatic *salon* from Petersburg to Palermo.

"Burn her wigs, and hang her poodle!" said Bagnigge. "Tell me about this girl, Franklin Fox."

"In the first place, she has five hundred thousand acres, in a ring fence, in Norfolk; a county in Scotland, a castle in Wales, a villa at Richmond, a corner house in Belgrave Square, and eighty thousand a year in the three per-cents."

"Après?" said Bagnigge, still yawning.

"Secondly, *Rosolino lui fait la cour*. They are cousins: her mother was an Armagnac of the emigration; the old Marshal, his father, married another sister. I believe he was footman in the family, before Napoleon principised him."

"No, no, he was second coachman," Tom Protocol good-naturedly interposed: "a cavalry officer, Frank, not an infantry man."

"Faith, you should have seen his fury (the young one's, I mean) when he found me in the Duchesse's room this evening, *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, who deigned to accept a bouquet from this hand. It cost me three guineas," poor Frank said, with a shrug and a sigh, "and that Covent Garden scoundrel gives no credit: but she took the flowers;—eh, Bagnigge?"

"And flung them to Albani," the peer replied, with a haughty sneer. And poor little Franklin Fox was compelled to own that she had.

The *maitre d'hôtel* here announced that supper was served. It was remarked that even the *coulis de dindonneau* made no impression on Bagnigge that night.

II.

THE sensation produced by the *début* of Amethyst Pimlico at the Court of the Sovereign, and in the *salons* of the *beau-monde*, was such as has seldom been created by the appearance of any other beauty. The men were raving with love, and the

women with jealousy. Her eyes, her beauty, her wit, her grace, her *ton*, caused a perfect *furore* of admiration or envy.

Introduced by the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, along with her Grace's daughters, the Ladies Gwendoline and Gwinever Portcullis, the heiress's regal beauty quite flung her cousins' simple charms into the shade, and blazed with a splendour which caused all "minor lights" to twinkle faintly. Before a day the *beau-monde*, before a week even the vulgarians of the rest of the town, rang with the fame of her charms; and while the dandies and the beauties were raving about her, or tearing her to pieces in Mayfair, even Mrs. Dobbs (who had been to the pit of the "Hoperer" in a green turban and a crumpled yellow satin) talked about the great *haïress* to her D. in Bloomsbury Square.

Crowds went to Squab and Lynch's, in Long Acre, to examine the carriages building for her, so faultless, so splendid, so quiet, so odiously unostentatious and provokingly simple! Besides the ancestral services of *argenterie* and *vaisselle* plate, contained in a hundred and seventy-six plate-chests at Messrs. Childs', Rumble and Briggs prepared a gold service, and Garraway, of the Haymarket, a service of the Benvenuto Cellini pattern, which were the admiration of all London. Before a month it is a fact that the wretched haberdashers in the City exhibited the blue stocks, called "Heiress-killers, very chaste, two-and-six:" long before that, the *monde* had rushed to Madame Crinoline's, or sent couriers to Madame Marabou, at Paris, so as to have copies of her dresses; but, as the Mantuan bard observes, "*Non cuivis contigit*,"—every foot cannot accommodate itself to the *chaussure* of Cinderella.

With all this splendour, this worship, this beauty; with these cheers following her, and these crowds at her feet, was Amethyst happy? Ah, no! It is not under the necklace the most brilliant that Briggs and Rumble can supply, it is not in Lynch's best cushioned chariot that the heart is most at ease. "*Que je me ruinerais*," says Fronsac in a letter to Bossuet, "*si je savais où acheter le bonheur!*"

With all her riches, with all her splendour, Amethyst was wretched—wretched, because lonely; wretched, because her loving heart had nothing to cling to. Her splendid mansion was a convent; no male person ever entered it, except Franklin Fox (who counted for nothing), and the Duchess's family, her

kinsman old Lord Humpington, his friend old Sir John Fogey, and her cousin, the odious odious Borodino.

The Prince de Borodino declared openly that Amethyst was engaged to him. *Criblé de dettes*, it is no wonder that he should choose such an opportunity to *refaire sa fortune*. He gave out that he would kill any man who should cast an eye on the heiress, and the monster kept his word. Major Grigg, of the Lifeguards, had already fallen by his hand at Ostend. The O'Toole, who had met her on the Rhine, had received a ball in his shoulder at Coblenz, and did not care to resume so dangerous a courtship. Borodino could snuff a *bougie* at a hundred and fifty yards. He could beat Bertrand or Alexander Dumas himself with the small-sword: he was the dragon that watched this *pomme d'or*, and very few persons were now inclined to face a champion *si redoutable*.

Over a *salmi d'escargot* at the "Coventry," the dandies whom we introduced in our last volume were assembled, there talking of the heiress; and her story was told by Franklin Fox to Lord Bagnigge, who, for a wonder, was interested in the tale. Borodino's pretensions were discussed, and the way in which the fair Amethyst was confined. Fitzbattleaxe House, in Belgrave Square, is—as everybody knows—the next mansion to that occupied by Amethyst. A communication was made between the two houses. She never went out except accompanied by the Duchess's guard, which it was impossible to overcome.

"Impossible! Nothing's impossible," said Lord Bagnigge.

"I bet you what you like you don't get in," said the young Marquis of Martingale.

"I bet you a thousand ponies I stop a week in the heiress's house before the season's over," Lord Bagnigge replied with a yawn; and the bet was registered with shouts of applause.

But it seemed as if the Fates had determined against Lord Bagnigge, for the very next day, riding in the park, his horse fell with him; he was carried home to his house with a fractured limb and a dislocated shoulder; and the doctor's bulletins pronounced him to be in the most dangerous state.

Martingale was a married man, and there was no danger of his riding by the Fitzbattleaxe carriage. A fortnight after the above events, his Lordship was prancing by her Grace's great family coach, and chattering with Lady Gwinever about the strange wager.

"Do you know what a pony is, Lady Gwinever?" he asked. Her Ladyship said yes: she had a cream-coloured one at Castle Barbican; and stared when Lord Martingale announced that he should soon have a thousand ponies, worth five-and-twenty pounds each, which were all now kept at Coutts's. Then he explained the circumstances of the bet with Bagnigge. Parliament was to adjourn in ten days; the season would be over; Bagnigge was lying ill *chez lui*; and the five-and-twenty thousand were irrecoverably his. And he vowed he would buy Lord Binnacle's yacht—crew, captain, guns, and all.

On returning home that night from Lady Polkimore's, Martingale found among the many *billets* upon the gold *plateau* in his *antichambre*, the following brief one, which made him start:—

"DEAR MARTINGALE,—Don't be too sure of Binnacle's yacht. There are still ten days before the season is over; and my ponies may lie at Coutts's for some time to come.

"Yours, BAGNIGGE.

"P.S.—I write with my left hand; for my right is still splintered up from that confounded fall."

III.

THE tall footman, number four, who had come in the place of John cashiered (for want of proper *mollets*, and because his hair did not take powder well), had given great satisfaction to the under-butler, who reported well of him to his chief, who had mentioned his name with praise to the house-steward. He was so good-looking and well-spoken a young man, that the ladies in the housekeeper's room deigned to notice him more than once; nor was his popularity diminished on account of a quarrel in which he engaged with Monsieur Anatole, the enormous Walloon *chasseur*, who was one day found embracing Miss Flouncy, who waited on Amethyst's own maid. The very instant Miss Flouncy saw Mr. Jeames entering the Servants' Hall, where Monsieur Anatole was engaged in "aggravating" her, Miss Flouncy screamed: at the next moment the Belgian giant lay sprawling upon the carpet; and Jeames, standing over him, assumed so terrible a look, that the *chasseur* declined any further combat. The victory was made known to the house-steward himself, who, being a little partial to Miss Flouncy,

complimented Jeames on his valour, and poured out a glass of Madeira in his own room.

Who was Jeames? He had come recommended by the Magnigge people. He had lived, he said, in that family two years. "But where there was no ladies," he said, "a gentleman's hand was spiled for service;" and Jeames's was a very delicate hand; Miss Flouncy admired it very much, and of course he did not defile it by menial service: he had in a young man who called him Sir, and did all the coarse work; and Jeames read the morning paper to the ladies; not spellingly and with hesitation, as many gentlemen do, but easily and elegantly, speaking off the longest words without a moment's difficulty. He could speak French, too, Miss Flouncy found, who was studying it under Mademoiselle *Grande fille-de-chambre de confiance*; for when she said to him, "Polly voo Fransy, Munseer Jeames?" he replied readily, "We, Mademaselle, j'ay passay boco de tong à Parry. Commong voo potty voo?" How Miss Flouncy admired him as he stood before her, the day after he had saved Miss Amethyst when the horses had run away with her in the park!

Poor Flouncy, poor Flouncy! Jeames had been but a week in Amethyst's service, and already the gentle heart of the washing-girl was irrecoverably gone! Poor Flouncy! poor Flouncy! he thought not of thee.

It happened thus. Miss Amethyst being engaged to drive with her cousin the Prince in his phaeton, her own carriage was sent into the Park simply with her companion, who had charge of her little Fido, the dearest little spaniel in the world. Jeames and Frederick were behind the carriage with their long sticks and neat dark liveries; the horses were worth a thousand guineas each, the coachman a late lieutenant-colonel of cavalry: the whole ring could not boast a more elegant turn-out.

The Prince drove his curricule, and had charge of his *belle cousine*. It may have been the red sezzes in the carriage of the Turkish Ambassador which frightened the Prince's greys, or Mrs. Champignon's new yellow liveries, which were flaunting in the Park, or hideous Lady Gorgon's preternatural ugliness, who passed in a low pony-carriage at the time, or the Prince's own want of skill, finally; but certain it is that the horses took fright, dashed wildly along the mile, scattered equipages,

pillions, dandies' cabs, and snobs' phaetons. Amethyst was screaming; and the Prince, deadly pale, had lost all presence of mind, as the curriele came rushing by the spot where Miss Amethyst's carriage stood.

"I'm blest," Frederick exclaimed to his companion, "if it ain't the Prince a-drivin' our missis! They'll be in the Serpentine, or dashed to pieces, if they don't mind." And the runaway steeds at this instant came upon them as a whirlwind.

But if those steeds ran at a whirlwind pace, Jeames was swifter. To jump from behind, to bound after the rocking reeling curriele, to jump into it aided by the long stick which he carried and used as a leaping-pole, and to seize the reins out of the hands of the miserable Borodino, who shrieked piteously as the dauntless valet leapt on his toes and into his seat, was the work of an instant. In a few minutes the mad swaying rush of the horses was reduced to a swift but steady gallop; presently into a canter, then a trot; until finally they pulled up smoking and trembling, but quite quiet, by the side of Amethyst's carriage, which came up at a rapid pace.

"Give me the reins, malappris! tu m'écrases le corps, manant!" yelled the frantic nobleman, writhing underneath the intrepid charioteer.

"Tant pis pour toi, nigaud," was the reply. The lovely Amethyst of course had fainted; but she recovered as she was placed in her carriage, and rewarded her preserver with a celestial smile.

The rage, the fury, the maledictions of Borodino, as he saw the latter—a liveried menial—stoop gracefully forward and kiss Amethyst's hand, may be imagined rather than described. But Jeames heeded not his curses. Having placed his adored mistress in the carriage, he calmly resumed his station behind. Passion or danger seemed to leave no impression upon that pale marble face.

Borodino went home furious; nor was his rage diminished, when, on coming to dinner that day, a *richerché* banquet served in the *Frangipane* best style, and requesting a supply of a *purée à la bisque aux écrevisses*, the clumsy attendant who served him let fall the *assiette* of *vermeille ciselé*, with its scalding contents, over the Prince's chin, his Mechlin *jabot*, and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour which he wore.

"Infâme," howled Borodino, "tu l'as fait exprès!"

"Où, je l'ai fait expé-ri-er," said the man, with the most perfect Parisian accent. It was James.

Such insolence of course could not be passed unnoticed even after the morning's service, and he was *chassé* on the spot. He had been but a week in the house.

The next month the newspapers contained a paragraph which may possibly elucidate the above mystery, and to the following effect:

SINGULAR WAGER.—One night at the end of last season, the young and eccentric Earl of B-gn-gge laid a wager of twenty-five thousand pounds with a broken sporting patrician, the dashing Marquis of M-rt-ng-le, that he would pass a week under the roof of a celebrated and lovely young heiress, who lives not a hundred miles from B-lgr-ve Squ-re. The bet having been made, the Earl pretended an illness, and having taken lessons from one of his Lordship's own footmen (Mr. James Plush, whose name he also borrowed) in 'the *mysteries of the profession*,' actually succeeded in making an entry into Miss P-m-l-co's mansion, where he stopped one week exactly; having time to win his bet, and to save the life of the lady, whom we hear he is about to lead to the altar. He disarmed the Prince of Borodino in a duel fought on Calais sands--and, it is said, appeared at the C—— Club wearing his *plush costume* under a cloak, and displaying it as a proof that he had won his wager."

Such, indeed, were the circumstances. The young couple have not more than nine hundred thousand a year, but they live cheerfully, and manage to do good; and Emily de P'entonville, who adores her daughter-in-law and her little grandchildren, is blest in seeing her darling son *enfin un homme rangé*.



CRINOLINE.

By JAMES PLUSH, ESQ.

I.

I'M not at liberty to divulge the real names of the 2 Heroes of the igstrianwy Tail which I am about to relate to those unlightnd patrons of letarature and true connyshures of merrit—the great British public—But I pledj my varacity that this singlar story of rowmantic love, absobbing pashn, and likewise of *genteel list*, is, in the main fix *truw*. The suckmstanzas I elude to, ocured in the sun of our present Gracious Madjesty and her belovd and roil Concert Prince Halbert.

Welthen Some time in the seazon of 18— (mor I dar not rewhheel) there arrived in this metropulus per sknd class of the London and Dover Railw ay, an ellygant young foring gentleman, whom I shall danomminate Munseer Jools de Chacabac.

Having read through "The Vicker of Wackheld" in the same ondganil English tung in which this very harticle I write is wrote too, and halways been remarkable, both it collidge and in the estamminy, for his aytrede and orror of perfidigus Halbert, Munseer Jools was considered by the prapriretors of the newspaper in which he wrote, at Parris, the very man to come to this country, igwamin its manners and customs, cast an i upon the politticle and finanshle stat of the Hemptire, and igspose the mackynations of the infymous Palmerston, and the ebominable Sir Pill—both enemies of France, as is every other Britten of that great, gloarus, libberal, and peasable country. In one word, Jools de Chacabac was a penny a liner.

"I will go see with my own Is," he said, "that infymus biland of which the innabitants are shopkeepers, gorged with roast beef and treason. I will go and see the murderers of the Hrish, the pisoners of the Chynese, the villians who put the

Emperor to death in Saintyleany, the artful dodges who wish to smother Europe with their cotton, and can't sleep or rest easy for henvy and hatred of the great inwinsable French nation. I will igsammin, face to face, these hotty insularies; I will pennytrate into the secrets of their Jessywhittickle cabinet, and beard Palmerston in his denn." When he jump't on shor at Foaxton (after having been tremenguously sick in the four-cabbing), he exclaimed, "Enfin je te tiens, Ile maudite! je te crache à la figure, vieille Angleterre! Je te foule à mes pieds.



au nom du monde outragé," and so proseaded to invade the metropolus.

As he wisht to micks with the very chicest sositaty, and git the best of infamation about this country, Munseer Jools of coarse went and lodgd in Lester Square—Lester Squarr, as he calls it—which, as he was informmed in the printed suckular presented to him by a very greasy but polite comishner at the Customus Stares, was in the scenter of the town, contiggus to the Ouses of Parlyment, the prinsple theayters, the parx, St.

Jams Fallice, and the Courts of Lor. "I can surwey them all at one cut of the eye," Jools thought; "the Sovring, the infamous Ministers plotting the destruction of my immortal country; the business and pleasure of these pusproud Londoners and aristox; I can look round and see all." So he took a three-pair back in a French hotel, the "Hôtel de l'Ail," kept by Monsieur Gigotot, Cranbourne Street, Lester Squarr, London.

In this otell there's a billiard-room on the first-floor, and a tabble-doat at eighteenpence peredd at five o'clock; and the landlord, who kem into Jools's room snoaking a segar, told the young gent that the house was friquented by all the Brittish nobillaty, who reglar took their dinners there. "They can't ebide their own *guiseen*," he said. "You'll see what a dinner we'll serve you to-day." Jools wrote off to his paper—

"The members of the haughty and luxurious English 'aristocracy, like all the rest of the world, are obliged to fly to France for the indulgence of their luxuries. The nobles of England, quitting their homes, their wives, *miladies* and *mistriss*, so fair but so cold, dine universally at the tavern. That from which I write is frequented by Peel and Palmerston. I *frimis* to think that I may meet them at the board to-day."

Singlar to say, Peel and Palmerston didn't dine at the "Hôtel de l'Ail" on that evening. "It's quite igstronnary they don't come," said Munseer Gigotot.

"Peraps they're engaged at some boxing-match, or some *combaw de cock*," Munseer Jools sejested; and the landlord egreed that was very likely.

Instedd of English there was, however, plenty of foring society, of every nation under the sun. Most of the noblemen were great hamatures of hale and porter. The tablecloth was marked over with brown suckles, made by the pewter-pots on that and the previous days.

"It is the usage here," wrote Jools to his newspaper, "among the Anglais of the *fashonne* to absorb immense quantities of ale and porter during their meals. These stupefying, but cheap, and not unpalatable liquors are served in shining pewter vessels. A mug of foaming *kafanaf* (so a certain sort of beer is called) was placed by the side of most of the *convives*. I was disappointed of seeing Sir Peel: he was engaged to a combat of cocks which occurs at Windsor."

Not one word of English was spoke during this dinner, except

when the gentlemen said, "Garson de Jafanaf," but Jools was very much pleased to meet the *elect* of the foringers in town, and ask their opinion about the reel state of thinx. Was it likely that the bishops were to be turned out of the *Chambre des Communes*? Was it true that Lor Palmerston had boxéd with Lor Broghamm in the House of Lords, until they were sepparayted by the Lor Maire? Who was the Lor Maire? Wasn't he Premier Minister? and wasn't the Archevêque de Cantorbéry a Quaker? He got answers to these questions from the various gents round about during the dinner—which, he remarked, was very much like a French dinner, only dirtier. And he wrote off all the infanation he got to his newspaper.

"The Lord Maire, Lord Lansdowne, is Premier Ministre. His Grace has his dwelling in the City. The Archbishop of Cantabery is not turned Quaker, as some people stated. Quakers may not marry, nor sit in the Chamber of Peers. The minor bishops have seats in the House of Commons, where they are attacked by the bitter pleasantries of Lord Brougham. A boxer is in the House; he taught Palmerston the science of the pugilate, who conferred upon him the seat," &c. &c.

His writing hover, Jools came down and ad a gaym at pool with two Poles, a Bulgarian, and 2 of his own countrymen. This being done amidst more hafanaf, without which nothink is done in England, and as there was no French play that night, he & the two French gents walked round and round Lester Squarr smoking segaws in the faces of other French gents who were smoaking 2. And they talked about the granjer of France and the perfidgusness of England, and looked at the aluminated pictur of Madame Wharton as *Haryadney*, till bedtime. But before he slep, he finished his letter you may be sure, and called it his "Fust Imprestions of Anglyterre."

"Mind and wake me early," he said to Boots, the ony British subject in the "Hôtel de l'Ail," and who therefore didn't understand him. "I wish to be at Smithfield at 6 hours to see *the men sell their wives*." And the young roag fell asleep, thinking what sort of a one he'd buy.

This was the way Jools passed his days, and got infanation about Hengland and the Henglish—walking round and round Lester Squarr all day, and every day with the same company, occasionally dewussified by an Oprer Chorus-singer or a Jew or two, and every afternoon in the Quadrant admiring the genteal

society there. Munseer Jools was not over well furnished with pocket-money, and so his pleasure was of the gratis sort chiefly.

Well, one day as he and a friend was taking their turn among the aristocracy under the Quadrant—they were struck all of a heap by seeing—But, stop! who *was* Jools's friend?—but the story of Jools's friend must be kept for another innings.

II.

NOT far from that knowable and cheerful Square which Munseer Jools de Chacabac had selected for his abode in London—not far, I say, from Lester Square, is a range of buildings called Pipping's Buildings, leading to Blue Lion Court, leading to St. Martin's Lane. You know Pipping's Buildings by its greatest ornament, an arm and beefsteak (where Jools has often stood admiring the degeneration of the carver a-cutting the various joints), and by the little fishmonger's, where you remark the mouldy lobsters, the fly-blown picklesammon, the play-bills, and the ginglybear bottles in the window—above all, by the "Constantinople" Divan, kept by the Misses Mordeky, and well known to every lover of "a prime sigaw and an excellent cup of reel Moky Coffy for 6d."

The Constantinople Divan is greatly used by the foring gents of Lester Square. I never had the good fortune to pass down Pipping's Buildings without seeing a half a dozen of 'em on the threshold of the establishment, giving the street an opportunity of testing the odor of the Misses Mordeky's prime Avannas. Two or three more may be visible inside, sitting on the counter or the chestis, indulging in their favorite wherd, the rich and spicy Pickwhick, the ripe Manilly, or the flagrant and arthematic Qby.

"These Divanns are, as is very well known, the knightly resort of the young Henglish nobility. It is ever a young Pier, after an arduous day at the House of Commons, solazes himself with a glass of gin-and-water (the national beverage), with cheerful conversation on the events of the day, or with an armless gaym of baggytell in the back-parlor."

So wrote at least our friend Jools to his newspaper, the *Horribam*; and of this back-parlor and baggytell-board, of this counter, of this "Constantinople" Divan, he became almost as regular a frequenter as the plaster of Parish Turk who sits smoking a hooky between the two blue coffee-cups in the window.

I have often, smokin my own shroot in silents in a corner of the Diwann, listened to Jools and his friends inwaying against Hingland, and boastin of their own immortal country. How they did go on about Wellintun, and what an arty contamp they ad for him!—how they used to prove that France was the Light, the Scenter-pint, the Igsample and Hadmiration of the whole world! And though I scarcely take a French paper nowadays (I lived in early days as groom in a French family



three years, and therefore knows the languidg), though, I say, you can't take up Jools's paper, the *Orriflam*, without readin that a minister has committed bribery and perjury, or that a littery man has committed perjury and murder, or that a Duke has stabbed his wife in fifty places, or some story equally horrible; yet for all that it's admiral to see how the French gents will swagger—how they will be the scenters of civilisation—how they will be the Igsamples of Europ, and nothink shall

prevent 'em—knowing they will have it, I say I listen, smokin my pip in silence. But to our tail.

Reglar every evening there came to the "Constantanople" a young gent etired in the 19th of fashn; and indead presenting by the cleanlyness of his appearants and linning (which was generally a pink or blew shurt, with a cricketer or a dansuse pattern) rather a contrast to the dinjy and wistkeard sosiaty of the Diwann. As for wiskars, this young mann had none beyond a little yellow tought to his chin, which w^{as} woodn notas, only he was always pulling at it. Ifu^s statue was innative, but his co-chumie supubb, for he^s had the tippiest J^o boots, the ivoryheadeed canes, thr^o most gawjus scarlick Jonvilkes, and the most Scotch -plaideest trowseys, of any customer what establisshmen^t. He was univu-ally called Milord.

"Qui^{est} at ce jeune seigneur? Who is this young hurl who comes^{kn} knightly to the 'Constantanople,' who is so proddigl of his^{old} (for indeed the young gent would frequently propoase his^{old} ginwater to the company), and who drinks so much gin?"

asked Munseer Chacabac of a friend from the "Hôtel de l'Ail."

"His name is Lord Yardham," answered that friend. "He never comes here but at night—and why?"

"Y?" igsclaumed Jools, istonisht.

"Why? because he is engaygd all day—and do you know where he is engaygd all day?"

"Where?" asked Jools.

"At the Fering Office—*now* do you beginn to understand?"—Jools trembled.

He speaks of his uncle, the head of that office.—"Who is the head of that ofis? —Palmerston."

"The nephew of Palmerston!" said Jools, almost in a fit.

"Lor Yardham pretends not to speak French," the other went on. "He pretends he can only say *ave* and *commong party too*. Shallow humbug! —I have marked him during our conversations. —When we have spoken of the glory of France among the nations, I have seen his eye kindle, and his perfidious lip curl with rage. When they have discussed before him, the Imprudent! the affairs of Europe, and Raggybritchovich has shown us the next Circassian Campaign, or Sapousne has laid bare the plan of the Calabrian patriots for the next insurrection, I have marked this stranger—this Lor Yardham. He smokes, 'tis to conceal his countenance; he drinks gin, 'tis to hide his

face in the goblet. And be sure, he carries every word of our conversation to the perfidious Palmerston, his uncle."

"I will beard him in his den," thought Jools. "I will meet him *corps-à-corps*—the tyrant of Europe shall suffer through his nephew, and I will shoot him as dead as Dujarrier."

When Lor Yardham came to the "Constantanople" that night, Jools id him savidgely from edd to foot, while Lord Yardham replied the same. It wasn't much for either to do—neyther being more than 4 foot ten hi—Jools was a grannydear in his company of the Nashual Gard, and was as brayv as a lion.

"Ah, l'Angleterre, l'Angleterre, tu nous dois une revanche," said Jools, crossing his arms and grinding his teeth at Lord Yardham.

"Wee," said Lord Yardham, "wee."

"Delenda est Carthago!" howled out Jools.

"Oh, wee," said the Lal of Yardham, and at the same moment his glas of gin-water coming in, he took a drink, saying, "A voter santy, Munsieur," and then he offered it like a man of fashn to Jools.

A light brook on Jools's mind as he igspted the refreshmint, "Sapouse," he said, "instedd of slaughtering this nephew of the infamous Palmerston, I extract his secrets from him, suppose I pump him—suppose I unveil his schemes and send them to my paper? La l rance may hear the name of Jools de Chacabac, and the star of honour may glitter on my bosom."

So, axcepting Lord Yardham's cortasy, he returned it by ordering another glass of gin at his own expence, and they both drank it on the counter, where Jools talked of the affairs of Europ all night. To everything he said, the Lal of Yardham answered, "Wee, wee," except at the end of the evening, when he squeegeed his & and said, "Bong swore."

"There's nothing like goin amongst 'em to equire the reel pronounciation," his Lord hip said, as he let himself into his lodgings with his lutch key. "That was a very eloquent young gent at the 'Constantinople,' and I'll patronise him."

"Ah, perfide, je te démasquerai!" Jools remarked to himself as he went to bed in his "Hotel de l'Ail." And they met the next night, and from that heaving the young men were continually together.

Well, one day, as they were walking in the Quadrant, Jools

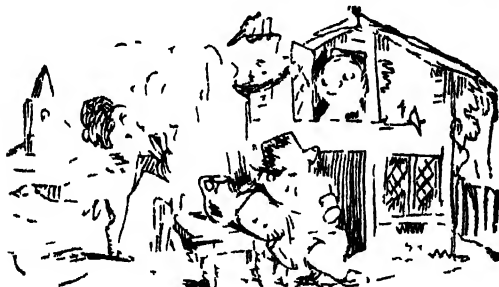
talking, and Lord Yardham saying, "Wee, wee," they were struck all of a heap by seeing—

But my paper is ighosted, and I must dixcribe what they see in the nex number.

III.

The Castle of the Island of Fogo.

THE travler who pcews his daitife coarse through the fair rellum of Franse (as a great romantic landskipist and neamsack of mind would say) never chummed his 1s with a site more lovely, or vu d a palli more magnificent than that which was the bath-



place of the Froing of this Irew Tale Phansy a country through whose verdant plains the selvery Gironne wines, like—like a benevolent serpent In its placid busum ancient castles, picturask willdges, and waving woods are reflected Purple hills, crowned with intreak rungs rivulets babbling through gentle greenwoods, wight farm ouses heavy with hoverhanging vines, and from which the appy and peaceful okupier can cast his glans over goolden waving cornfealds, and Milerad meddows in which the lazy cattle are graysinn, while the sheppard, tending his snoughy flox, wiks away the leisure monunt on his loot—these hotter but a phaint pictur of the rural fel saty in the midst of widge Crinoline and Hestern de Volders were bawn.

Their Par, the Marcus de Viddlers, Shavlear of the Legend of Honour and of the Lion of Bulgum, the Golden Flease, Grand

Cross of the Elephant and Castle, and of the Catinbagpipes of Hootie, Grand Chamberleng of the Crownd, and Major-Genaril of Hoss-Mareens, &c. &c. &c.—is the twenty-fifth or fift Marquis that has bawn the Tittle; is descended lenyally from King Pipping, and has almost as antient a paddygree as any which the Oilywell Street friends of the Member of Buckinumsbeer can supply.

His Marchyniss, the lovely & ecomphisht Emily de St. Cornichon, quitted this mortal spear very soon after she had presented her lord with the two little dawling Cherrybins above dixcribed, in whomb, after the loss of that angle his wife, the disconsilt widderer found his only jy on huth. In all his emusemints they ecumpanied him, their edjagation was his sole busniss; he atcheaved it with the assistance of the ugliest and most lernid masters, and the most hidjus and egsumplary governesses which money could procure. R, how must his peturnle art have bet, as these Budds, which he had nurisht, bust into buty, and twined in blooming fligrance round his pirtle Busin!

The villidges all round his hancestral Alls blessed the Marcus and his lovely hoffsprig. Not one villidge in their naybrood but was edawned by their elvgint benifiss, and where the inhabitants wern't rendered appy. It was a pattern pheasantry. All the old men in the districk were wertuous & tockative, ad red stockings and reeled drab shoes, and beautiful snowy air. All the old women had peaked ats, and crooked crins, and chince gowns tucked into the pockits of their quiltid petticoats, they sat in pictarask porches, pretendin to spinn, while the lads and lassies of the villidges danst under the hellums. O tis a noble sight to whitniss that of an appy pheasantry! Not one of those rustic wassals of the Ouse of Widdlers, but ad his air curled and his shirt-sleeves tied up with pink ribbing as he led to the macy dance some appy country gal, with a black velvet boddice and a redd or yaller petticoat, a hormylu cross on her neck, and a silver harrow in her air!

When the Marcus & ther young ladies came to the villidge it would have done the ives of the flantbropist good to set how all rescued 'em! The little children scattered calico flowers on their path, the snowy-aired old men with red faces and wrinkles took off their brown paper ats to slewt the noble Marcus. Young and old led them to a woodn bank painted to look like a bower of roses, and when they were sett down danst ballys before them.

O 'twas a noble site to see the Marcus too, smilin ellygint with fethers in his edd and all his stars on, and the young Marchynisses with their ploomes, and trains, and little coronicks ! . .

They lived in tremenjus splendor at home in their pyturale alls, and had no end of pallises, willers, and town and country residences ; but their fayvorit residence was called the Castle of the Island of Fogo.

Add I the penn of the hawther of a Codlingsby himself, I coodnt dixeribe the gawjusness of their aboard. They add twenty-four footmen in livery, besides a boy in codroys for the knives & shoes. They had nine meels aday—Shampayne and pineapples were served to each of the young ladies in bed before they got up. Was it Prawns, Sherry-cobblers, lobster-salids, or maids of honour, they had but to ring the bell and call for what they chose. They had two new dresses every day—one to ride out in the open carriage, and another to appear in the gardens of the Castle of the Island of Fogo, which were illuminated every night like Voxhall. The young noblemen of France were there ready to dance with them, and festif suppers concludid the jawyus night.

Thus they lived in elegant retirement untill Missfortune bust upon this happy family. Flatched to his Princes and abommaniting the ojus Lewyphlip, the Marcus was conspiring for the hendrick of the helder branch of the Rorebones—and what was the consequence?—One night a fleet presented itself round the Castle of the Island of Fogo—and skewering only a couple of chests of jewels, the Marcus and the two young ladies in disgyise, fled from that island of bliss. And whither fled they?—To England!—England the ome of the brave, the refuge of the world, where the pore slave never settis his foot but he is free !

Such was the ramantic tail which was told to 2 friends of ours by the Marcus de Viddlers himself, whose daughters, walking with their page from Ungerford Market (where they had been to purchis a paper of scrimps for the unible supper of their noble father), Yardham and his equaintnce, Munseer Jools, had remarked and admired.

But how had those two young Enows become equainted with the noble Marcus?—That is a mistry we must elucydate in a satur vollam.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MULLIGANS,"
"PHOT," &c.

—♦—

I.

THE King of France was walking on the terrace of Versailles; the fairest, not only of Queens, but of women, hung fondly on the Royal arm, while the children of France were indulging in their infantile hilarity in the alleys of the magnificent garden of Le Nôtre (from which Niblo's garden has been copied, in our own Empire city of New York), and playing at leap frog with their uncle, the Count of Provence; gaudy courtiers, emblazoned with orders, glittered in the groves, and murmured frivolous talk in the ears of high bred beauty.

"Marie, my beloved," said the ruler of France, taking out his watch, "'tis time that the Minister of America should be here."

"Your Majesty should know the time," replied Marie Antoinette archly, and in an Austrian accent, "is not my Royal Louis the first watchmaker in his empire?"

The King cast a pleased glance at his repenter, and kissed with courtly grace the fair hand of her who had made him the compliment "My Lord Bishop of Autun," said he to Monsieur de Talleyrand Périgord, who followed the Royal pair, in his quality of Arch-Chamberlain of the Empire, "I pray you look through the gardens, and tell his Excellency Doctor Franklin that the King waits." The Bishop ran off, with more than youthful agility, to seek the United States Minister. "These Republicans," he added confidentially, and with something of a supercilious look, "are but rude courtiers, methinks."

"Nay," interposed the lovely Antoinette, "rude courtiers, Sir, they may be; but the world boasts not of more accom-

plished gentlemen. I have seen no grandee of Versailles that has the noble bearing of this American Envoy and his suite. They have the refinement of the Old World, with all the simple elegance of the New. Though they have perfect dignity of manner, they have an engaging modesty which I have never seen equalled by the best of the proud English Nobles with whom they wage war. I am told they speak their very language with a grace which the haughty Islanders who oppress them never attained. They are independent, yet never insolent; elegant, yet always respectful, and brave, but not in the least boastful."

"What! savages and all, Marie?" exclaimed Louis, laughing, and chucking the lovely Queen playfully under the Royal chin. "But here comes Doctor Franklin, and your friend the Cacque with him." In fact, as the monarch spoke, the Minister of the United States made his appearance, followed by a gigantic warrior in the garb of his native woods.

4. Knowing his place as Minister of a sovereign State (yielding even then in dignity to none, as it surpasses all now in dignity, in valour, in honesty, in strength, and civilisation), the Doctor nodded to the Queen of France, but kept his hat on as he faced the French monarch, and did not cease whittling the cane he carried in his hand.

"I was waiting for you, sir," the King said peevishly, in spite of the alarmed pressure which the Queen gave his Royal arm.

"The business of the Republic, Sire, must take precedence even of your Majesty's wishes," replied Doctor Franklin. "When I was a poor printer's boy and ran errands, no lad could be more punctual than poor Ben Franklin, but all other things must yield to the service of the United States of North America. I have done. What would you, Sire?" and the intrepid republican eyed the monarch with a serene and easy dignity, which made the descendant of St. Louis feel ill at ease.

"I wished to—to say farewell to Tatus before his departure," said Louis XVI., looking rather awkward. "Approach, Tatus." And the gigantic Indian strode up, and stood undaunted before the first magistrate of the French nation: again the feeble monarch quailed before the terrible simplicity of the glance of the demizen of the primeval forests.

The redoubted chief of the Nose-ring Indians was decorated

in his war-paint, and in his top-knot was a peacock's feather, which had been given him out of the head-dress of the beautiful Princess of Lamballe. His nose, from which hung the ornament from which his ferocious tribe took its designation, was painted a light-blue, a circle of green and orange was drawn round each eye, while serpentine stripes of black, white, and vermillion alternately were smeared on his forehead, and descended over his cheek-bones to his chin. His manly chest was similarly tattooed and painted, and round his brawny neck and arms hung innumerable bracelets and necklaces of human teeth, extracted (one only from each skull) from the jaws of those who had fallen by the terrible tomahawk at his girdle. His moccasins, and his blanket, which was draped on his arm and fell in picturesque folds to his feet, were fringed with tufts of hair—the black, the grey, the auburn, the golden ringlet of beauty, the red lock from the forehead of the Scottish or the Northern soldier, the snowy tress of extreme old age, the flaxen down of infancy—all were there, dreadful reminiscences of the Chief's triumphs in war. The warrior leaned on his enormous rifle and faced the King.

"And it was with that carabine that you shot Wolfe in '57?" said Louis, eyeing the warrior and his weapon. "'Tis a clumsy lock, and methinks I could mend it," he added mentally.

"The Chief of the French pale-faces speaks truth," Tatua said. "Tatua was a boy when he went first on the war-path with Montcalm."

"And shot a Wolfe at the first fire!" said the King.

"The English are braves, though their faces are white," replied the Indian. "Tatua shot the raging Wolfe of the English; but the other wolves caused the foxes to go to earth." A smile played round Doctor Franklin's lips, as he whittled his cane with more vigour than ever.

"I believe, your Excellency, Tatua has done good service elsewhere than at Quebec," the King said, appealing to the American Envoy: "at Bunker's Hill, at Brandywine, at York Island? Now that Lafayette and my brave Frenchmen are among you, your Excellency need have no fear but that the war will finish quickly—yes, yes, it will finish quickly. They will teach you discipline, and the way to conquer."

"King Louis of France," said the Envoy, clapping his hat down over his head and putting his arms akimbo, "we have

learned that from the British to whom we are superior in everything: and I'd have your Majesty to know that in the art of whipping the world we have no need of any French lessons! If your reglar jine General Washington, 'tis to larn from *him* how Britishers are licked, for I'm blest if *you* know the way yet."

Tatua said "Ugh," and gave a rattle with the butt of his carabine, which made the timid monarch start, the eyes of the lovely Antoinette flashed fire, but it played round the head of



the dauntless American Envoy harmless as the lightning which he knew how to conjure away.

The King fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a Cross of the Order of the Bath. "Your Excellency wears no honour," the monarch said, "but Tatua, who is not a subject, only an ally, of the United States, may. Noble Tatua, I appoint you Knight Companion of my noble Order of the Bath. Wear this cross upon your breast in memory of Louis of France;" and the King held out the decoration to the Chief.

Up to that moment the Chief's countenance had been impassible. No look either of admiration or dislike had appeared upon that grim and war-painted visage. But now, as Louis spoke, Tatua's face assumed a glance of ineffable scorn, as, bending his head, he took the bauble.

"I will give it to one of my squaws," he said. "The papooses in my lodge will play with it. Come, Médecine, Tatua will go and drink fire-water;" and, shouldering his carbine, he turned his broad back without ceremony upon the monarch and his train, and disappeared down one of the walks of the garden. Franklin found him when his own interview with the French Chief Magistrate was over; being attracted to the spot where the Chief was by the crack of his well-known rifle. He was laughing in his quiet way. He had shot the Colonel of the Swiss Guards through his cockade.

Three days afterwards, as the gallant frigate, the "Repudiator," was sailing out of Brest Harbour, the gigantic form of an Indian might be seen standing on the binnacle in conversation with Commodore Bowie, the commander of the noble ship. It was Tatua, the Chief of the Nose-rings.

II.

LEATHERLEGS and Tom Coxswain did not accompany Tatua when he went to the Parisian metropolis on a visit to the father of the French pale-faces. Neither the Legs nor the Sailor cared for the gaiety and the crowd of cities; the stout mariner's home was in the puttock-shrouds of the old "Repudiator." The stern and simple trapper loved the sound of the waters better than the jargon of the French of the old country. "I can follow the talk of a Pawnee," he said, "or wag my jaw, if so be necessity bids me to speak, by a Sioux's council-fire; and I can patter Canadian French with the hunters who come for peltries to Nachitoches or Thichimuchimachy; but from the tongue of a Frenchwoman, with white flour on her head, and war-paint on her face, the Lord deliver poor Natty Pumpo."

"Amen and amen!" said Tom Coxswain. "There was a woman in our aft-scuppers when I went a-whalin in the little 'Grampus'—and Lord love you, Pumpo, you poor land-swab, she ~~was~~ as pretty a craft as ever dowsed a tarpauling—there

was a woman on board the 'Grampus,' who before we'd struck our first fish, or biled our first blubber, set the whole crew in a mutiny. I mind me of her now, Natty—her eye was sich a piercer that you could see to steer by it in a Newfoundland fog; her nose stood out like the 'Grampus's' jibboom, and her voice,



Lord love you, her voice sings in my ears even now;—it set the Captain a-quarrellin with the Mate, who was hanged in Boston Harbour for harpoonin of his officer in Baffin's Bay;—it set me and Bob Bunting a-pouring broadsides into each other's old timbers, whereas me and Bob was worth all the women that ever shipped a hawser. It cost me three years' pay as I'd

stowed away for the old mother, and might have cost me ever so much more, only, bad luck to me, she went and married a little tailor out of Nantucket; and I've hated women and tailors ever since!" As he spoke, the hardy tar dashed a drop of brine from his tawny cheek, and once more betook himself to splice the taffrail.

Though the brave frigate lay off Havre-de-Grace, she was not idle. The gallant Bowie and his intrepid crew made repeated descents upon the enemy's seaboard. The coasts of Rutland and merry Leicestershire have still many a legend of fear to tell; and the children of the British fishermen tremble even now when they speak of the terrible "Repudiator." She was the first of the mighty American war-ships that have taught the domineering Briton to respect the valour of the Republic.

The novelist ever and anon finds himself forced to adopt the sterner tone of the historian, when describing deeds connected with his country's triumphs. It is well known that during the two months in which she lay off Havre, the "Repudiator" had brought more prizes into that port than had ever before been seen in the astonished French waters. Her actions with the "Dettingen" and the "Elector" frigates form part of our country's history, their defence—it may be said without prejudice to national vanity—was worthy of Britons and of the audacious foe they had to encounter; and it must be owned, that but for a happy fortune which presided on that day over the destinies of our country, the chance of the combat might have been in favour of the British vessels. It was not until the "Elector" blew up, at a quarter past three P.M., by a lucky shot which fell into her caboose, and communicated with the powder-magazine, that Commodore Bowie was enabled to lay himself on board the "Dettingen," which he carried sword in hand. Even when the American boarders had made their lodgment on the "Dettingen's" binnacle, it is possible that the battle would still have gone against us. The British were still seven to one; their carronades, loaded with marline-spikes, swept the gun-deck, of which we had possession, and decimated our little force; when a rifle-ball from the shrouds of the "Repudiator" shot Captain Mumford under the star of the Guelphic Order which he wore, and the Americans, with a shout, rushed up the companion to the quarter-deck, upon the astonished foe. Pike and cutlass did the rest of the bloody work. Mumford, the gigantic first lieu-

tenant of the "Dettingen," was cut down by Commodore Bowie's own sword, as they engaged hand to hand, and it was Tom Coxswain who tore down the British flag after having slain the Englishman at the wheel. Peace be to the souls of the brave! The combat was honourable alike to the victor and the vanquished, and it never can be said that an American warrior despised a gallant foe. The bitterness of defeat it was enough to the haughty islanders who had to suffer. The people of Herne Bay were lining the shore near which the combat took place, and cruel must have been the pang to them when they saw the Stars and Stripes rise over the old flag of the Union, and the "Dettingen" fall down the river in tow of the Republican frigate.

Another action Bowie contemplated, the boldest and most daring perhaps ever imagined by seaman. It is this which has been so wrongly described by European annalists, and of which the Brits until now have maintained the most jealous secrecy.

Portsmouth Harbour was badly defended. Our intelligence in that town and arsenal gave us precise knowledge of the disposition of the troops, the forts and the ships there, and it was determined to strike a blow which should shake the British power in its centre.

That a frigate of the size of the "Pequodator" should enter the harbour unnoticed, or could escape its guns unscathed, passed the notions of even American liberality. But upon the memorable 20th of June 1782, the "Requiditor" sailed out of Havre Roads in a thick fog, under cover of which she entered, and cast anchor in Bonchurch Bay in the Isle of Wight. To surprise the Martello Tower and take the feeble garrison there under, was the work of Tom Coxswain and a few of his blue jackets. The surprised garrison laid down their arms before him.

It was midnight before the boats of the ship commanded by Lieutenant Bunker, pulled off from Bonchurch with muffled oars, and in another hour were off the Commodore's Head of Portsmouth having passed the challenges of the "Thetis" and the "Amphion" frigates and the "Polythus" brig.

There had been on that day great feasting and merriment on board the Flag ship lying in the harbour. A banquet had been given in honour of the birthday of one of the princes of the "Royal Line of the Guelphs"—the reader knows the propensity of Britons when liquor is plenty. All on board that Royal ship

were more or less overcome. The Flag-ship was plunged in a death-like and drunken sleep. The very officer of the watch was intoxicated: he could not see the "Repudiator's" boats as they shot swiftly through the waters; nor had he time to challenge her seamen as they swarmed up the huge sides of the ship.

At the next moment Tom Coxswain stood at the wheel of the "Royal George"—the Briton who had guarded a corpse at his feet. The hatches were down. The ship was in possession of the "Repudiator's" crew. They were busy in her rigging, bending her sails to carry her out of the harbour. The well-known heave of the men at the windlass woke up Kempenfelt in his state cabin. We know or rather do not know, the result, for who can tell by whom the lower-deck ports of the brave ship were opened and how the haughty prisoners below sunk the ship and its conquerors rather than yield her as a prize to the Republic.

Only Tom Coxswain escaped of victors and vanquished. His tale was told to his Captain and to Congress, but Washington forbade its publication, and it was but lately that the faithful seaman told it to me, his grandson, on his hundred-and-fifteenth birthday.



A PLAN FOR A PRIZE NOVEL.

- 4 -

IN A LETTER FROM THE IMMINENT DRAMATIST BROWN TO
THE IMMINENT NOVELIST SNOOKS

' CAJÉ DES AVEUGLES

MY DEAR SNOOKS. I am on the look out here for materials for original comedies such as those lately produced at your theatre and in the course of my studies I have found something, my dear Snooks, which I think will suit your book. You are bringing I see your admirable novel *The Mysteries of Mayfair* to an end—(by the way the scene, in the 200th number between the Duke and his Grandmother and the Jesuit Butler is one of the most harrowing and exciting I ever read)—and of course you must turn your real genius to some other channel and we may expect that your pen shall not be idle.

'The original plan I have to propose to you then is taken from the French just like the original dramas above mentioned, and indeed I found it in the law report of the *National* newspaper and a French literary gentleman M. Emmanuel Gonzales, has the credit of the invention. He and an advertisement agent fell out about a question of money the affair was brought before the courts and the little plot so got wind. But there is no reason why you should not take the plot and act on it yourself. You are a known man the public relishes your works anything bearing the name of Snooks is eagerly read by the masses, and though Messrs Hookey of Holwell Street pay you handsomely, I make no doubt you would like to be rewarded at a still higher figure.

"Unless he writes with a purpose, you know, a novelist in our days is good for nothing. Thus one writes with a socialist purpose, that with a conservative purpose this author or authoress with the most delicate skill insinuates Catholicism

into you, and you find yourself all but a Papist in the third volume: another doctors you with Low Church remedies to work inwardly upon you, and which you swallow down unsuspectingly, as children do calomel in jelly. Fiction advocates all sorts of truth and causes—doesn't the delightful bard of the *Minorities* find Moses in everything? M. Gonzales's plan, and the one which I recommend to my dear Snooks, simply was to write an advertisement novel. Look over the *Times* or the 'Directory,' walk down Regent Street or Fleet Street any day—



see what houses advertise most, and put yourself into communication with their proprietors. With your rings, your chains, your studs, and the tip on your chin, I don't know any greater swell than Bob Snooks. Walk into the shops, I say, ask for the principal, and introduce yourself, saying, 'I am the great Snooks; I am the author of the "*Mysteries of Mayfair*;" my weekly sale is 281,000; I am about to produce a new work called "*The Palaces of Pimlico, or the Curse of the Court*," describing and lashing fearlessly the vices of the aristocracy:

this book will have a sale of at least 530,000: it will be on every table—in the boudoir of the pampered duke, as in the chamber of the honest artisan. The myriads of foreigners who are coming to London, and are anxious to know about our national manners, will purchase my book, and carry it to their distant homes. So, Mr. Tailor, or Mr. Haberdasher, or Mr. Jeweller, how much will you stand if I recommend you in my forthcoming novel? You may make a noble income in this way, Snooks.

"For instance, suppose it is an upholsterer. What more easy, what more delightful, than the description of upholstery? As thus:—

"Lady Emily was reclining on one of Down and Eider's voluptuous ottomans, the only couch on which Belgravian beauty now reposes, when Lord Bathershins entered, stepping noiselessly over one of Tomkins's elastic Axminster carpets. "Good heavens, my Lord!" she said—and the lovely creature fainted. The Earl rushed to the mantelpiece, where he saw a flacon of Otto's eau-de-cologne, and,' &c.

"Or say it's a cheap furniture-shop, and it may be brought in just as easily. As thus:—

"We are poor, Eliza," said Harry Hardhand, looking affectionately at his wife, "but we have enough, love, have we not, for our humble wants? The rich and luxurious may go to Dillow's or Gobiggin's, but we can get our rooms comfortably furnished at Timmonson's for £20." And putting on her bonnet, and hanging affectionately on her husband, the stoker's pretty bride tripped gaily to the well-known mart, where Timmonson, with his usual affability, was ready to receive them.

"Then you might have a touch at the wine-merchant and purveyor. "Where did you get this delicious claret, or *pile de foie gras*?" (or what you please) said Count Blagowski to the gay young Sir Horace Swellmore. The voluptuous Bart answered, "At So-and-So's, or So-and-So's." The answer is obvious. You may furnish your cellar or your larder in this way. Begad, Snooks! I lick my lips at the very idea!

"Then, as to tailors, milliners, bootmakers, &c., how easy to find a word for them! 'Amranison, the tailor, waited upon Lord Paddington with an assortment of his unrivalled waistcoats, or clad in that simple but aristocratic style of which Schneider alone has the secret. Parvy Newcome really looked like a gentleman, and though corpulent and crooked, Schneider

had managed to give him,' &c. Don't you see what a stroke of business you might do in this way?

"The shoemaker.—'Lady Fanny flew, rather than danced, across the ballroom; only a Sylphide, or Taglioni, or a lady *chaussée* by Chevillett of Bond Street, could move in that fairy way;' and

"The hairdresser.—'Count Barbarossa is seventy years of age,' said the Earl. "I remember him at the Congress of Vienna, and he has not a single grey hair." Wiggins laughed. "My good Lord Baldock," said the old wag, "I saw Barbarossa's hair coming out of Ducroissant's shop, and under his valet's arm—ho! ho! ho!"—and the two *bon-vivants* chuckled as the Count passed by talking with,' &c. &c.

"The gunmaker.—'The antagonists faced each other; and undismayed before his gigantic enemy, Kilconnel raised his pistol. It was one of Clicker's manufacture, and Sir Marmaduke knew he could trust the maker, and the weapon. "One, two, *three*," cried O'Toole, and the two pistols went off at that instant, and uttering a terrific curse, the Lifeguardsman,' &c.—A sentence of this nature from your pen, my dear Snooks, would, I should think, bring a case of pistols and a double-barrelled gun to your lodgings; and, though Heaven forbid you should use such weapons, you might sell them, you know, and we could make merry with the proceeds.

"If my hint is of any use to you, it is quite at your service, dear Snooks; and should anything come of it, I hope you will remember your friend."

END OF "NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS."

SULTAN STORK

AND OTHER PAPERS.



SULTAN STORK; BEING THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN
BY MAJOR G. O. G. LAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.



PART THE FIRST.

The Magic Powder.

AFTER those long wars," began Scheherazade, as soon as her husband had given the accustomed signal, "after those long wars in Persia, which ended in the destruction of the ancient and monstrous Ghebir, or fire worship, in that country, and the triumph of our holy religion for though, my lord, the Persians are Soonies by creed, and not followers of Omar, as every true believer in the Prophet ought to be, nevertheless"—

"A truce to your nevertheless, madam," interrupted the Sultan, "I want to hear a story, and not a controversy

"Well, sir, after the expulsion of the Ahrimanians, King Abdulraman governed Persia worthily until he died after a surfeit of peaches, and left his throne to his son Mushook, or the Beautiful,—a title, by the way," remarked Scheherazade, blushing, and casting down her lovely eyes, "which ought at present to belong to your Majesty "

Although the Sultan only muttered, "Stuff and nonsense, get along with you," it was evident, by the blush in the royal countenance, and the smile which lightened up the black waves

of the imperial beard, as a sunbeam does the sea, that His Majesty was pleased, and that the storm was about to disappear. Scheherazade continued :—

“Mushook, ascending the throne, passed honourably the first year of his reign in perfecting the work so happily begun by his royal father. He caused a general slaughter of all the Ghebirs in his land to take place, not only of the royal family, but of the common sort ; nor of the latter did there remain any unkilld (if I may coin such a word) or unconverted : and, as to the former, they were extirpated root and branch, with the exception of one most dogged enchanter and Ahrimanian, Ghuzroo by name, who, with his son Ameen-Adhawb, managed to escape out of Persia, and fled to India, where still existed some remnants of their miserably superstitious race. But Bombay is a long way from Persia, and at the former place it was that Ghuzroo and his son took refuge, giving themselves up to their diabolical enchantments and worship, and calling themselves King and Prince of Persia. For them, however, their plans and their pretensions, King Mushook little cared, often singing, in allusion to them, those well-known verses of Hafiz :—

“ ‘Buldoo says that he is the rightful owner of the rice-field,
And declares that the Lamb is his undisputed property.
Brag, O Buldoo, about your rights and your possessions ;
But the lamb and rice are his who dines on the pilau.’ ”

The Sultan could hardly contain himself for laughing at this admirable epigram, and, without farther interruption, Scheherazade continued her story :—

“King Mushook was then firmly established on his throne, and had for his Vizier that famous and worthy statesman Munsoor ; one of the ugliest and oldest, but also one of the wisest of men, and attached beyond everything to the Mushook dynasty, though his teeth had been knocked out by the royal slipper.”

“And, no doubt, Mushook served him right,” observed the Sultan.

“Though his teeth had been knocked out, yet wisdom and persuasion ever hung on his lips ; though one of his eyes, in a fit of royal indignation, had been closed for ever, yet no two eyes in all the empire were as keen as his remaining ball ; he was, in a word, the very best and honestest of Viziers, as fat and merry, too, as he was wise and faithful.

"One day as Shah Mushook was seated after dinner in his beautiful garden-pavilion at Tehran, sick of political affairs, which is no wonder,—sick even of the beautiful houris who had been dancing before him to the sound of lutes and mandolins—tired of the jokes and antics of his buffoons and story-tellers—let me say at once dyspeptic, and in a shocking ill-humour; old Munsoor (who had already had the royal pipe and slippers flung half-a-dozen times at his head), willing by any means to dissipate his master's ill-will, lighted in the outer courts of the palace, as he was hieing disconsolately home, upon an old pedlar-woman, who was displaying her wares to a crowd of wondering persons and palace servants, and making them die with laughing at her jokes.

"The Vizier drew near, heard her jokes,* and examined her wares, which were extraordinarily beautiful, and determined to conduct her into the august presence of the King.

"Mushook was so pleased with her stock in trade, that, like a royal and generous prince, he determined to purchase her whole pack, box, trinkets, and all; giving her own price for them. So she yielded up her box, only taking out of one of the drawers a little bottle, surrounded by a paper, not much bigger than an ordinary bottle of Macassar oil."

"Macassar oil! Here's an anachronism!" thought the Sultan. But he suffered his wife to proceed with her tale.

"The old woman was putting this bottle away into her pocket, when the Sultan's eye lighted upon it, and he asked her, in a fury, why she was making off with his property?

"She said she had sold him the whole pack, with the exception of that bottle; and that it could be of no good to him, as it was only a common old crystal bottle, a family piece, of no sort of use to any but the owner.

"What is there in the bottle?" exclaimed the keen and astute Vizier.

"At this the old woman blushed as far as her weazened old face could blush, hemmed, ha'd, stuttered, and showed evident signs of confusion. She said it was only a common bottle—that there was nothing in it—that is, only a powder—a little rhubarb.

"It's poison!" roared Mushook; 'I'm sure it's poison!' And he forthwith seized the old hag by the throat, and would

* These, as they have no sort of point except for the Persian scholar, are here entirely omitted.—G. O'G. G.

have strangled her, if the Vizier had not wisely interposed, remarking, that if the woman were strangled there could be no means of knowing what the bottle contained.

"To show you, sire, that it is not poison," cried the old creature to the King, who by this time had wrenched the bottle out of her pocket, and held it in his hand; "I will take a little of the powder it contains." Whereupon His Majesty called for a teaspoon, determined to administer the powder to her himself. The chief of the eunuchs brought the teaspoon, the King emptied a little of the powder into it, and bidding the old wretch open her great, black, gaping, ruinous mouth, put a little of the powder on her tongue; when, to his astonishment, and as true as I sit here, her old hooked beak of a nose (which, by way of precaution, he was holding in his fingers) slipped from between them; the old, black tongue, on which he placed the teaspoon, disappeared from under it; and not only the nose and the tongue, but the whole old woman vanished away entirely, and His Majesty stood there with his two hands extended—the one looking as if it pulled an imaginary nose, the other holding an empty teaspoon; and he himself staring wildly at vacancy!"

"Scheherazade," said the Sultan gravely, "you are drawing the long-bow a little too strongly. In the thousand and one nights that we have passed together, I have given credit to every syllable you uttered. But this tale about the old woman, my love, is, upon my honour, too monstrous."

"Not a whit, sir; and I assure your Majesty that it is as true as the Koran itself. It is a fact perfectly well authenticated, and written afterwards, by King Mushook's orders, in the Persian annals. The old woman vanished altogether; the King was left standing there with the bottle and spoon; the Vizier was dumb with wonder; and the only thing seen to quit the room was a little canary-bird, that suddenly started up before the King's face, and chirping out 'kikiriki,' flew out of the open window, skimmed over the ponds and plane-trees in the garden, and was last seen wheeling round and round the minaret of the great mosque of Tehran."

"Mashallah!" exclaimed the Sultan. "Heaven is great; but I never should have credited the tale, had not you, my love, vouched for it. Go on, madam, and tell us what became of the bottle and Sultan Mushook."

"Sir, when the King had recovered from his astonishment, he

fell, as his custom was, into a fury, and could only be calmed by the arguments and persuasions of the Grand Vizier.

"It is evident, sire," observed that dignitary, "that the powder which you have just administered possesses some magic property, either to make the persons taking it invisible, or else to cause them to change into the form of some bird or other animal; and very possibly the canary-bird which so suddenly appeared and disappeared just now, was the very old woman with whom your Majesty was talking. We can easily see whether the powder creates invisibility, by trying its effects upon some one—the chief of the eunuchs for example." And accordingly Hudge Gudge, the chief of the eunuchs, against whom the Vizier had an old grudge, was compelled, with many wry faces, to taste the mixture.

"Thou art so ugly, Hudge Gudge," exclaimed the Vizier with a grin, "that to render thee invisible will only be conferring a benefit upon thee." But, strange to say, though the eunuch was made to swallow a large dose, the powder had no sort of effect upon him, and he stood before His Majesty and the Prime Minister as ugly and as visible as ever.

"They now thought of looking at the paper in which the bottle was wrapped, and the King, not knowing how to read himself, bade the Grand Vizier explain to him the meaning of the writing which appeared upon the paper.

"But the Vizier confessed, after examining the document, that he could not understand it; and though it was presented at the divan that day, to all the councillors, mollahs, and men learned in the law, not one of them could understand a syllable of the strange characters written on the paper. The council broke up in consternation; for His Majesty swore, that if the paper was not translated before the next day at noon, he would bastinado every one of the privy council, beginning with his Excellency the Grand Vizier.

"Who has such a sharp wit as necessity?" touchingly exclaims the poet Sa'ee, and so, in corroboration of the words of that divine songster, the next day at noon, sure enough, a man was found—a most ancient, learned, and holy dervish, who knew all the languages under the sun, and, by consequence, that in which the paper was written.

"It was in the most secret Sanscrit tongue; and when the dervish read it, he requested that he might communicate its

contents privately to His Majesty, or at least only in the presence of his first minister..

"Retiring then to the private apartments with the Vizier, His Majesty bade the dervish interpret the meaning of the writing round the bottle.

" 'The meaning, sire, is this,' said the learned dervish. 'Whoever, after bowing his head three times to the east'——

" 'The old woman waggled hers,' cried the King: 'I remarked it, but thought it was only palsy.'

" 'Whoever, after bowing his head three times to the east, swallows a grain of this powder, may change himself into whatever animal he please: be it beast, or insect, or bird. Likewise, when he is so changed, he will know the language of beasts, insects, and birds, and be able to answer each after his kind. And when the person so transformed desires to be restored to his own shape, he has only to utter the name of the god "Budgaroo," who himself appeared upon earth in the shape of beasts, birds, ay, and fishes,* and he will instantly resume his proper figure. But let the person using this precious powder especially beware, that during the course of his metamorphosis he do not give way to laughter; for should he indulge in any such unholy mirth, his memory will infallibly forsake him, and not being able to recall the talismanic word, he will remain in the shape into which he has changed himself.'

"When this strange document had been communicated to His Majesty, he caused the dervish's mouth to be filled with sugar-candy, gave him a purse of gold, and bade him depart with every honour.

" 'You had better at least have waited,' said the shrewd Vizier, 'to see if the interpretation be correct, for who can tell whether this dervish is deceiving us or no?'

"King Mushook rejoined that that point should be put at rest at once, and, grimly smiling, ordered the Vizier to take a pinch of powder, and change himself into whatever animal he pleased.

"Munsoor had nothing for it but to wish himself a dog; he turned to the east, nodded his head thrice, swallowed the powder, and lo! there he was—a poodle—an old, fat, lame, one-eyed poodle; whose appearance made his master laugh inordinately.

* In Professor Schwam's "Sankritische Alterthumskunde," is a learned account of the transmutations of this Indian divinity.—G. O'G. G.

though Munsoor himself, remembering the prohibition and penalty, was far too wise to indulge in any such cackinnation.

Having satisfied his royal master by his antics, the old Vizier uttered the requisite word, and was speedily restored to his former shape.

"And now I might tell how the King of Persia and his faithful attendant indulged themselves in all sorts of transformations by the use of the powder; how they frequented the society of all manner of beasts, and gathered a deal of wisdom from their conversation; how, perching on this housetop in the likeness of sparrows, they peered into all the family secrets of the proprietors; how, buzzing into that harem window in the likeness of bluebottle flies, they surveyed at their leisure the beauties within, and enjoyed the confusion of the emirs and noblemen, when they described to them at divan every particular regarding the shape, and features, and dress, of the ladies they kept so secretly in the anderoon. One of these freaks had like to have cost the King dear; for sitting on Hassan Ebu Suneebee's wall, looking at Bulkous, his wife, and lost in admiration of that moon of beauty, a spider issued out from a crevice, and had as nearly as possible gobbled up the King of Persia. This event was a lesson to him, therefore; and he was so frightened by it, that he did not care for the future to be too curious about other people's affairs, or at least to take upon himself the form of such a fragile thing as a bluebottle fly.

"One morning—indeed I believe on my conscience that His Majesty and the Vizier had been gadding all night, or they never could have been abroad so early—they were passing those large swampy grounds, which everybody knows are in the neighbourhood of Tehran, and where the Persian lords are in the habit of hunting herons with the hawk. The two gentlemen were disguised, I don't know how; but seeing a stork by the side of the pool, stretching its long neck, and tossing about its legs very queerly, King Mushook felt suddenly a longing to know what these motions of the animal meant, and taking upon themselves likewise the likeness of storks (the Vizier's dumpy nose stretched out into a very strange bill, I promise you), they both advanced to the bird at the pool, and greeted it in the true storkish language.

"'Good morning, Mr. Long Bill,' said the stork (a female), curtsying politely, 'you are abroad early to-day; and the sharp

air, no doubt, makes you hungry: here is half an eel which I beg you to try, or a frog, which you will find very fat and tender.' But the royal stork was not inclined to eat frogs, being no Frank."

"Have a care, Scheherazade," here interposed the Sultan. "Do you mean to tell me that there are any people, even among the unbelievers, who are such filthy wretches as to eat frogs?—Bah! I can't believe it!"

Scheherazade did not vouch for the fact, but continued. "The King declined the proffered breakfast, and presently falling into conversation with the young female stork, bantered her gaily about her presence in such a place of a morning, and without her mamma, praised her figure and the slimness of her legs (which made the young stork blush till she was almost as red as a flamingo), and paid her a thousand compliments that made her think the stranger one of the most delightful creatures she had ever met.

" 'Sir,' said she, 'we live in some reeds hard by; and as my mamma, one of the best mothers in the world, who fed us children with her own blood when we had nothing else for dinner, is no more, my papa, who is always lazy, has bidden us to look out for ourselves. You were pleased just now to compliment my l—— my *limbs*,' says the stork, turning her eyes to the ground; 'and the fact is, that I wish to profit, sir, by those graces with which nature endowed me, and am learning to dance. I came out here to practise a little step that I am to perform before some friends this morning, and here, sir, you have my history.'

" 'I do pray and beseech you to let us see the rehearsal of the step,' said the King, quite amused; on which the young stork, stretching out her scraggy neck, and giving him an ogle with her fish-like eyes, fell to dancing and capering in such a ridiculous way, that the King and Vizier could restrain their gravity no longer, but burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I do not know that Munsoor would have laughed of his own accord, for he was a man of no sort of humour; but he made it a point whenever his master laughed always to roar too; and in this instance his servility cost him dear.

"The young female stork, as they were laughing, flew away in a huff, and thought them no doubt the most ill-mannered brutes in the world. When they were restored to decent gravity.

the King voted that they should resume their shapes again, and his home to breakfast. So he turned himself round to the east, bobbed his head three times according to the receipt, and—

"'Vizier,' said he, 'what the deuce is the word?—Hudge, kudge, fudge—what is it?'

"The Vizier had forgotten too; and then the condition annexed to the charm came over these wretched men, and they felt they were storks for ever. In vain they racked their poor brains to discover the word—they were no wiser at the close of the day than at the beginning, and at nightfall were fain to take wing from the lonely morass where they had passed so many miserable hours, and seek for shelter somewhere."

PART THE SECOND.

The Enchanted Princess.

"AFTER flying about, for some time, the poor storks perched upon the palace, where it was evident that all was in consternation. 'Ah!' said the King, with a sigh, 'why, O cursed Vizier, did'st thou ever bring that beggar-woman into my presence? here it is an hour after sunset, and at this hour I should have been seated at a comfortable supper, but for thy odious officiousness, and my own fatal curiosity.'

"What His Majesty said was true; and, having eaten nothing all day (for they could not make up their stomachs to subsist upon raw frogs and fish), he saw, to his inexpressible mortification, his own supper brought into the royal closet at the usual hour, taken away from thence, and the greater part of it eaten up by the servants as they carried it back to the kitchen.

"For three days longer, as they lingered about Tehran, that city was in evident dismay and sorrow. On the first day a council was held, and a great deal of discussion took place between the mollahs and emirs; on the second day another council was held, and all the mollahs and emirs swore eternal fidelity to King Mushook; on the third day a third council was held, and they voted to a man that all faithful Persians had long desired the return of their rightful sovereign and worship, and proclaimed Ghuzroo Sultan of Persia. Ghuzroo and his son, Ameen Adawb, entered the divan. What a thrill passed through the bosom of Mushook (who was perched on a window of the

hall) when he saw Ghuzroo walk up and take possession of his august throne, and beheld in the countenance of that unbeliever the traits of the very old woman who had sold him the box!

"It would be tedious to describe to your Majesty the numberless voyages and the long dreary flights which the unhappy Sultan and Vizier now took. There is hardly a mosque in all Persia or Arabia on which they did not light; and as for frogs and fishes, they speedily learned to be so little particular as to swallow them raw with considerable satisfaction, and, I do believe, tried every pond and river in Asia.

"At last they came to India; and being then somewhere in the neighbourhood of Agra, they went to take their evening meal at a lake in a wood: the moon was shining on it, and there was upon one of the trees an owl hooting and screaming in the most melancholy manner.

"The two wanderers were discussing their victuals, and it did not at first come into their heads to listen to the owl's bewailings; but as they were satisfied, they began presently to hearken to the complaints of the bird of night that sate on a mango-tree, its great round, white face shining in the moon. The owl sung a little elegy, which may be rendered in the following manner:—

"*'Too-too-too—oo* long have I been in imprisonment;
Who—o—o—o is coming to deliver me?
In the darkness of the night I look out, and see not my deliverer;
I make the grove resound with my strains, but no one hears me.

'I look out at the moon;—my face was once as fair as hers;
She is the queen of night, and I was a princess as celebrated.
I sit under the cypress-trees, and was once as thin as they are;
Could their dark leaves compare to my raven tresses?

'I was a princess once, and my talents were everywhere sung of;
I was indebted for my popularity not only to beauty but *to wit*;
Ah, where is the destined prince that is to come to liberate, and
to who—o?'"

"Cut the verses short, Scheherazade," said the Sultan. "And that obedient Princess instantly resumed her story in prose.

"What," said King Mushook, stepping up to the owl, "are you the victim of enchantment?"

"Alas! kind stranger, of whatever feather you be—for the moon is so bright that I cannot see you in the least,—I was a princess, as I have just announced in my poem; and famous, I may say, for my beauty all over India. Rotu Muckun is my

name, and my father is King of Hindostan. A monster from Bombay, an idolater and practiser of enchantments, came to my court and asked my hand for his son ; but because I spurned the wretch, he, under the disguise of an old woman'——

“‘With a box of trinkets,’ broke out the Vizier.

“‘Of no such thing,’ said the owl, or rather the disguised Princess Rotu Muckun ; ‘with a basket of peaches, of which I was known to be fond, entered the palace garden one evening as I was seated there with my maidens, and offered me a peach, of which I partook, and was that instant turned into an owl. My attendants fled, screaming at the metamorphosis ; and as the old woman went away, she clenched her fist at me and laughed, and said, “Now, Princess, you will remember the vengeance of Ghuzroo.”’

“‘This is indeed marvellous !’ exclaimed the King of Persia. ‘Know, madam, that the humble individual who now addresses you was a year since no other than Persia’s king.’

“‘Heavens !’ said the Princess, trembling, and rustling all her feathers ; ‘can you be the famous and beautiful Mushook, who disappeared from Tehran with his Grand Vizier ?’

“‘No other, madam,’ said the King, laying his claw on his breast ; ‘and the most devoted of your servants.’

“‘Heigho !’ said she ; ‘I would that you had resumed your former shape, and that what you said were true ; but you men, I have always heard, are sad, sad deceivers !’

“‘Being pressed farther to explain the meaning of her wish, the Princess said that she never could resume her former appearance until she could find some one who would marry her under her present form ; and what was more, she said, an old Brahmin had made a prophecy concerning her, that she should be saved from destruction by a stork.

“‘This speech,’ said the Vizier, drawing His Majesty aside, ‘is the sheerest and most immodest piece of fiction on the part of Madam Owl that ever I heard. What is the upshot of it ? The hideous old wretch, pining for a husband, and not being able on account of her age and ugliness, doubtless, to procure one among birds of her own degree, sees us two slim, elegant, fashionable fellows pass, and trumps up instantly a story about her being a princess, and the deuce knows what. Even suppose she be a princess, let your Majesty remember what the poet Perroo observes——

"Women are not all beautiful—for one moon-eyed,
Nine hundred and ninety-nine are as ugly as Shaitan."

Let us have a care, then, how we listen to her stories.'

" 'Vizier,' answered His Majesty, 'I have remarked that you are always talking about ugliness; and, by my beard! you are the ugliest man in my dominions. Be she handsome or hideous, I am sure that there is something in the story of the Princess mysteriously connected with our fate. Do you not remember that extraordinary dream which I had in my youth; and which declared that I too should be saved from danger by an owl? Had you not also such a dream on the self-same night? Let us not, therefore, disregard the warnings of Fate:—the risk shall be run, the Princess shall be married, or my name's not Mushook.'

" 'Well, sir,' said the Vizier, with a shrug, 'if you insist upon marrying her, I cannot, of course, give any objection to the royal will: and your Majesty must remember that I wash my hands of the business altogether.'

" 'I marry her!' screamed the King, in a rage; 'Vizier, are you a fool? Do you suppose me such a fool as to buy a pig in a poke, as they say in Bagdad?'

" 'I was sure your Majesty would not be so imprudent,' said the Vizier, in a soothing tone.

" 'Of course I wouldn't; no, Vizier, my old and tried servant, *you* shall marry the Princess Rotu Muckun, and incur the risk of this adventure.'

"The poor Vizier knew he had only to obey, were his master to bid him to bite off his own nose; so he promised compliance in this instance with as good a grace as he could muster. But the gentlemen, in the course of this little dispute, had not taken into consideration that the owl had wings as well as they, and had followed them into the dark brake where the colloquy took place, and could see them perfectly, and hear every word that passed.

" 'Tut-tut-tut-too!' shrieked out the owl, in a shrill voice, 'my lord of Persia, and you, Grand Vizier, do you suppose that I, the Princess of Hindostan, am to be cast about from one person to another like a shuttlecock? Do you suppose that I, the loveliest woman in the universe, am tamely to listen to doubts regarding my beauty, and finally to yield up my charms to an ugly, old, decrepit monster, like your Grand Vizier?'

" 'Madam'—interposed the King of Persia.

" 'Tut-tut-too! don't madam me, sir,' said the Princess, in

a fluster,—‘mademoiselle, if you please; and mademoiselle to remain, rather than be insulted so. Talk about buying a pig in a poke, indeed! here is a pretty gentlemanlike phrase for a monarch who has been used to good society!—pig in a poke, indeed! I’ll tell you what, my lord, I have a great mind to make you carry your pigs to another market. And as for my poor person, I will see,’ cried the owl, sobbing, ‘if some noble-hearted person be not more favourable to-to-to to-it-to-oo-oo-oo!’ Here she set up such an hysterical howling, that His Majesty the King of Persia thought she would have dropped off her perch.

“He was a good-natured sovereign, and could not bear to see the tears of a woman.”

“What a fool!” said the Sultan. But Scheherazade took no notice.

“And having his heart melted by her sorrows, said to her, ‘Cheer up, madam, it shall never be said that Mushook deserted a lady in distress. I swear to you by the ninth book of the Koran, that you shall have my hand as soon as I get it back myself; in the meanwhile accept my claw, and with it the heart of the King of Persia.’

“‘Oh, sir!’ said the owl, ‘this is too great joy—too much honour—I cannot,’ said she, in a faint voice, ‘bear it!—O Heavens!—Maidens, unlace me!—Some water—some water—a jug-jug-jug’—

“Here what the King had formerly feared actually took place, and the owl, in an excess of emotion, actually tumbled off the branch in a fainting fit, and fell into the thicket below.

“The Vizier and His Majesty ran like mad to the lake for water; but ah! what a scene met their view on coming back!

“Forth there came to meet them the loveliest damsel that ever greeted the eyes of monarch or vizier. Fancy, sir, a pair of eyes”——

“Cut the description short, Scheherazade,” interrupted the Sultan; “your eyes, my dear, are quite pretty enough for me.”

“In short, sir, she was the most lovely woman in the world of her time; and the poor old Vizier, as he beheld her, was mad to think what a prize he had lost. The King of Persia flung himself at her feet, and vowed himself to be the happiest of men.”

“Happiest of men!” roared out the Sultan. “Why, woman, he is a stork: how did he get back to his shape, I want to know?”

“Why, sir, it must be confessed that when the Princess of

Hindustan, now restored to her pristine beauty, saw that no sort of change had taken place in her affianced husband; she felt a little ashamed of the connection, and more than once in their journey from Agra to the court of her father at Delhi, she thought of giving her companion the slip; 'For how,' said she, 'am I to marry a stork?' However, the King would never leave her for a moment out of his sight, or, when His Majesty slept, the Vizier kept his eye upon her; and so at last they walked and walked until they came near to Delhi on the banks of the Jumna.

"A magnificent barge was floating down the river, pulled by a hundred men with gilded oars, and dressed in liveries of cloth of gold. The prow of the barge was shaped like a peacock, and formed of precious stones and enamel; and at the stern of the vessel was an awning of crimson silk, supported by pillars of silver, under which, in a yellow satin robe, covered with diamonds of intolerable brightness, there sat an old gentleman smoking, and dissolved seemingly in grief.

"'Heavens!' cried the Princess, 'tis my father!' and straightway she began flapping her pocket-handkerchief, and crying at the top of her voice, 'Father, father, 'tis your Rotu Muckun calls!'

"When the old gentleman, who was smoking in yellow satin, heard that voice, he started up wildly, let drop his hookah, shouted hoarsely to the rowers to pull to the shore, and the next minute tumbled backwards in a fainting fit. The next minute but one he was in the arms of his beloved girl, the proudest and happiest of fathers.

"The Princess at the moment of meeting, and in the hurry of running into the boat, had, it must be confessed, quite forgotten her two storks; and as these made an effort to follow her, one of the rowers with his gilded oar gave the Grand Vizier a crack over the leg, which caused that poor functionary to limp for many years after. But our wanderers were not to be put off so. Taking wing, they flew right under the awning of the boat, and perched down on the sofa close by the King of Hindostan and his daughter.

"'What, in Heaven's name,' said Hindostan, 'are these filthy birds, that smell so horribly of fish? Faugh! turn them out.'

"'Filthy yourself, sir, my brother,' answered the King of Persia, 'the smell of fish is not much worse than that of

tobacco, I warrant. Heigho ! I have not had a pipe for many a long day !'

"Here Rotu Muckun, seeing her father's wonder that a stork should talk his language, and his anger at the bird's impudence, interposed, and related to His Majesty all the circumstances attending the happy change that had taken place.

"While she was speaking (and her story was a pretty long one), the King of Persia flung himself back in an easy attitude on one of the sofas, crossing his long legs, and folding his wings over his chest. He was, to tell the truth, rather piqued at the reception which his brother of Hindostan had given him. Old Munsoor stood moodily at a little distance, holding up his game leg.

"His master, however, was determined to show that he was perfectly at his ease. 'Hindostan, my old buck,' said he, 'what a deuced comfortable sofa this is ; and, egad, what a neat turn-out of a barge.'

"The old gentleman, who was a stickler for ceremony, said drily, 'I am glad your Majesty finds the sofa comfortable, and the barge to your liking. Here we don't call it a barge, but a BUDGEROW.'

"As he spoke this word, the King of Persia bounced off his seat as if he had been shot, and upset the hookah over the King of Hindostan's legs ; the moody old Grand Vizier clapped his wings and screamed for joy ; the Princess shrieked for astonishment ; and the whole boat's crew were in wonder, as they saw the two birds turn towards the east, bob their long bills three times, and call out 'Budgerow !'

"At that word the birds disappeared, and in their place, before the astonished sovereign of Hindostan, there stood two gentlemen in the Persian habit. One of them was fat, old, and one-eyed, of a yellow complexion, and limping on a leg—'twas Munsoor, the Vizier. The other—ah, what a thrill passed through Rotu Muckun's heart as she beheld him !—had a dark countenance, a dark flashing eye, a royal black beard, a high forehead, on which a little Persian cap was jauntily placed. A pelisse of cashmere and sables covered his broad chest, and showed off his excessively slim waist to advantage ; his little feet were encased in yellow slippers ; when he spoke, his corneian lips displayed thirty-two pearly teeth ; in his girdle was his sword, and on the hilt of it that famous diamond, worth one hundred and forty-three millions of tomanas.

"When the King of Hindostan saw that diamond, he at once knew that Mushook could be no impostor, and taking him heartily by the hand, the good-natured monarch ordered servants to pick up the pieces of the chillum, and to bring fresh ones for the King of Persia and himself.

"'You say it is a long time since you smoked a pipe,' said Hindostan waggishly; 'there is a lady here that I dare swear will fill one for you.' With this and other sallies the royal party passed on to Delhi, where Munsoor was accommodated with diaculum and surgical aid, and where the marriage was celebrated between the King of Persia and the Princess of Hindostan."

"And did the King of Persia ever get his kingdom back again?" asked the Sultan.

"Of course he did, sir," replied Scheherazade, "for where did you ever hear of a king who had been kept out of his just rights by a wicked enchanter, that did not regain his possessions at the end of a story? No, sir, at the last page of a tale, wicked enchanters are always punished, and suffering virtue always rewarded; and though I have my doubts whether in real life"—

"Be hanged to your prate, madam, and let me know at once how King Mushook got back his kingdom, and what he did to Ghuzroo and his son Ameen-Adawb?"

"Why, sir, marching with five hundred thousand men, whom his father-in-law placed under his command, King Mushook went, viâ Caubul and Affghanistan, into Persia; he defeated the usurping Ghuzroo upon the plains of Tehran, and caused that idolatrous monarch to be bastinadoed to death. As for his son, Ameen Adawb, as that young Prince had not taken any part in his father's rebellion, Mushook, who was a merciful sovereign, only ordered him to take a certain quantity of the powder, and to wish himself to be a stork. Then he put him into a cage, and hung him outside the palace wall. This done, Mushook and his Princess swayed magnificently the sceptre of Persia, lived happily, were blest by their subjects, had an infinite number of children, and ate pilau and rice every day.

"Now, sir, it happened, after several years' captivity in the cage, that the Prince Ameen Adawb"—

Here Scheherazade paused; for, looking at her royal husband, she saw that His Majesty was fast asleep, and deferred the history of Prince Ameen Adawb until another occasion.

DICKENS IN FRANCE.

SEEING placarded on the walls a huge announcement that "Nicholas Nickleby, ou les Voleurs de Londres," was to be performed at the Ambigu-Comique Théâtre on the Boulevard, and having read in the *Journal des Débats* a most stern and ferocious criticism upon the piece in question, and upon poor Monsieur Dickens, its supposed author, it seemed to me by no means unprofitable to lay out fifty sous in the purchase of a stall at the theatre, and to judge with my own eyes of the merits and demerits of the play.

Who does not remember (except those who never saw the drama, and therefore of course cannot be expected to have any notion of it)—who does not, I say, remember the pathetic acting of Mrs. Keeley in the part of Smike, as performed at the Adelphi; the obstinate good-humour of Mr. Wilkinson, who, having to represent the brutal Squeers, was, according to his nature, so chuckling, oily, and kind-hearted, that little boys must have thought it a good joke to be flogged by him; finally, the acting of the admirable Yates in the kindred part of Mantalini? Can France, I thought, produce a fop equal to Yates? Is there any vulgarity and assurance on the Boulevard that can be compared to that of which, in the character of Mantalini, he gives a copy so wonderfully close to Nature? Never then were fifty sous more cheerfully—nay, eagerly paid, than by your obedient servant.

After China, this is the most ignorant country, thought I, in the whole civilised world (the company was dropping into the theatre, and the musicians were one by one taking their seats); these people are so immensely conceited, that they think the rest of Europe beneath them; and though they have invaded Spain, Italy, Russia, Germany, not one in ten thousand can ask for a piece of bread in the national language of the countries so conquered. But see the force of genius; after a time it conquers

everything, even the ignorance and conceit of Frenchmen! The name of Nicholas Nickleby crosses the Channel in spite of them. I shall see honest John Browdie and wicked Ralph once more, honest and wicked in French. Shall we have the Kenwidges, and their uncle, the delightful collector; and will he, in Portsmouth church, make that famous marriage with Juliana Petowker? Above all, what will *Mrs.* Nickleby say?—the famous Mrs. Nickleby, who has lain undescribed until *Bos* seized upon her and brought that great truth to light, and whom yet every man possesses in the bosom of his own family. Are there Mrs. Nicklebies—or, to speak more correctly, are there Mistresses Nickleby in France? We shall see all this at the rising of the curtain; and hark! the fiddlers are striking up.

Presently the prompter gives his three heart-thrilling slaps, and the great painted cloth moves upwards: it is always a moment of awe and pleasure. What is coming? First you get a glimpse of legs and feet; then suddenly the owners of the limbs in question in steady attitudes, looking as if they had been there one thousand years before; now behold the landscape, the clouds; the great curtain vanishes altogether, the charm is dissolved, and the disenchanted performers begin.

ACT I.

You see a court of a school, with great iron bars in front, and a beauteous sylvan landscape beyond. Could you read the writing on the large board over the gate, you would know that the school was the "Paradis des Enfants," kept by Mr. Squeers. Somewhere by that bright river, which meanders through the background, is the castle of the stately Earl of Clarendon—no relation to a late ambassador at Madrid.

His lordship is from home; but his young and lovely daughter, Miss Annabella, is in Yorkshire, and at this very moment is taking a lesson of French from Mr. Squeers's *sous-maitre*, Neekolass Neeklbee. Nicholas is, however, no vulgar usher; he is but lately an orphan; and his uncle, the rich London banker, Monsieur Ralph, taking charge of the lad's portionless sister, has procured for Nicholas this place of usher at a school in le Yorksheer.

A rich London banker procuring his nephew a place in a school at eight guineas per annum! Sure there must be some roguery in this; and the more so when you know that Monsieur

Squeers, the keeper of the academy, was a few years since a vulgar rope-dancer and tumbler at a fair. But peace! let these mysteries clear up, as, please Heaven, before five acts are over they will. Meanwhile Nicholas is happy in giving his lessons to the lovely Miss Annabel. Lessons, indeed! Lessons of what? Alack, alack! when two young, handsome, ardent, tender-hearted people pore over the same book, we know what happens, be the book what it may. French or Hebrew, there is always one kind of language in the leaves, as those can tell who have conned them.

Meanwhile, in the absence of his usher Monsieur Squeers keeps school. But one of his scholars is in the courtyard, a lad beautifully dressed, fit clean and rosy. A gentleman by the name of Browdie, by profession a drover, is with the boy, employed at the moment (for he is, it is said, and fond of music) in giving him a lesson on *the clarionet*.

The boy thus receiving lessons is called facetiously by his master *Prospectus*, and why? Because he is so excessively fat and healthy, and well clothed, that his mere appearance in the courtyard is supposed to entice parents and guardians to place their children in a seminary where the scholars were in such admirable condition.

And here I cannot help observing in the first place, that Squeers exhibiting in this manner a sample boy, and pretending that the whole stock were like him (whereas they are a miserable, half-starved set), must have been an abominable old scoundrel, and, secondly (though the observation applies to the French nation merely, and may be considered more as political than general), that by way of a fat specimen, never was one more unsatisfactory than this. Such a poor shrivelled creature I never saw, it is like a French fat pig, as lanky as a greyhound! Both animals give one a thorough contempt for the nation.

John Browdie gives his lesson to Prospectus, who informs him of some of the circumstances narrated above, and having concluded the lesson, honest John produces a piece of *pudding* for his pupil. Ah, how Prospectus devours it! for though the only well-fed boy in the school, he is, we regret to say, a gourmandiser by disposition.

While Prospectus eats, another of Mr Squeers's scholars is looking unnoticed on, another boy, a thousand times more miserable. See yon poor shivering child, trembling over his

book in a miserable hutch at the corner of the court. He is in rags, he is not allowed to live with the other boys; at play they constantly buffet him, at lesson-time their blunders are visited upon his poor shoulders.

Who is this unhappy boy? Ten years since a man by the name of Becher brought him to the *Paradis des Enfants*; and paying in advance five years of his pension, left him under the charge of Monsieur Squeers. No family ever visited the child; and when at the five years' end the *instituteur* applied at the address given him by Becher for the further payment of his pupil's expenses, Monsieur Squeers found that Becher had grossly deceived him, that no such persons existed, and that no money was consequently forthcoming, hence the misfortunes which afterwards befell the hapless orphan. None cared for him—none knew him, 'tis possible that even the name he went by was fictitious. That name was Smike, pronounced Smeek.

Poor Smeek! he had, however, found one friend,—the kind-hearted *sous-maitre* Neeklbee—who gave him half of his own daily pittance of bread and pudding, encouraged him to apply to his books, and defended him as much as possible from the assaults of the schoolboys and Monsieur Squeers.

John Browdie had just done giving his lesson of clarionet to Prospectus, when Neeklbee arrived at the school. There was a difference between John and Nicholas; for the former, seeing the young usher's frequent visits at Clarendon Castle, foolishly thought he was enamoured of M^{rs} Jenny, the fermier's daughter, on whom John too had fixed an eye of affection. Silly John! Nicholas's heart was fixed (hopelessly as the young man thought) upon higher objects. However, the very instant that Nickleby entered the courtyard of the school, John took up his stick and set off for London, whither he was bound, with a drove of oxen.

Nickleby had not arrived a whit too soon to protect his poor friend, Smeek; all the boys were called into the courtyard by Monsieur Squarrs, and made to say their lessons; when it came to poor Smeek's turn, the timid lad trembled, hesitated, and could not do his spelling.

Inflamed with fury, old Squarrs rushed forward, and would have assommé his pupil, but human nature could bear this tyranny no longer. Nickleby, stepping forward, defended the poor prostrate child; and when Squeers raised his stick to

strée—pouf ! pif ! un, deux, trois, et là !—Monsieur Nicholas flangée him several coups de poing, and sent him bientôt grovelling à terre.

You may be sure that there was now a pretty hallooing among the boys ; all jumped, kicked, thumped, bumped, and scratched their unhappy master (and serve him right, too !), and when they had finished their fun, vian ! flung open the gates of the Infants' Paradise and run away home.

Neeklbee, seeing what he had done, had nothing left but to run away too : he penned a hasty line to his lovely pupil, Miss Annabel, to explain that though his departure was sudden his honour was safe, and seizing his stick quitted the school.

There was but one pupil left in it, and he, poor soul, knew not whither to go. But when he saw Nicholas, his sole friend, departing, he mustered courage, and then made a step forward—and then wondered if he dared—and then, when Nicholas was at a little distance from him, ran, ran, as if his life (as indeed it did) depended upon it.

This is the picture of Neeklbee and poor Smeeck.* They are both dressed in the English fashion, and you must fancy the curtain falling amidst thunders of applause. [End of Act I.

"Ah, ah, ah ! ouf, pouf."—"Dieu, qu'il fait chaud !"—"Orgeat, limonade, bière !"—"L'Entracte, journal de tous les spectacles !"—"LA MARSEILLAI-AI-AISE !"—with such cries from pit and boxes the public wiles away the weary ten minutes between the acts. The three *bonnes* in the front boxes, who had been escorted by a gentleman in a red cap, and jacket, and earrings, begin sucking oranges with great comfort, while their friend amuses himself with a piece of barley-sugar. The *petite-matresse* in the private box smoothes her *bandeaux* of hair and her little trim, white cuffs, and looks at her *chiffons*. The friend of the tight black velvet spencer, meanwhile, pulls his yellow kid gloves tighter on his hands, and looks superciliously round the house with his double-glass. Fourteen people, all smelling of smoke, all bearded, and all four feet high, pass over your body to their separate stalls. The prompter gives his thumps, whack—whack—whack ! the music begins again, the curtain draws, and, lo ! we have—

* Alluding to a sketch, the first of two sketches by the author, which accompanied this paper on its original appearance in *Fraser's Magazine*.

ACT II.

The tavern of *Les Armes du Roi* appears to be one of the most frequented in the city of London. It must be in the Yorkshire road, that is clear, for the first person whom we see there is John Browdie; to whom presently comes Prospectus, then Necklee, then poor Smeek, each running away individually from the *Paradis des Enfants*.

It is likewise at this tavern that the great banker Ralph does his business, and lets you into a number of his secrets. Hither, too, comes Milor Clarendon,—a handsome peer, forsooth, but a sad reprobate I fear. Sorrow has driven him to these wretched courses: ten years since he lost a son, a lovely child of six years of age; and, hardened by the loss he has taken to gambling, to the use of the *vins de France* which take the reason prisoner, and to other excitements still more criminal. He has cast his eyes upon the lovely Kate Nickleby (he, the father of Miss Annabel!), and asks the banker to sup with him, to lend him ten thousand pounds, and to bring his niece with him. With every one of these requests the capitalist promises to comply: the money he produces forthwith, the lady he goes to fetch. Ah, milor! beware! beware, your health is bad, your property is ruined,—death and inolvency stare you in the face,—but what cares Lor Clarendon? He is desperate. He orders a splendid repast in a private apartment and while they are getting it ready, he and the young lords of his acquaintance sit down and crack a bottle in the coffee-room. A gallant set of gentlemen truly, all in short coats with capes to them, in tights and Hessian boots, such as our nobility are in the custom of wearing.

'I bet you cinq cent guinees, Lor Beef,' says Milor Clarendon (whom the wine has begun to excite), 'that I will have the lovely Kate Nicklebee at supper with us to-night.'

"Done!" says Lor Beef. But why starts yon stranger who has just come into the hotel? Why, forsooth? because he is Nicholas Nickleby, Kate's brother; and a pretty noise he makes when he hears of his kinsman's project!

"You have Meece Necklee at your table, sir? You are a liar!"

All the lords start up.

"Who is this very strange person?" says Milor Clarendon, as cool as a cucumber.

"Dog! give me your name!" shouts Nicholas.

"Ha! ha! ha!" says my lord scornfully.

"John," says Nickleby, seizing hold of a waiter, "tell me that man's name."

John the waiter looks frightened, and hums and haws, when, at the moment, who should walk in but Mr. Ralph the banker, and his niece.

Ralph. "Nicholas!—confusion!"

Kate. "My brother!"

Nicholas. "Avaunt, woman! Tell me, sirrah, by what right you bring my sister into such company, and who is the villain to whom you have presented her?"

Ralph. "Lord Clarendon."

Nicholas. "The father of Meess Annabel? Gracious heaven!"

What followed now need not be explained. The young lords and the banker retire abashed to their supper, while Meess Kate, and Smike, who has just arrived, fall into the arms of Nicholas.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the second act, rather feeble in interest, and not altogether probable in action. That five people running away from Yorkshire should all come to the same inn in London, arriving within five minutes of each other,—that Mr. Ralph, the great banker, should make the hotel his place of business, and openly confess in the coffee-room to his ex-agent Becher that he had caused Becher to make away with or murder the son of Lord Clarendon,—finally, that Lord Clarendon himself, with an elegant town mansion, should receive his distinguished guests in a tavern, of not the first respectability,—all these points may, perhaps, strike the critic from their extreme improbability. But, bless your soul! if *these* are improbabilities, what will you say to the revelations of the

THIRD ACT.

That scoundrel Squarrs before he kept the school was, as we have seen, a tumbler and *saltimbanque*, and, as such, member of the great fraternity of cadgers, beggars, *gueux*, thieves, that have their club in London. It is held in immense Gothic vaults under ground: here the beggars concert their plans, divide their spoil, and hold their orgies.

In returning to London, Monsieur Squarrs instantly resumes his acquaintance with his old comrades, who appoint him, by the all-powerful interest of a *peculiar person*, head of the community of cadgers.

That person is no other than the banker Ralph, who, in secret, directs this godless crew, visits their haunts, and receives from them a boundless obedience. A villain himself, he has need of the aid of villainy. He pants for vengeance against his nephew, he has determined that his niece shall fall a prey to Milor Clarendon,—nay more, he has a dark suspicion that Smike—the orphan boy—the homeless fugitive from Yorkshire—is no other than the child who ten years ago—but, hush!

Where is his rebellious nephew and those whom he protects? The quick vigilance of Ralph soon discovered them; Nicholas, having taken the name of Edward Browne, was acting at a theatre in the neighbourhood of the Thames. Haste, Squarrs, take a couple of trusty beggars with you, and hie thee to Wapping; seize young Smike and carry him to Cadger's Cavern,—haste, then! The mind shudders to consider what is to happen.

In Nicholas's room at the theatre we find his little family assembled, and with them honest John Browdie, who has forgotten his part on learning that Nicholas was attached, not to the *fermière*, but to the mistress; to them comes—gracious heavens!--Meess Annabel. "Fly," says she, "fly! I have overheard a plot concocted between my father and your uncle; the sheriff is to seize you for the abduction of Smeek and the assault upon Squarrs," &c. &c. &c.

In short, it is quite impossible to describe this act, so much is there done in it. Lord Clarendon learns that he has pledged his life-interest in his estates to Ralph.

His lordship *dies*, and Ralph seizes a paper, which proves beyond a doubt that young Smike is no other than Clarendon's long-lost son.

L'infame Squarrs with his satellites carry off the boy; Browdie pitches Squarrs into the river; the sheriff carries Nickleby to prison; and VICE TRIUMPHS in the person of the odious Ralph. But Vice does not always triumph; wait awhile and you will see. For in the

FOURTH ACT

John Browdie, determined to rescue his two young friends, follows Ralph like his shadow; he dogs him to a rendezvous of the beggars, and overhears all his conversation with Squarrs. The boy is in the Cadger's Cavern, hidden a thousand feet below the Thames; there is to be a grand jollification among the rogues that night—a dance and a feast. "I," says John Browdie, "will

be there." And, wonderful to say, who should pass but his old friend Prospectus, to whom he gave lessons on the clarionet.

Prospectus is a cadger now, and is to play his clarionet that night at Cadger's Hall. Browdie will join him,—he is dressed up like a blind beggar, and strange sights, heaven knows, meet his eyes in Cadger's Hall.

Here they come trooping in by scores,—the halt and the lame, black sweepers, one legged fiddlers, the climber mot's, the fly-sakers, the kedgoree coves,—in a word, the rogues of London, to their Gothic hall, a thousand miles below the level of the sea. Squarrs is their nominal head but their real leader is the tall man yonder in the black mask he whom nobody knows but Browdie, who has found him out at once — tis Ralph!

"Bring out the prisoner" says the black mask, he has tried to escape—he is broken his oaths to the cadgers, let him meet his punishment."

And without a word more what do these cadgers do? They take poor Smike and *bury him alive* down he goes into the vault, a stone is rolled over him, the cadgers go away,—so much for Smike.

But in the meantime Master Browdie has not been idle. He has picked the pocket of one of the cadgers of a portfolio containing papers that prove Smike to be Lord Clarendon beyond a doubt, he lags behind until all the cadgers are gone, and with the help of Nicholas (who, by the by has found his way somehow into the place), he pushes away the stone, and brings the fainting boy to the world.

These things are improbable you certainly may say, but are they impossible? If they are possible then they may come to pass, if they may come to pass then they may be supposed to come to pass and why should they not come to pass? That is my argument let us pass on to the

FIFTH ACT

"Aha! Master Ralph you think you will have it all your own way do you? The lands of Clarendon are yours, provided there is no male heir, and you have done for *him*. The peerage, to be sure (by the laws of England), is to pass to the husband of Miss Annabella. Will she marry Ralph or not? Yes then well and good; he is an earl for the future and the father of a new race of Clarendon. No then, in order to spell her still

more, he has provided amongst the beggars a lad who is to personate the young mislaid Lord Clarendon, who is to come armed with certain papers that make his right unquestionable, and who will be a creature of Ralph's, to be used or cast away at will.

Ralph pops the question; the lady repels him with scorn. "Quit the house, Meess," says he, "it is not yours, but mine. Give up that vain title which you have adopted since your papa's death; you are no countess,—your brother lives. Ho! John, Thomas, Samuel! introduce his lordship, the Comte de Clarendon."

And who slips in? Why, in a handsome new dress, in the English fashion, Smike, to be sure—the boy whom Ralph has murdered—the boy who had risen from the tomb—the boy who had miraculously discovered the papers in Cadger's Hall and (by some underground work that went on behind the scenes, which I don't pretend to understand) had substituted himself for the substitute which that wicked banker had proposed to bring forward! A rush of early recollections floods the panting heart of the young boy. Can it be? Yes—no, sure these halls are familiar to him? That conservatory, has he not played with the flowers there—played with his blessed mother at his side? That portrait! Stop! a—a—a—ah! it is—it is my sister Anna—Anna—bella!

Fancy the scene as the two young creatures rush with a scream into each other's arms. Fancy John Browdie's hilarity—he jumps for joy, and throws off his beggar's cloak and beard. Nicholas claps his hands, and casts his fine eyes heavenward. But, above all fancy the despair of that cursed banker Ralph as he sees his victim risen from the grave, and all his hopes dashed down into it. Oh! Heaven, thy hand is here! How must the banker then have repented of his bargain with the late Lord Clarendon, and that he had not had his lordship's life insured! Perdition! to have been out-tricked by a boy and a country boor! Is there no hope? . . .

Hope? Psha! man, thy reign of vice is over, —it is the fifth act. Already the people are beginning to leave the house, and never more again canst thou expect to lift thy head.

"Monsieur Ralph," Browdie whispers, "after your pretty doings in Cadger's Hall, had you not best be thinking of leaving the country? As Nicholas Nickleby's uncle, I would fain not see you, crick! You understand?" (pointing to his jugular).

"I do," says Ralph gloomily, "and will be off in two hours." And Lord Smeke takes honest Browdie by one hand, gently pressing Kate's little fingers with the other, and the sheriff, and the footmen, and attendants form a tableau, and the curtain begins to fall, and the blushing Annabel whispers to happy Nicholas,— "Ah! my friend, I can give up with joy to my brother *ma couronne de comtesse*. What care I for rank or name with you? the name that I love above all others is that of LADY ANNABEL NICKLEBY." [Exeunt omnes.

The musicians have hurried off long before this. In one instant the stage lamps go out, and you see fellows starting forward to cover the boxes with canvas. Up goes the chandelier amongst the gods and goddesses painted on the ceiling. Those in the galleries, meanwhile, bellow out "SAINT ERNEST!" he it is who acted John Browdie. Then there is a yell of "SMEEK! SMEEK!" Blushing and bowing, Madame Prosper comes forward; by Heavens! a pretty woman, with tender eyes and a fresh, clear voice. Next the gods call for "CHILLY!" who acted the villain: but by this time you are bustling and struggling among the crowd in the lobbies, where there is the usual odour of garlic and tobacco. Men in sabots come tumbling down from the galleries; cries of "*Au, aste, solo! Eugénie! prends ton parapluie.*" "*Monsieur, vous me marchez sur les pieds,*" are heard in the crowd, over which the brazen helmets of the Ponipier's tower are shining. A cabman in the Boulevard, who opens his vehicle eagerly as you pass by, growls dreadful oaths when, seated inside, you politely request him to drive to the Barrière de l'Etoile. "*Ah, ces Anglais,*" says he, "*ça demeure dans les déserts—dans les déserts, grand Dieu! avec les loups; ils prennent leur beautyfine thé avec leurs turlines le soir, et puis ils se couchent dans les déserts, ma parole d'honneur; comme des Arabes.*"

If the above explanation of the plot of the new piece of *Nicholas Nickleby* has appeared intolerably long to those few persons who have perused it, I can only say for their comfort that I have not told one half of the real plot of the piece in question; nay, very likely have passed over all the most interesting part of it. There, for instance, was the assassination of the virtuous villain Becher, the dying scene with my lord, the manner in which Nicholas got into the Cadger's Cave, and got out again. Have I breathed a syllable upon any of

these points? No; and never will to my dying day. The imperfect account of *Nicholas Nickleby* given above is all that the most impatient reader (let him have fair warning) can expect to hear from his humble servant. Let it be sufficient to know that the piece in itself contains a vast number of beauties entirely passed over by the unworthy critic, and only to be appreciated by any gentleman who will take the trouble to step across the Channel, and thence from his hotel to the ambiguously-comic theatre. And let him make haste, too; for who knows what may happen? Human life is proverbially short. Theatrical pieces bloom and fade like the flowers of the field, and very likely long before this notice shall appear in print (as let us heartily, from mercenary considerations, pray that it will), the drama of *Nicholas Nickleby* may have disappeared altogether from the world's ken, like Carthage, Troy, Swallow Street, the Marylebone bank, Babylon, and other fond magnificences elevated by men, and now forgotten and prostrate.

As for the worthy Boz, it will be seen that *his* share in the piece is perfectly insignificant, and that he has no more connection with the noble geniuses who invented the drama than a peg has with a gold-laced hat that a nobleman may have hung on it, or a starting-post on the race-course with some magnificent thousand-guinea fiery horses who may choose to run from it. How poor do his writings appear after those of the Frenchman! How feeble, mean, and destitute of imagination! *He* never would have thought of introducing six lords, an ex-kidnapper, a great banker, an idiot, a schoolmaster, his usher, a cattle-driver, coming for the most part a couple of hundred miles, in order to lay open all their secrets in the coffee-room of the King's Arms hotel! He never could have invented the great subterranean cavern, *cimetière et salle de bal*, as Jules Janin calls it! The credit of all this falls upon the French adapters of Monsieur Dickens's romance; and so it will be advisable to let the public know.

But as the French play-writers are better than Dickens, being incomparably more imaginative and poetic, so, in progression, is the French critic, Jules Janin, above named, a million times superior to the French playwrights, and, after Janin, Dickens disappears altogether. He is cut up, disposed of, done for. L. J. has hacked him into small pieces, and while that wretched romancer is amusing himself across the Atlantic, and fancying

perhaps, that he is a popular character, his business has been done for ever and ever in Europe. What matters that he is read by millions in England and billions in America? that everybody who understands English has a corner in his heart for him? The great point is, *what does Jules Janin think?* and that we shall hear presently; for though I profess the greatest admiration for Mr. Dickens, yet there can be no reason why one should deny oneself the little pleasure of acquainting him that *some* ill-disposed persons in the world are inclined to abuse him. Without this privilege what is friendship good for?

Who is Janin? He is the critic of France. J. J., in fact,—the man who writes a weekly *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats* with such indisputable brilliancy and wit, and such a happy mixture of effrontery, and honesty, and poetry, and impudence, and falsehood, and impertinence, and good feeling, that one can't fail to be charmed with the compound, and to look rather eagerly for the Monday's paper;—Jules Janin is the man, who, not knowing a single word of the English language, as he actually professes in the preface, *has helped to translate the Sentimental Journey*. He is the man who, when he was married (in a week when news were slack no doubt), actually *criticised his own marriage ceremony*, letting all the public see the proof-sheets of his bridal, as was the custom among certain ancient kings, I believe. In fact, a more modest, honest, unassuming, blushing, truth-telling, gentlemanlike J. J. it is impossible to conceive.

Well, he has fallen foul of Monsieur Dickens, this fat French moralist; he says Dickens is *immodest*, and Jules cannot abide immodesty; and a great and conclusive proof this is upon a question which the two nations have been in the habit of arguing, namely, which of the two is the purer in morals? and may be argued clear thus:—

1. We in England are accustomed to think Dickens modest, and allow our children to peruse his works.

2. In France the man who wrote the history of *The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman*,* and afterwards his own *epithalamium* in the newspaper, is revolted by Dickens.

3. Therefore Dickens *must* be immodest, and grossly immodest, otherwise a person so confessedly excellent as J. J. would never have discovered the crime.

* Some day the writer meditates a great and splendid review of J. J.'s work.

4. And therefore it is pretty clear that the French morals are of a much higher order than our own, which remark will apply to persons and books, and all the relations of private and public life.

Let us now see how our fat Jules attacks Dickens. His remarks on him begin in the following jocular way :—

“ THÉÂTRE DE L'AMBIGU-COMIQUE.

“ *Nicholas Nickleby*, Mélodrame, en Six Actes.

“ A genoux devant celui-là qui s'appelle Charles Dickens ! à genoux ! Il a accompli à lui seul ce que n'ont pu faire à eux deux lord Byron et Walter Scott ! Joignez-y, si vous voulez, Pope et Milton et tout ce que la littérature Anglaise a produit de plus solennel et de plus charmant. Charles Dickens ! mais il n'est question que de lui en Angleterre. Il en est la gloire, et la joie, et l'orgueil ! Savez-vous combien d'acheteurs possède ce Dickens ; j'ai dit d'*acheteurs*, de gens qui tirent leur argent de leur bourse pour que cet argent passe de leur main dans la main du libraire ?—Dix mille acheteurs. Dix mille ? que disons-nous, dix mille ! vingt mille !—Vingt mille ? Quoi ! vingt mille acheteurs ?—F'i donc, vingt mille ! quarante mille acheteurs.—Et quoi ! il a trouvé quarante mille acheteurs, vous vous moquez de nous sans doute ?—Oui, mon brave homme, on se moque de vous, car ce n'est pas vingt mille et quarante mille et soixante mille acheteurs qu'a rencontrés ce Charles Dickens, c'est cent mille acheteurs. Cent mille, pas un de moins. Cent mille esclaves, cent mille tributaires, cent mille ! Et nos grands écrivains modernes s'estiment bien heureux et bien fiers quand leur livre le plus vanté parvient, au bout de six mois de célébrité, à son huitième cent ! ”

There is raillery for you ! there is a knowledge of English literature, of “ Pope et Milton, si solennel et si charmant ! ” Milton, above all ; his little comédie *Samson l'Agoniste* is one of the gayest and most graceful trifles that ever was acted on the stage. And to think that Dickens has sold more copies of his work than the above two eminent hommes-de-lettres, and Scott and Byron into the bargain ! It is a fact, and J. J. vouches for it. To be sure, J. J. knows no more of English literature than I do of hieroglyphics,—to be sure, he has not one word of English. N'importe : he has had the advantage of examining the books of Mr. Dickens's publishers, and has discovered that they sell

of Boz's works "*cent-mille pas un de moins.*" Janin will not allow of one less. Can you answer numbers? And there are our grands écrivains modernes, who are happy if they sell eight hundred in six months. Byron and Scott doubtless, "le solennel Pope, et le charmant Milton," as well as other geniuses not belonging to the three kingdoms. If a man is an arithmetician as well as a critic, and he join together figures of speech and Arabic numerals, there is no knowing what he may not prove.

"Or," continues J. J.:—

"Or, parmi les chefs-d'œuvre de sa façon que dévore l'Angleterre, ce Charles Dickens a produit un gros mélodrame en deux gros volumes, intitulé *Nicolas Nickleby*. Ce livre a été traduit chez nous par un homme de beaucoup d'esprit, qui n'est pas fait pour ce triste métier-là. Si vous saviez ce que peut être un pareil chef-d'œuvre, certes vous prendriez en pitié les susdits cent mille souscripteurs de Charles Dickens. Figurez-vous donc un amas d'inventions puérides, où l'horrible et le naïf se donnent la main, dans une ronde infernale; ici passent en riant de bonnes gens si bons qu'ils en sont tout-à-fait bêtes; plus loin bondissent et blasphèment toutes sortes de bandits, de fripons, de voleurs et de misérables si affreux qu'on ne sait pas comment pourrait vivre, seulement vingt-quatre heures, une société ainsi composée. C'est le plus nauséabond mélange qu'on puisse imaginer de lait chaud et de bière tournée, d'œufs frais et de bœuf salé, de haillons et d'habits brodés, d'écus d'or et de gros sous, de roses et de pissenlits. On se bat, on s'embrasse, on s'injurie, on s'enivre, on meurt de faim. Les filles de la rue et les lords de la Chambre haute, les porte-faix et les poètes, les écoliers et les voleurs, se promènent, bras dessus bras dessous, au milieu de ce tohubohu insupportable. Aimez-vous la fumée de tabac, l'odeur de l'ail, le goût du porc frais, l'harmonie que fait un plat d'étain frappé contre une casserole de cuivre non étamé? Lisez-moi consciencieusement ce livre de Charles Dickens. Quelles plaies! quelles pustules! et que de saintes vertus! Ce Dickens a réuni en bloc toutes les descriptions de Guzman d'Alfarache et tous les rêves de Grandisson. Oh! qu'êtes-vous devenus, vous les lectrices tant soit peu prudes des romans de Walter Scott? Oh! qu'a-t-on fait de vous, les lectrices animées de *Don Juan* et de *Lara*? O vous, les chastes enthousiastes de la *Clarisse Harlowe*, voilez-vous la face de honte! A cent mille exemplaires le Charles Dickens!"

To what a pitch of *dévergondage* must the English ladies have arrived, when a fellow who can chronicle his own marriage, and write *The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman*,—when even a man like that, whom nobody can accuse of being squeamish, is obliged to turn away with disgust at their monstrous immodesty!

J. J. is not difficult; a little harmless gallantry and trifling with the seventh commandment does not offend him,—far from it. Because there are no love-intrigues in Walter Scott, Jules says that Scott's readers are *tant soit peu prudes*! There ought to be, in fact, in life and in novels, a little, pleasant, gentleman-like, anti-seventh-commandment excitement. Read *The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman*, and you will see how the thing may be agreeably and genteelly done. See what he says of *Clarissa*,—it is *chaste*; of *Don Juan*,—it is not indecent, it is not immoral, it is only *ANIMÉE*! *Animée*! O ciel! what a word! Could any but a Frenchman have had the grace to hit on it? "Animation" our Jules can pardon; prudery he can excuse, in his good-humoured contemptuous way; but Dickens—this Dickens,—O fie! And, perhaps, there never was a more succinct, complete, elegant, just, and satisfactory account given of a book than that by our friend Jules of *Nicholas Nickleby*. "It is the most disgusting mixture imaginable of warm milk and sour beer, of fresh eggs and salt beef, of rags and laced clothes, of gold crowns and coppers, of rose and dandelions."

There is a receipt for you! or take another, which is quite as pleasant:—

II.

"The fumes of tobacco, the odour of garlic, the taste of fresh pork, the harmony made by striking a pewter plate against an untinned copper saucepan. Read me conscientiously this book of Charles Dickens; what sores! what pustules!" &c.

Try either mixture (and both are curious),—for fresh pork is an ingredient in one, salt beef in another; tobacco and garlic in receipt No. 2 agreeably take the places of warm milk and sour beer in formula No. 1; and whereas, in the second prescription, a pewter plate and *untinned* copper saucepan (what a devilish satire in that epithet *untinned*!), a gold crown and a few half-pence, answer in the first. Take either mixture, and the result is a Dickens. Hang thyself, thou unhappy writer of *Pickwick*; or, blushing at this exposition of thy faults, turn red man.

altogether, and build a wigwam in a wilderness, and live with possums up gum-trees. Fresh pork and warm milk; sour beer and salt b—— Faugh! how could you serve us so atrociously?

And this is one of the "*chefs-d'œuvre de sa façon que dévore l'Angleterre.*" The beastly country! How Jules lashes the islanders with the sting of that epigram—*chefs-d'œuvre de leur façon!*

Look you, J. J., it is time that such impertinence should cease. Will somebody—out of three thousand literary men in France, there are about three who have a smattering of the English—will some one of the three explain to J. J. the enormous folly and falsehood of all that the fellow has been saying about Dickens and English literature generally? We have in England literary *chefs-d'œuvre de notre façon*, and are by no means ashamed to devour the same. "Le charmant Milton" was not, perhaps, very skilled for making epigrams and chansons-à-boire, but, after all, was a person of merit, and of his works have been sold considerably more than eight hundred copies. "Le solennel Pope" was a writer not undeserving of praise. There must have been something worthy in Shakspeare,—for his name has penetrated even to France, where he is not unfrequently called "le Sublime Williams." Walter Scott, though a prude, as you say, and not having the agreeable *laisser-aller* of the author of the *Dead Donkey*, &c., could still turn off a romance pretty creditably. He and "le Sublime Williams" between them have turned your French literature topsy-turvy; and many a live donkey of your crew is trying to imitate their paces and their roars, and to lord it like those dead lions. These men made *chefs-d'œuvre de notre façon*, and we are by no means ashamed to acknowledge them.

But what right have you, O blundering ignoramus! to pretend to judge them and their works,—you, who might as well attempt to give a series of lectures upon the literature of the Hottemots, and are as ignorant of English as the author of the *Random Recollections*? Learn modesty, Jules; listen to good advice; and when you say to other persons, *lisez moi ce livre consciencieusement*, at least do the same thing, O critic! before you attempt to judge and arbitrate.

And I am ready to take an affidavit in the matter of this criticism of *Nicholas Nickleby*, that the translator of Sterne,

who does not know English, has not read *Boz* in the original—has not even read him in the translation, and slanders him out of pure invention. Take these concluding opinions of J. J. as a proof of the fact:—

“De ce roman de *Nicolas Nickleby* a été tiré le mélodrame qui va suivre. Commencez d'abord par entasser les souterrains sur les ténèbres, le vice sur le sang, le mensonge sur l'injure, l'adultère sur l'inceste, battez-moi tout ce mélange, et vous verrez ce que vous allez voir.

“Dans un comté Anglais, dans une école, ou plutôt dans une horrible prison habitée par le froid et la faim, un nommé Squeers entraîne, sous prétexte de les élever dans la belle discipline, tous les enfans qu'on lui confie. Ce misérable Squeers spéculé tout simplement sur la faim, sur la soif, sur les habits de ces pauvres petits. On n'entend que le bruit des verges, les soupirs des battus, les cris des battans, les blasphèmes du maître. C'est affreux à lire et à voir. Surtout ce qui fait peur (je parle du livre en question), c'est la misère d'un pauvre petit nommé Snike, dont cet affreux Squeers est le bourreau. Quand parut le livre de Charles Dickens, on raconte que plus d'un maître de pension de l'Angleterre se récria contre la calomnie. Mais, juste ciel ! si la cent millième partie d'une pareille honte était possible ; s'il était vrai qu'un seul marchand de chair humaine ainsi bâti pût exister de l'autre côté du détroit ce serait le déshonneur d'une nation tout entière. Et si en effet la chose est impossible, que venez-vous donc nous conter, que le roman, tout comme la comédie, est la peinture des mœurs ?

“Or ce petit malheureux couvert de haillons et de plaies, le jouet de M. Squeers, c'est tout simplement le fils unique de Lord Clarendon, un des plus grands seigneurs de l'Angleterre. Voilà justement ce que je disais tout à l'heure. Dans ces romans qui sont le rebut d'une imagination en délire, il n'y a pas de milieu. Ou bien vous êtes le dernier des mendiants chargés d'une besace vide, ou bien, salut à vous ! vous êtes duc et pair du royaume et chevalier de la Jarretière ! Ou le manteau royal ou le haillon. Quelquefois, pour varier la thèse, on vous met par dessus vos haillons le manteau de pourpre.—Votre tête est pleine de vermine, à la bonne heure ! mais laissez faire le romancier, il posera tout à l'heure sur vos immondes cheveux, la couronne ducale. Ainsi procèdent M. Dickens et le Capitaine Marryat et tous les autres.”

Here we have a third receipt for the confection of *Nicholas Nickleby*,—darkness and caverns, vice and blood, incest and adultery, "*battes-moi tout ça*," and the thing is done. Considering that Mr. Dickens has not said a word about darkness, about caverns, about blood (further than a little harmless claret drawn from Squicers's nose), about the two other crimes mentioned by J. J.,—is it not *de luxe* to put them into the *Nickleby*-receipt? Having read the romances of his own country, and no others, J. J. thought he was safe, no doubt, in introducing the last-named ingredients; but in England the people is still *tant soit peu prudes*, and will have none such fare. In what a luxury of filth, too, does this delicate critic indulge! *votre tête est pleine de vermine* (a flattering supposition for the French reader, by the way, and remarkable for its polite propriety). Your head is in this condition; but never mind; let the romancer do his work, and he will presently place upon *your filthy hair* (kind again) the ducal coronet. This is the way with Monsieur Dickens, Captain Marryat, and *the others*.

With whom, in Heaven's name? What has poor Dickens ever had to do with ducal crowns, or with the other ornaments of the kind which Monsieur Jules distributes to his friends? Tell lies about men, friend Jules, if you will, but not *such* lies. See, for the future, that they have a greater likelihood about them; and try, at least when you are talking of propriety and decency of behaviour, to have your words somewhat more cleanly, and your own manners as little offensive as possible.

And with regard to the character of Squicers, the impossibility of it, and the consequent folly of placing such a portrait in a work that pretends to be a painting of manners, that, too, is a falsehood like the rest. Such a disgrace to human nature not only existed, but existed in J. J.'s country of France. Who does not remember the history of the Boulogne schoolmaster, a year since, whom the newspapers called the "French Squicers;" and about the same time, in the neighbourhood of Paris, there was a case still more atrocious, of a man and his wife who farmed some score of childrer subjected them to ill-treatment so horrible that only J. J. himself, in his nastiest fit of indignation, could describe it; and ended by murdering one or two, and starving all. The whole story was in the *Débats*, J. J.'s own newspaper, where the accomplished critic may read it.

CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

[1837.]

SINCE the appearance of this work, within the last two months, it has raised among the critics and the reading public a strange storm of applause and discontent. To hear one party you would fancy the author was but a dull mad-man, indulging in wild vagaries of language and dispensing with common sense and reason, while, according to another, his opinions are little short of inspiration, and his eloquence unbounded as his genius. We confess, that in reading the first few pages, we were not a little inclined to adopt the former opinion, and yet, after perusing the whole of this extraordinary work, we can allow, almost to their fullest extent, the high qualities with which Mr. Carlyle's idolaters endow him.

But never did a book sin so grievously from outward appearance, or a man's style so mar his subject and dim his genius. It is stiff, short, and rugged, it abounds with Germanisms and Latinisms, strange epithets, and choking double words, astonishing to the admirers of simple Addisonian English, to those who love history as it gracefully runs in Hume, or struts pompously in Gibbon—no such style is Mr. Carlyle's. A man, at the first onset, must take breath at the end of a sentence, or, worse still, go to sleep in the midst of it. But these hardships become lighter as the traveller grows accustomed to the road, and he speedily learns to admire and sympathise; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral in spite of the quaint carvings and hideous images on door and buttress.

There are, however, a happy few of Mr. Carlyle's critics and readers to whom these very obscurities and mysticisms of style are welcome and almost intelligible; the initiated in metaphysics,

* *The French Revolution: A History.* In three volumes. By Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser, 1837.

the sages who have passed the veil of Kantian philosophy, and discovered that the "critique of pure reason" is really that which it purports to be, and not the critique of pure nonsense, as it seems to worldly men: to these the present book has charms unknown to us, who can merely receive it as a history of a stirring time, and a skilful record of men's worldly thoughts and doings. Even through these dim spectacles a man may read and profit much from Mr. Carlyle's volumes.

He is not a party historian like Scott, who could not, in his benevolent respect for rank and royalty, see duly the faults of either: he is as impartial as Thiers, but with a far loftier and nobler impartiality.

No man can have read the admirable history of the French ex-Minister who has not been struck with this equal justice which he bestows on all the parties or heroes of his book. He has completely mastered the active part of the history: he has no more partiality for court than for regicide—scarcely a movement of intriguing king or republican which is unknown to him or undescribed. He sees with equal eyes Madame Roland or Marie Antoinette—bullying Brunswick on the frontier, or Marat at his butcher's work or in his cellar—he metes to each of them justice, and no more, finding good even in butcher Marat or bullying Brunswick, and recording what he finds. What a pity that one gains such a complete contempt for the author of all this cleverness! Only a rogue could be so impartial, for Thiers but views this awful series of circumstances in their very meanest and basest light, like a petty, clever statesman as he is, watching with wonderful accuracy all the moves of the great game, but looking for no more, never drawing a single moral from it, or seeking to tell aught beyond it.

Mr. Carlyle, as we have said, is as impartial as the illustrious Academician and Minister; but with what different eyes he looks upon the men and the doings of this strange time! To the one the whole story is but a hustling for places—a list of battles and intrigues—of kings and governments rising and falling; to the other, the little actors of this great drama are striving but towards a great end and moral. It is better to view it loftily from afar, like our mystic poetic Mr. Carlyle, than too nearly with sharp-sighted and prosaic Thiers. Thiers is the *valet de chambre* of this history, he is too familiar with its disabille and off-scourings: it can never be a hero to him.

It is difficult to convey to the reader a fair notion of Mr.

Carlyle's powers or his philosophy, for the reader has not grown familiar with the strange style of this book, and may laugh perhaps at the grotesqueness of his teacher : in this some honest critics of the present day have preceded him, who have formed their awful judgments after scanning half-a-dozen lines, and damned poor Mr. Carlyle's because they chanced to be lazy. Here, at hazard, however, we fall upon the story of the Bastille capture ; the people are thundering at the gates, but Delaunay will receive no terms, raises his drawbridge and gives fire. Now, cries Mr. Carlyle with an uncouth Orson-like shout :—

"Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood, into endless explosion of musketry, distraction, execration ;—and overhead, from the Fortress, let one great gun go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged !

"On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies ! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty ; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit ; for it is the hour ! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné ; smite at that Outer Drawbridge-chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee ! Never, over nave or fellow, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man ; down with it to Orcus : let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever ! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him : the chain yields, breaks ; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering. Glorious : and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The eight grim Towers, with their Invalides, musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact ;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced ; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us : the Bastille is still to take !"

Did "Savage Rosa" ever "dash" a more spirited battle sketch ? The two principal figures of the pieces, placed in skilful relief, the raging multitude and sombre fortress admirably laid down ! In the midst of this writhing and wrestling, "the line too labours (Mr. Carlyle's line labours perhaps too often), and the words move slow." The whole story of the fall of the fortress and its defenders is told in a style similarly picturesque and real.

"The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets : they have made a white flag of

napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Porticulis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge; a porthole at the draw-bridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone-Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher! one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? '*J'ai d'officier*, on the word of an officer,' answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, 'they are,' Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*"

This is prose run mad—no doubt of it—according to our notions of the sober gait and avocations of homely prose; but is there not method in it, and could sober prose have described the incident in briefer words, more emphatically, or more sensibly? And this passage, which succeeds the picture of storm and slaughter, opens (grotesque though it be), not in prose, but in noble poetry; the author describes the rest of France during the acting of this Paris tragedy—and by this peaceful image admirably heightens the gloom and storm of his first description:—

"O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames are even now dancing with double-jacketted Hussar-Officers, and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! One forest of distracted steel-bristles, in front of an Electoral Committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus; and they, scarcely credit'ng it, have *conquered*." The reader will smile at the double-jackets and rouge, which never would be allowed entrance into a polite modern epic, but, familiar though they be, they complete the picture, and give it reality, that gloomy rough Rembrandt-kind of reality which is Mr. Carlyle's style of historic painting.

In this same style Mr. Carlyle dashes off the portraits of his

various characters as they rise in the course of the history. Take, for instance, this grotesque portrait of vapouring Tonneau Mirabeau, his life and death ; it follows a solemn, almost awful picture of the demise of his great brother :—

"Here, then, the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our History ; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone : the flower of the wild Riquetti kindred ; which seems as if in him it had done its best, and then expired, or sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. Barrel Mirabeau gone across the Rhine ; his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. 'Barrel Mirabeau,' says a biographer of his, 'went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain Captain or Subaltern demanded admittance on business.' Such Captain is refused ; he again demands, with refusal ; and then again, till Colonel Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere brandy barrel, clutches his sword and tumbles out on this *cannille* of an intruder,—alas, on the *cannille* of an intruder's sword's point, who had drawn with swift dexterity ; and dies, and the Newspapers name it *apoplexy* and *alarming accident*. So die the Mirabeaus."

Mr. Carlyle gives this passage to "a biographer," but he himself must be the author of this History of a Tub ; the grim humour and style belong only to him. In a graver strain he speaks of Gabriel :—

"New Mirabeaus one hears not of : the wild kindred, as we said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do ; producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintessence of all they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted ; after whom they rest, as if exhausted ; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of the Mirabeaus is gone ; the chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis ; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man ! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks : much swims on the waste waters, far from help."

Here is a picture of *the* heroine of the Revolution :—"Radiant with enthusiasm are those dark eyes, is that strong Minerva-face, looking dignity and earnest joy ; joyfullest she where all are joyful. Reader, mark that queen-like burgher-woman :

beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye ; more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness ; genuine, the creature of Sincerity and Nature in an age of Artificiality, Pollution, and Cant ; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, *she*, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen,—and will be seen, one day."

The reader, we think, will not fail to observe the real beauty which lurks among all these odd words and twisted sentences, living, as it were, in spite of the weeds ; but we repeat, that no mere extracts can do justice to the book ; it requires time and study. A first acquaintance with it is very unprepossessing ; only familiarity knows its great merits, and values it accordingly.

We would gladly extract a complete chapter or episode from the work—the flight to Varennes, for instance, the huge coach bearing away the sleepy, dawdling, milk-sop royalty of France ; fiery Bouillé spreading abroad his scouts and Hussars, "his electric thunder-chain of military outposts," as Mr. Carlyle calls them with one of his great similes. Paris in tremendous commotion, the country up and armed, to prevent the King's egress, the chance of escape glimmering bright until the last moment, and only extinguished by bewildered Louis himself, too pious and too out-of-breath, too hungry and sleepy, to make one charge at the head of those gallant dragoons—one single blow to win crown and kingdom and liberty again ! We never read this hundred-times told tale with such a breathless interest as Mr. Carlyle has managed to instil into it. The whole of the sad story is equally touching and vivid, from the mean ignominious return down to the fatal 10th of August, when the sections beleaguered the King's palace, and King Louis, with arms, artillery, and 2000 true and gallant men, flung open the Tuileries gates and said "*Marchons ! marchons !*" whither ? Not with *vive le Roi*, and roaring guns, and bright bayonets, sheer through the rabble who barred the gate, swift through the broad Champs Elysées, and the near barrier,—not to conquer or fall like a King and gentleman, but to the reporters' box in the National Assembly, to be cooped and fattened until killing time ; to die trussed and tranquil like a fat capon. What a son for St. Louis ! What a husband for brave Antoinette !

Let us, however, follow Mr. Carlyle to the last volume, and passing over the time, when, in Danton's awful image, "coalizer-kings made war upon France, and France, as a gage of battle,

flung the head of a King at their feet," quote two of the last scenes of that awful tragedy, the deaths of bold Danton and "sea-green" Robespierre, as Carlyle delights to call him.

"On the night of the 30th of March, Jurymen Paris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: a clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Paris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered, '*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not;' and would take no measures. Murmuring 'They dare not,' he goes to sleep as usual.

"And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris city: Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix, have been arrested over night! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. 'Messieurs,' said Danton politely, 'I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end.'—Rumour may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into groups; wide-eyed, whispering, 'Danton arrested!' Who then is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: 'Did you hear Chabot, or Bazire? Would you have two weights and measures?' Legendre cowers low; Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

"Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have; but are not given in any quantity: indeed, few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate: 'This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain: Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. Oh, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men.'—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. 'I carry my

head like a Saint-Sacrament?' So Saint Just was heard to mutter: 'Perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Dennis.'

"Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shade of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all too sternly contrasted with this day! Danton, Camille, Hérault, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, '*Fournée*' as such things will be called, stand ranked at the bar of Tinville. It is the 2d of April, 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in prison; for the time presses.

"'What is your name? place of abode?' and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. 'My name is Danton,' answers he; 'a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*); but I shall live in the Pantheon of History.' A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Hérault mentions epigrammatically that he 'sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers.' Camille makes answer, 'My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus*; an age fatal to Revolutionists.' O Camille, Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatallest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness; 'the highest Fact,' so devout Novalis calls it, 'in the Rights of Man.' Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

"Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers; he 'will cover them with ignominy.' He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts: so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sym-

pathy ; and are like to burst down, and raise the People, and deliver him ! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stockjobbers ; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. 'Danton hidden on the Tenth of August?' reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils : 'Where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine : I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels,' *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, 'who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here ; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen.' The agitated President agitates his bell ; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner : 'What is it to thee how I defend myself?' cries the other ; 'the right of dooming me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell !' Thus Danton, higher and higher ; till the lion voice of him 'dies away in his throat : ' speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously ; the first day's Session is over."

"Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille : it is but one week, and all is so topsy-turvy ; angel Wife left weeping ; love, riches, Revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate ; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible ; like a madman's dream ! Camille struggles and writhes ; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied : 'Calm, my friend,' said Danton, 'heed not that vile canaille (*lâissez la cette vile canaille*). At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate, 'O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more then !'—but, interrupting himself : 'Danton, no weakness !' He said to Héroult-Sechelles stepping forward to embrace him : 'Our heads will meet *there*,' in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself, 'Thou wilt show my head to the people ; it is worth showing.'

"So passes, like a gigantic mass, of valour, ostentation, fury, affection, and wild revolutionary manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube ; born of 'good farmer-people' there. He had many sins ; but one worst sin.

he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this ; but a very Man : with all his dross he was a Man ; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick ; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men."

This noble passage requires no comment, nor does that in which the poor wretched Robespierre shrieks his last shriek, and dies his pitiful and cowardly death. Tallien has drawn his theatrical dagger, and made his speech, trembling Robespierre has fled to the Hôtel de Ville, and Henriot, of the National Guard, clatters through the city, summoning the sections to the aid of the people's friend.

"About three in the morning, the dissident Armed-forces have met. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Grève ; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there ; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens ! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read :—' Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law ! ' Out of Law ? There is terror in the sound : unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home ; Municipal Cannoneers range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say ; finds his Place de Grève empty ; the cannons' mouth turned *towards* him ; and, on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe !

"Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces : ' All is lost ! ' '*Miserable !* it is thou that hast lost it,' cry they ; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window : far enough down ; into masonwork and horror of cesspool ; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him ; with the like fate. Saint-Just called on Lebas to kill him ; who would not. Couthon crept under a table ; attempting to kill himself ; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct ! undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through, not his head, but his under jaw ; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators ; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul ; pack them all, rudely enough,

into carts ; and shall, before sunrise, have them save under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

"Robespierre lay in an ante-room of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready ; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen : á spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow ; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him : his eyes still indicate intelligence ; he speaks no word. 'He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Être Supreme*'—O reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that ? His trousers were nankeen ; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world."

"The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered, their 'seventeen hours' of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril ; clutching the side of it with one hand ; waving the other Sibyl-like ; and exclaims, 'The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie* ;' Robespierre opened his eyes ; ' *Scellerat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers !'—At the foot of the Scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened ; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him ; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw ; the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry ;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick !

"Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this Generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. Oh, unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates ? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo, and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons ! His poor landlord, the

Cabinetmaker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him ; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us ! ”

The reader will see in the above extracts most of the faults, and a few of the merits, of this book. He need not be told that it is written in an eccentric prose, here and there disfigured by grotesque conceits and images ; but, for all this, it betrays most extraordinary powers—learning, observation, and humour. Above all, it has no CANT. It teems with sound, hearty philosophy (besides certain transcendentalisms which we do not pretend to understand), it possesses genius, if any book ever did. It wanted no more for keen critics to cry fie upon it ! Clever critics who have such an eye for genius, that when Mr. Bulwer published his forgotten book concerning Athens, they discovered that no historian was like to him ; that he, on his Athenian hobby, had quite out-trotted stately Mr. Gibbon ; and with the same creditable unanimity they cried down Mr. Carlyle's history, opening upon it a hundred little piddling sluices of small wit, destined to wash the book sheer away ; and lo ! the book remains, it is only the poor wit which has run dry.

We need scarcely recommend this book and its timely appearance, now that some of the questions solved in it seem almost likely to be battled over again. The hottest Radical in England may learn by it that there is something more necessary for him even than his mad liberty—the authority, namely, by which he retains his head on his shoulders and his money in his pocket, which privileges that by-word “liberty” is often unable to secure for him. It teaches (by as strong examples as ever taught anything) to rulers and to ruled alike moderation, and yet there are many who would react the same dire tragedy, and repeat the experiment tried in France so fatally. “No Peers—no Bishops—no property qualification—no restriction of suffrage.” Mr. Leader bellows it out at Westminster and Mr. Roebuck croaks it at Bath. Pert quacks at public meetings joke about hereditary legislators, journalists gibe at them, and moody starving labourers, who do not know how to jest, but can hate lustily, are cold to curse crowns and coronets as the origin of their woes and their poverty,—and so did the clever French spouters and journalists gibe at royalty, until royalty fell poisoned under their satire ; and so did the screaming hungry French mob curse royalty until they overthrew it : and to what end ? To bring tyranny and leave starvation, battering

down Bastilles to erect guillotines, and murdering kings to set up emperors in their stead.

We do not say that in our own country similar excesses are to be expected or feared ; the cause of complaint has never been so great, the wrong has never been so crying on the part of the rulers, as to bring down such fearful retaliation from the governed. Mr. Roebuck is not Robespierre, and Mr. Attwood, with his threatened legion of fiery Marseillois, is at best but a Brummagem Barbaroux. But men alter with circumstances ; six months before the kingly *dechéance*, the bitter and bilious advocate of Arras spake with tears in his eyes about good King Louis, and the sweets and merits of constitutional monarchy and hereditary representation : and so he spoke, until his own turn came, and his own delectable guillotining system had its hour. God forbid that we should pursue the simile with Mr. Roebuck so far as this ; God forbid, too, that he ever should have the trial.

True ; but we have no right, it is said, to compare the Republicanism of England with that of France, no right to suppose that such crimes would be perpetrated in a country so enlightened as ours. Why is there peace and liberty and a republic in America ? No guillotining, no ruthless Yankee tribunes retaliating for bygone tyranny by double oppression ? Surely the reason is obvious—because there was no hunger in America ; because there were easier ways of livelihood than those offered by ambition. Banish Queen, and Bishops, and Lords, seize the lands, open the ports, or shut them, (according to the fancy of your trades' unions and democratic clubs, who have each their freaks and hobbies,) and are you a whit richer in a month, are your poor Spitalfields men vending their silks, or your poor Irishmen reaping their harvests at home ? Strong interest keeps Americans quiet, not Government ; here there is always a party which is interested in rebellion. People America like England, and the poor weak rickety republic is jostled to death in the crowd. Give us this republic to-morrow and it would share no better fate ; have not all of us the power, and many of us the interest, to destroy it ?

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SKETCHES AND TRAVELS
IN LONDON

AND

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS
TO "PUNCH"

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

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SKETCHES

AND

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEW.

IT is with the greatest satisfaction, my dear Robert, that I have you as a neighbour, within a couple of miles of me, and that I have seen you established comfortably in your chambers in Fig-tree Court. The situation is not cheerful, it is true; and to clamber up three pairs of black creaking stairs is an exercise not pleasant to a man who never cared for ascending mountains. Nor did the performance of the young barrister who lives under you—and, it appears, plays pretty constantly upon the French horn—give me any great pleasure as I sat and partook of luncheon in your rooms. Your female attendant or laundress, too, struck me from her personal appearance to be a lady addicted to the use of ardent spirits; and the smell of tobacco, which you say some old college friends of yours had partaken on the night previous, was, I must say, not pleasant in the chambers, and I even thought might be remarked as lingering in your own morning-coat. However, I am an old fellow. The use of cigars has come in since my time (and, I must own, is adopted by many people of the first fashion), and these and other inconveniences are surmounted more gaily by young fellows like yourself than by oldsters of my standing. It pleased me, however, to see the picture of the old house at home over the mantelpiece. Your college prize-books make a very good show in your bookcases; and I was glad to remark in the looking-glass the cards of both our excellent county Members. The rooms, altogether, have a reputable appearance; and I hope, my dear fellow, that the Society of the Inner Temple will have a punctual tenant.

As you have now completed your academical studies, and are about to commence your career in London, I propose, my dear Nephew, to give you a few hints for your guidance ; which, although you have an undoubted genius of your own, yet come from a person who has had considerable personal experience,



and, I have no doubt, would be useful to you if you did not disregard them, as, indeed, you will most probably do.

With your law studies it is not my duty to meddle. I have seen you established, one of six pupils, in Mr. Tapeworm's chambers in Pump Court, seated on a high-legged stool on a foggy day, with your back to a blazing fire. At your father's desire, I have paid a hundred guineas to that eminent special pleader, for the advantages which I have no doubt you will enjoy, while seated on the high-legged stool in his back-room, and rest contented with your mother's prediction that you will be Lord Chief Justice some day. May you prosper, my dear

fellow! is all I desire. By the way, I should like to know what was the meaning of a pot of porter which entered into your chambers as I issued from them at one o'clock, and trust that it was not *your* thirst which was to be quenched with such a beverage at such an hour.

It is not, then, with regard to your duties as a law student that I have a desire to lecture you, but in respect of your pleasures, amusements, acquaintances, and general conduct and bearing as a young man of the world.

I will rush into the subject at once, and exemplify my morality in your own person. Why, sir, for instance, do you wear that tuft to your chin, and those sham turquoise buttons to your waistcoat? A chin-tuft is a cheap enjoyment certainly, and the twiddling it about, as I see you do constantly, so as to show your lower teeth, a harmless amusement to fill up your vacuous hours. And as for waistcoat-buttons, you will say, "Do not all the young men wear them, and what can I do but buy artificial turquoise, as I cannot afford to buy real stones?"

I take you up at once, and show you why you ought to shave off your tip and give up the factitious jewellery. My dear Bob, in spite of us and all the Republicans in the world, there are ranks and degrees in life and society, and distinctions to be maintained by each man according to his rank and degree. You have no more right, as I take it, to sport an imperial on your chin than I have to wear a shovel-hat with a rosette. I hold a tuft to a man's chin to be the centre of a system, so to speak, which ought all to correspond and be harmonious—the whole tune of a man's life ought to be played in that key.

Look, for instance, at Lord Hugo Fitzurse seated in the private box at the Lyceum, by the side of that beautiful creature with the black eyes and the magnificent point-lace, who you fancied was ogling you through her enormous spy-glasses. Lord Hugo has a tuft to his chin, certainly; his countenance grins with a perfect vacuity behind it; and his whiskers curl crisply round one of the handsomest and stupidest countenances in the world.

But just reckon up in your own mind what it costs him to keep up that simple ornament on his chin. Look at every article of that amiable and most gentlemanlike—though, I own, foolish—young man's dress, and see how absurd it is of you to attempt to imitate him. Look at his hands (I have the young

nobleman perfectly before my mind's eye now); the little hands are dangling over the cushion of the box, gloved as tightly and delicately as a lady's. His wristbands are fastened up towards his elbows with jewellery. Gems and rubies meander down his pink shirt-front and waistcoat. He wears a watch with an apparatus of gimcracks at his waistcoat-pocket. He sits in a splendid side-box, or he simpers out of the windows at "White's," or you see him grinning out of a cab by the Serpentine—a lovely and costly picture, surrounded by a costly frame.

Whereas you and I, my good Bob, if we want to see a play, do not disdain an order from our friend the newspaper editor, or to take a seat in the pit. Your watch is your father's old hunting-watch. When we go in the Park we go on foot, or at best get a horse up after Easter, and just show in Rotten Row. *We* shall never look out of "White's" bow-window. The amount of Lord Hugo's tailor's bill would support you and your younger brother. His valet has as good an allowance as you, besides his perquisites of old clothes. You cannot afford to wear a dandy lord's cast-off old clothes, neither to imitate those which he wears.

There is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a camelopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonishingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in Nature, from peacocks to tomtits, and from cloth-of-gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by Nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life. Therefore, I do not say that Lord Hugo is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy and man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated "A Swell."

But a cheap Swell, my dear Robert (and that little chin ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather strongly with you), is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station. You do not want light kid-gloves and wristbands up to your

elbows, copying out Mr. Tapeworm's Pleas and Declarations; you will only blot them with lawyer's ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing: whereas Lord Hugo may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has little else to do with them but to drive cabs, or applaud dancing-girls' pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner. To be sure, since the days of friend *A'sop*, Jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom Nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as Folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must Satire, and our honest *Mr. Punch* has but to repeat to the men of our generation the lessons taught by the good-natured Hunchback his predecessor.

Shave off your tuft, then, my boy, and send it to the girl of your heart as a token, if you like: and I pray you abolish the jewellery, towards which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean tablecloth, and not a grand service of half-a-dozen *entrées*, such as we get at our county Member's (and an uncommonly good dinner it is too), so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendour. Magnificence is the decency of the rich—but it cannot be purchased with half-a-guinea a day, which, when the rent of your chambers is paid, I take to be pretty nearly the amount of your worship's income. This point, I thought, was rather well illustrated the other day, in an otherwise silly and sentimental book which I looked over at the Club, called the "*Foggarty Diamond*" (or some such vulgar name). Somebody gives the hero, who is a poor fellow, a diamond-pin. he is obliged to buy a new stock to set off the diamond, then a new waistcoat, to correspond with the stock, then a new coat, because the old one is too shabby for the rest of his attire;—finally, the poor devil is ruined by the diamond ornament, which he is forced to sell, as I would recommend you to sell your waistcoat studs, were they worth anything.

But as you have a good figure and a gentlemanlike deportment, and as every young man likes to be well attired, and ought, for the sake of his own advantage and progress in life, to show himself to the best advantage, I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you on the subject of tailors and clothes, which at least merit a letter to themselves.

ON TAILORING—AND TOILETTES IN GENERAL.

OUR ancestors, my dear Bob, have transmitted to you (as well as every member of our family) considerable charms of person and figure, of which fact, although you are of course perfectly aware, yet, and equally of course, you have no objection to be reminded; and with these facial and corporeal endowments, a few words respecting dress and tailoring may not be out of place; for nothing is trivial in life, and everything to the philosopher has a meaning. As in the old joke about a pudding which has two sides, namely, an inside and an outside, so a coat or a hat has its inside as well as its outside; I mean, that there is in a man's exterior appearance the consequence of his inward ways of thought, and a gentleman who dresses too grandly, or too absurdly, or too shabbily, has some oddity, or insanity, or meanness in his mind, which develops itself somehow outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

No man has a right to despise his dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever away. For instance, although a woman cannot be expected to know the particulars of a gentleman's dress, any more than we to be acquainted with the precise nomenclature or proper cut of the various articles which those dear creatures wear, yet to what lady in a society of strangers do we feel ourselves most naturally inclined to address ourselves?—to her or those whose appearance pleases us; not to the gaudy, overdressed Dowager or Miss—nor to her whose clothes, though handsome, are put on in a slatternly manner, but to the person who looks neat, and trim, and elegant, and in whose person we fancy we see exhibited indications of a natural taste, order, and propriety. If Miss Smith in a rumpled gown offends our eyesight, though

we hear she is a young lady of great genius and considerable fortune, while Miss Jones in her trim and simple attire attracts our admiration; so must women, on their side, be attracted or repelled by the appearance of gentlemen into whose company they fall. If you are a tiger in appearance, you may naturally expect to frighten a delicate and timid female; if you are a sloven, to offend her: and as to be well with women constitutes one of the chiefest happinesses of life, the object of my worthy Bob's special attention will naturally be, to neglect no precautions to win their favour.

Yes: a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself. They help many a man more in his commerce with society than learning or genius. It is hard often to bring the former into a drawing-room: it is often too lumbering and unwickly for any den but its own. And as a King Charles's spaniel can snooze before the fire or frisk over the ottoman-cushions and on to the ladies' laps, when a Royal elephant would find a considerable difficulty in walking up the stairs, and subsequently in finding a seat; so a good manner and appearance will introduce you into many a house where you might knock in vain for admission with all the learning of Porson in your trunk.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It is manners. It no more profits me that my neighbour at table can construe Sanscrit and say the "Encyclopædia" by heart, than that he should possess half a million in the Bank (unless, indeed, he gives dinners; when, for reasons obvious, one's estimation of him, or one's desire to please him, takes its rise in different sources), or that the lady whom I hand down to dinner should be as virtuous as Cornelia or the late Mrs. Hannah More. What is wanted for the nonce is, that folks should be as agreeable as possible in conversation and demeanour; so that good-humour may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society; the which to see exhibited in Lady X.'s honest face, let us say, is more pleasant to behold in a room than the glitter of Lady Z.'s best diamonds. And yet, in point of virtue, the latter is, no doubt, a perfect dragon. But virtue is a home quality: manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad.

Thus, then, my beloved Bob, I would have your dining-out

suit handsome, neat, well-made, fitting you naturally and easily, and yet with a certain air of holiday about it, which should mark its destination. It is not because they thought their appearance was much improved by the ornament, that the ancient philosophers and toppers decorated their old pates with flowers (no wreath, I know, would make some people's mugs beautiful; and I confess, for my part, I would as lief wear a horse-collar or a cotton nightcap in society as a coronet of polyanthus or a garland of hyacinths):—it is not because a philosopher cares about dress that he wears it; but he wears his best as a sign of a feast, as a bush is the sign of an inn. You ought to mark a festival as a red-letter day, and you put on your broad and spotless white waistcoat, your finest linen, your shiniest boots, as much as to say, "It is a feast; here I am, clean, smart, ready with a good appetite, determined to enjoy."

You would not enjoy a feast if you came to it unshorn, in a draggle-tailed dressing-gown. You ought to be well dressed, and suitable to it. A very odd and wise man whom I once knew, and who had not (as far as one could outwardly judge) the least vanity about his personal appearance, used, I remember, to make a point of wearing in large Assemblies a most splendid gold or crimson waistcoat. He seemed to consider himself in the light of a walking bouquet of flowers, or a movable chandelier. His waistcoat was a piece of furniture to decorate the rooms: as for any personal pride he took in the adornment, he had none: for the matter of that, he would have taken the garment off, and lent it to a waiter—but this Philosopher's maxim was, that dress should be handsome upon handsome occasions—and I hope you will exhibit your own taste upon such. You don't suppose that people who entertain you so hospitably have four-and-twenty lights in the dining-room, and still and dry champagne every day? or that my friend, Mrs. Perkins, puts her drawing-room door under her bed every night, when there is no ball? A young fellow must dress himself, as the host and hostess dress themselves, in an extra manner for extra nights. Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. "Neque tu

choreas sperne, puer," as the dear old Heathen says: and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps willing to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.

As for particularising your dress, that were a task quite absurd and impertinent, considering that you are to wear it, and not I, and remembering the variations of fashion. When I was presented to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, in the uniform of the Hammersmith Hussars, viz., a yellow jacket, pink pantaloons, and silver lace, green morocco boots, and a light blue pelisse lined with ermine, the august Prince himself, the model of grace and elegance in his time, wore a coat of which the waist-buttons were placed between his Royal shoulder-blades, and which, if worn by a man now, would cause the boys to hoot him in Pall Mall, and be a uniform for Bedlam. If buttons continue their present downward progress, a man's waist may fall down to his heels next year, or work upwards to the nape of his neck after another revolution: who knows? Be it yours decently to conform to the custom, and leave your buttons in the hands of a good tailor, who will place them wherever fashion ordains. A few general rules, however, may be gently hinted to a young fellow who has perhaps a propensity to fall into certain errors.

Eschew violent sporting-dresses, such as one sees but too often in the parks and public places on the backs of misguided young men. There is no objection to an ostler wearing a particular costume, but it is a pity that a gentleman should imitate it. I have seen in like manner young fellows at Cowes attired like the pictures we have of smugglers, buccaneers, and mariners in Adelphi melodramas. I would like my Bob to remember, that his business in life is neither to handle a currycomb nor a marlinspike, and to fashion his habit accordingly.

If your hair or clothes do not smell of tobacco, as they sometimes, it must be confessed, do, you will not be less popular among ladies. And as no man is worth a fig, or can have real benevolence of character, or observe mankind properly, who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women, respect their prejudices in this matter, and, if you must smoke, smoke in an old coat, and away from the ladies.

Avoid dressing-gowns; which argue dawdling, an unshorn chin, a lax toilet, and a general lazy and indolent habit at

home. Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.* A man who shows but a clean face and hands is a rogue and hypocrite in society, and takes credit for a virtue which he does not possess. And of all the advances towards civilisation which our nation has made, and of most of which Mr. Macaulay treats so eloquently in his lately published History, as in his lecture to the Glasgow Students the other day, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure than to remark the great and increasing demand for bath-tubs at the ironmongers': Zinc-Institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance.

And I hope that these institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

* *Note to the beloved Reader.*—This hint, dear Sir, is of course not intended to apply personally to *you*, who are scrupulously neat in your person; but when you look around you and see how many people neglect the use of that admirable cosmetic, cold water, you will see that a few words in its praise may be spoken with advantage.



THE INFLUENCE OF LOVELY WOMAN UPON SOCIETY.

CONSTANTLY, my dear Bob, I have told you how refining is the influence of women upon society, and how profound our respect ought to be for them. Living in chambers as you do, my dear Nephew, and not of course liable to be amused by the constant society of an old uncle, who moreover might be deucedly bored with your own conversation—I beseech and implore you to make a point of being intimate with one or two families where you can see kind and well-bred English ladies. I have seen women of all nations in the world, but I never saw the equals of English women (meaning of course to include our cousins the MacWhirters of Glasgow, and the O'Tooles of Cork): and I pray sincerely, my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend.

Try, then, and make yourself the *bienvenu* in some house where accomplished and amiable ladies are. Pass as much of your time as you can with them. Lose no opportunity of making yourself agreeable to them: run their errands; send them flowers and elegant little tokens; show a willingness to be pleased by their attentions, and to aid their little charming schemes of shopping or dancing, or this, or that. I say to you, make yourself a lady's man as much as ever you can.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or smoking-room, or a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, are, rely on it, deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your Club swaggerers

who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night call female society insipid. Sir, poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another;—and, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-soupy and brown bread-and-butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-dinners for ourselves; we yawn for ourselves and light our pipes, and say we won't go out: we prefer ourselves and our ease—and the greatest good that comes to a man from women's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. Certainly I don't want my dear Bob to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect: that is worse than billiards: worse than tavern brandy-and-water: worse than smoking selfishness at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of Miss Fiddlecombe's music-book all night, than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three.

Remember, if a house is pleasant, and you like to remain in it, that to be well with the women of the house is the great, the vital point. If it is a good house, don't turn up your nose because you are only asked to come in the evening while others are invited to dine. Recollect the debts of dinners which an hospitable family has to pay: who are you that you should always be expecting to nestle under the mahogany? Agreeable acquaintances are made just as well in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Go to tea brisk and good-humoured. Be determined to be pleased. Talk to a dowager. Take a hand at whist. If you are musical, and know a song, sing it like a man. Never sulk about dancing, but off with you. You will find your acquaintance enlarge. Mothers, pleased with your good-humour, will probably ask you to Pocklington Square, to a little party. You will get on—you will form yourself a

circle. You may marry a rich girl, or, at any rate, get the chance of seeing a number of the kind and the pretty.

Many young men, who are more remarkable for their impudence and selfishness than their good sense, are fond of boastfully announcing that they decline going to evening-parties at all, unless, indeed, such entertainments commence with a good dinner, and a quantity of claret.

I never saw my beautiful-minded friend, Mrs. Y. Z., many times out of temper, but can quite pardon her indignation when young Fred Noodle, to whom the Y. Z.'s have been very kind, and who has appeared scores of times at their elegant table in Up—r B-k-r Street, announced, in an unlucky moment of slippancy, that he did not intend to go to evening-parties any more.

What induced Fred Noodle to utter this bravado I know not; whether it was that he has been puffed up by attentions from several Aldermen's families, with whom he has of late become acquainted, and among whom he gives himself the airs of a prodigious "swell;" but having made this speech one Sunday after church, when he condescended to call in B-k-r Street, and show off his new gloves and waistcoat, and talked in a sufficiently dandified air about the Opera (the wretched creature fancies that an eight-and-sixpenny pit ticket gives him the privileges of a man of fashion)—Noodle made his bow to the ladies, and strutted off to show his new yellow kids elsewhere.

"Matilda my love, bring the Address Book," Mrs. Y. Z. said to her lovely eldest daughter, as soon as Noodle was gone, and the banging hall-door had closed upon the absurd youth. That graceful and obedient girl rose, went to the back drawing-room, on a table in which apartment the volume lay, and brought the book to her mamma.

Mrs. Y. Z. turned to the letter N; and under that initial discovered the name of the young fellow who had just gone out. Noodle, F., 250 Jermyn Street, St. James's. She took a pen from the table before her, and with it deliberately crossed the name of Mr. Noodle out of her book. Matilda looked at Eliza, who stood by in silent awe. The sweet eldest girl, who has a kind feeling towards every soul alive, then looked towards her mother with expostulating eyes, and said, "Oh, mamma!" Dear dear Eliza! I love all pitiful hearts like thine.

But Mrs. Y. Z. was in no mood to be merciful, and gave way to a natural indignation and feeling of outraged justice.

"What business has that young man to tell me," she exclaimed, "that he declines going to evening-parties, when he knows that after Easter we have one or two? Has he not met with constant hospitality here since Mr. Y. Z. brought him home from the Club? Has he such *beaux yeux*? or, has he so much wit? or, is he a man of so much note, that his company at a dinner-table becomes indispensable? He is nobody; he is not handsome; he is not clever; he never opens his mouth except to drink your papa's claret; and he declines evening-parties forsooth!—Mind, children, he is never invited into this house again."

When Y. Z. now meets young Noodle at the Club, that kind but feeble-minded old gentleman covers up his face with the newspaper, so as not to be seen by Noodle; or sidles away with his face to the bookcases, and lurks off by the door. The other day they met on the steps, when the wretched Noodle, driven *aux abois*, actually had the meanness to ask how Mrs. Y. Z. was? The Colonel (for such he is, and of the Bombay service, too) said,—“My wife? Oh!—hum!—I'm sorry to say Mrs. Y. Z. has been very poorly indeed, lately, very poorly; and confined to her room. God bless my soul! I've an appointment at the India House, and it's past two o'clock”—and he fled.

I had the malicious satisfaction of describing to Noodle the most sumptuous dinner which Y. Z. had given the day before, at which there was a Lord present, a Foreign Minister with his Orders, two Generals with Stars, and every luxury of the season; but at the end of our conversation, seeing the effect it had upon the poor youth, and how miserably he was cast down, I told him the truth, viz., that the above story was a hoax, and that if he wanted to get into Mrs. Y. Z.'s good graces again, his best plan was to go to Lady Flack's party, where I knew the Miss Y. Z.'s would be, and dance with them all night.

Yes, my dear Bob, you boys must pay with your persons, however lazy you may be—however much inclined to smoke at the Club, or to lie there and read the last delicious new novel; or averse to going home to a dreadful black set of Chambers, where there is no fire; and at ten o'clock at night creeping shuddering into your ball suit, in order to go forth to an evening-party.

The dressing, the clean gloves, and cab-hire are nuisances, I grant you. The idea of a party itself is a bore; but you must go. When you are at the party, it is not so stupid; there is always something pleasant for the eye and attention of an observant man. There is a bustling Dowager wheedling and manœuvring to get proper partners for her girls; there is a pretty girl enjoying herself with all her heart, and in all the pride of her beauty, than which I know no more charming object;—there is poor Miss Meggot, lonely up against the wall, whom nobody asks to dance, and with whom it is your bounden duty to waltz. There is always something to see or do, when you are there; and to evening-parties, I say, you must go.

Perhaps I speak with the ease of an old fellow who is out of the business, and beholds you from afar off. My dear boy, they don't want *us* at evening-parties. A stout bald-headed man dancing is a melancholy object to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and there are duties and pleasures of all ages. Once, Heaven help us, and only once, upon my honour, and I say so as a gentleman, some boys seized upon me and carried me to the Casino, where, forthwith, they found acquaintances and partners, and went whirling away in the double-timed waltz (it is an abominable dance to me—I am an old foggy) along with hundreds more. I caught sight of a face in the crowd—the most blank, melancholy, and dreary old visage it was—my own face in the glass—there was no use in my being there. *Canities adest morosa*—no, not *morosa*—but, in fine, I had no business in the place, and so came away.

I saw enough of that Casino, however, to show me that—But my paper is full, and on the subject of women I have more things to say, which might fill many hundred more pages.



SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT THE LADIES.

SUFFER me to continue, my dear Bob, my remarks about women, and their influence over you young fellows—an influence so vast, for good or for evil.

I have, as you pretty well know, an immense sum of money in the Three per Cents, the possession of which does not, I think, decrease your respect for my character, and of which, at my demise, you will possibly have your share. But if I ever hear of you as a Casino-haunter, as a frequenter of Races and Greenwich Fairs, and such amusements, in questionable company, I give you my honour you shall benefit by no legacy of mine, and I will divide the portion that was, and is, I hope, to be yours, amongst your sisters.

Think, sir, of what they are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them. Would you do anything to give them pain? Would you say anything that should bring a blush to their fair cheeks, or shock their gentle natures? At the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, when that great stupid dandified donkey, Captain Grigg, in company with the other vulgar oaf, Mr. Gowker, ventured to stare, in rather an insolent manner, at your pretty little sister Fanny, who had come blushing from Miss Pinkerton's Academy, I saw how your honest face flushed up with indignation, as you caught a sight of the hideous grins and ogles of those two ruffians in varnished boots; and your eyes flashed out at them glances of defiance and warning so savage and terrible, that the discomfited wretches turned wisely upon their heels, and did not care to face such a resolute young champion as Bob Brown. What is it that makes all your blood tingle, and fills all your heart with a vague and fierce desire to thrash somebody, when the idea of the possibility of an insult to that fair creature enters your mind? You can't bear to think

that injury should be done to a being so sacred, so innocent, and so defenceless. You would do battle with a Goliath in her cause. Your sword would leap from its scabbard (that is, if you gentlemen from Pump Court wore swords and scabbards at the present period of time) to avenge or defend her.

Respect all beauty, all innocence, my dear Bob; defend all defencelessness in your sister, as in the sisters of other men. We have all heard the story of the Gentleman of the last century, who, when a crowd of young bucks and bloods in the crush-room of the Opera were laughing and elbowing an old lady there—an old lady, lonely, ugly, and unprotected—went up to her respectfully and offered her his arm, took her down to his own carriage which was in waiting, and walked home himself in the rain,—and twenty years afterwards had ten thousand a year left him by this very old lady, as a reward for that one act of politeness. We have all heard that story; nor do I think it is probable that you will have ten thousand a year left to you for being polite to a woman: but I say, be polite, at any rate. Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise; as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church.



I would have you apply this principle universally towards women—from the finest lady of your acquaintance down to the laundress who sets your Chambers in order. It may safely be asserted that the persons who joke with servants or barmaids at lodgings are not men of a high intellectual or moral capacity. To chuck a still-room maid under the chin, or to send off Molly the cook grinning, are not, to say the least of them, dignified acts in any gentleman. The butcher-boy who brings the leg of mutton to Molly, may converse with her over the area-railings; or the youthful grocer may exchange a few jocular remarks with Betty at the door as he hands in to her the tea and sugar: but not you. We must live according to our degree. I hint this to you, sir, by the way, and because the other night, as I was standing on the drawing-room landing-place, taking leave of our

friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, after a very agreeable dinner, I heard a giggling in the hall, where you were putting on your coat, and where that uncommonly good-looking parlour-maid was opening the door. And here, whilst on this subject, and whilst Mrs. Betty is helping you on with your coat, I would say, respecting your commerce with friends' servants and your own, be thankful to them, and they will be grateful to you in return, depend upon it. Let the young fellow who lives in lodgings respect the poor little maid who does the wondrous work of the house, and not send her on too many errands, or ply his bell needlessly: if you visit any of your comrades in such circumstances, be you, too, respectful and kind in your tone to the poor little Abigail. If you frequent houses, as I hope you will, where are many good fellows and amiable ladies who cannot afford to have their doors opened or their tables attended by men, pray be particularly courteous (though by no means so marked in your attentions as on the occasion of the dinner at Mr. Fairfax's to which I have just alluded) to the women-servants. Thank them when they serve you. Give them a half-crown now and then—nay, as often as your means will permit. Those small gratuities make but a small sum in your year's expenses, and it may be said that the practice of giving them never impoverished a man yet: and, on the other hand, they give a deal of innocent happiness to a very worthy, active, kind set of folks.

But let us hasten from the hall-door to the drawing-room, where Fortune has cast your lot in life: I want to explain to you why I am so anxious that you should devote yourself to that amiable lady who sits in it. Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and, I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and Mayfair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society

of such on you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady: look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your Ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman! drive to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

Now transport yourself in spirit, my good Bob, into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now as in her youth, when History toasted her. What has she not seen, and what is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her; she is never tired of

being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which, after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a Duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolk who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats, on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a Countess blazing in diamonds had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is, in beauty, in goodness, in high-bred grace and simplicity: at least, I can't fancy her better, or any Peeress being more than her peer.

And it is with this sort of people, my dear Bob, that I recommend you to consort, if you can be so lucky as to meet with their society—nor do I think you are very likely to find many such at the Casino; or in the dancing booths of Greenwich Fair on this present Easter Monday.



ON FRIENDSHIP.

CHOICE of friends, my dear Robert, is a point upon which every man about town should be instructed, as he should be careful. And as example, they say, is sometimes better than precept, and at the risk even of appearing somewhat ludicrous in your eyes, I will narrate to you an adventure which happened to myself, which is at once ridiculous and melancholy (at least to me), and which will show you how a man, not imprudent or incautious of his own nature, may be made to suffer by the imprudent selection of a friend. Attend then, my dear Bob, to "the History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

Sir, in the year 1810, I was a jolly young Bachelor, as you are now (indeed, it was three years before I married your poor dear Aunt); I had a place in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office; I had chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*, and led a not uncomfortable life there. I was a free and gay young fellow in those days (however much, sir, you may doubt the assertion, and think that I am changed), and not so particular in my choice of friends as subsequent experience has led me to be.

There lived in the set of chambers opposite to mine, a Suffolk gentleman, of good family, whom I shall call Mr. Bludyer. Our boys or clerks first made acquaintance, and did each other mutual kind offices: borrowing for their respective masters' benefit, neither of whom was too richly provided with the world's goods, coals, blacking-brushes, crockery-ware, and the like; and our forks and spoons, if either of us had an entertainment in chambers. As I learned presently that Mr. Bludyer had been educated at Oxford, and heard that his elder brother was a gentleman of good estate and reputation in his county, I could have no objection to make his acquaintance, and accepted finally his invitation to meet a large game-pie, which he had brought with him from the country, and I recollect I lent my

own silver teapot, which figured handsomely on the occasion. It is the same one which I presented to you, when you took possession of your present apartments.

Mr. Bludyer was a sporting man : it was the custom in those days with many gentlemen to dress as much like coachmen as possible : in top-boots, huge white coats with capes, Belcher neckerchiefs, and the like adornments ; and at the tables of bachelors of the very first fashion, you would meet with prize-fighters and jockeys, and hear a great deal about the prize-ring, the cock-pit, and the odds. I remember my Lord Tilbury was present at this breakfast (who afterwards lamentably broke his neck in a steeple-chase, by which the noble family became extinct), and for some time I confounded his Lordship with Dutch Sam, who was also of the party, and, indeed, not unlike the noble Viscount in dress and manner.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bludyer ripened into a sort of friendship. He was perfectly good-natured, and not ill-bred ; and his jovial spirits and roaring stories amused a man who, though always of a peaceful turn, had no dislike to cheerful companions. We used to dine together at coffee-houses, for Clubs were scarcely invented in those days, except for the aristocracy ; and, in fine, were very intimate. Bludyer, a brave and athletic man, would often give a loose to his spirits of an evening, and null a Charley or two, as the phrase then was. The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watch-house, and I assure you it has accommodated a deal of good company. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In our own days, my good Bob, a station-house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

I was at this time (and deservedly so, for I had been very kind to her, and my elder brother, your father, neglected her considerably) the favourite nephew of your grand-aunt, my aunt, Mrs. General MacWhirter, who was left a very handsome fortune by the General, and to whom I do not scruple to confess I paid every attention to which her age, her sex, and her large income entitled her. I used to take sweetmeats to her poodle. I went and drank tea with her night after night. I accompanied her Sunday after Sunday to hear the Reverend Rowland Hill, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge, and I used to read many of the tracts with which she liberally supplied me—in fact, do everything to comfort and console a

lady of peculiar opinions and habits who had a large jointure. Your father used to say I was a sneak, but he was then a boisterous young squire; and, perhaps, we were not particularly good friends.

Well, sir, my dear aunt, Mrs. General MacWhirter, made me her chief confidant. I regulated her money matters for her, and acted with her bankers and lawyers; and as she always spoke of your father as a reprobate, I had every reason to suppose I should inherit the property, the main part of which passed to another branch of the Browns. I do not grudge it, Bob: I do not grudge it. Your family is large; and I have enough from my poor dear departed wife.

Now it so happened that in June 1811—I recollect the Comet was blazing furiously at the time, and Mrs. MacWhirter was of opinion that the world was at an end—Mr. Bludyer, who was having his chambers in Pump Court painted, asked permission to occupy mine, where he wished to give a lunch to some people whom he was desirous to entertain. Thinking no harm, of course I said yes; and I went to my desk at the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office at my usual hour, giving instructions to my boy to make Mr. Bludyer's friends comfortable.

As ill-luck would have it, on that accursed Friday, Mrs. MacWhirter, who had never been up my staircase before in her life (for your dear grand-aunt was large in person, and the apoplexy which carried her off soon after menaced her always), having some very particular business with her solicitors in Middle Temple Lane, and being anxious to consult me about a mortgage, actually mounted my stairs, and opened the door on which she saw written the name of Mr. Thomas Brown. She was a peculiar woman, I have said, attached to glaring colours in her dress, and from her long residence in India, seldom without a set of costly Birds of Paradise in her bonnet, and a splendid Cashmere shawl.

Fancy her astonishment then, on entering my apartments at three o'clock in the afternoon, to be assailed in the first place by a strong smell of tobacco-smoke which pervaded the passage, and by a wild and ferocious bull-dog which flew at her on entering my sitting-room.

This bull-dog, sir, doubtless attracted by the brilliant colours of her costume, seized upon her, and pinned her down, screaming so that her voice drowned that of Bludyer himself,

who was sitting on the table bellowing, "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky proclaim it a Hunting Morning"—or some such ribald trash: and the brutal owner of the dog (who was no other than the famous Mulatto boxer, Norroy, called the "Black Prince" in the odious language of the Fancy, and who was incriminated doubtless at the moment), encouraged his dog in the assault upon this defenceless lady, and laughed at the agonies which she endured.

Mr. Bludyer, the black man, and one or two more, were arranging a fight on Moulsey Hurst, when my poor aunt made her appearance among these vulgar wretches. Although it was but three o'clock, they had sent to a neighbouring tavern for gin-and-water, and the glasses sparkled on the board,—to use a verse from a Bacchanalian song which I well remember Mr. Bludyer used to yell forth—when I myself arrived from my office at my usual hour, half-past three. The black fellow and young Captain Cavendish of the Guards were the smokers; and it appears that at first all the gentlemen screamed with laughter; some of them called my aunt an "old girl;" and it was not until she had nearly fainted that the filthy Mulatto called the dog off from the flounce of her yellow gown of which he had hold.

When this poor victim of vulgarity asked with a scream—Where was her nephew? new roars of laughter broke out from the coarse gin-drinkers. "It's the old woman whom he goes to meeting with," cried out Bludyer. "Come away, boys!" And he led his brutalised crew out of my chambers into his own, where they finished, no doubt, their arrangements about the fight.

Sir, when I came home at my usual hour of half-past three, I found Mrs. MacWhirter in hysterics upon my sofa—the pipes were lying about—the tin dish-covers—the cold kidneys—the tavern cruet-stands, and wretched remnants of the orgie were in disorder on the table-cloth, stained with beer. Seeing her fainting, I wildly bade my boy to open the window, and seizing a glass of water which was on the table, I presented it to her lips.—It was gin-and-water, which I proffered to that poor lady.

She started up with a scream, which terrified me so I upset the glass: and with empurpled features, and a voice quivering and choking with anger, she vowed she would never forgive me.

In vain I pleaded that I was ignorant of the whole of these disgraceful transactions. I went down on my knees to her, and begged her to be pacified; I called "my boy, and bade him bear witness to my innocence: the impudent young fiend burst out laughing in my face, and I kicked him downstairs as soon as she was gone: for go she did directly to her carriage, which was in waiting in Middle Temple Lane, and to which I followed her with tears in my eyes, amidst a crowd of jeering barristers' boys and Temple porters. But she pulled up the window in my face, and would no more come back to me than Eurymedea would to Orpheus.

If I grow pathetic over this story, my dear Bob, have I not reason? Your great aunt left thirty thousand pounds to your family, and the remainder to the missionaries, and it is a curious proof of the inconsistency of women, that she, a serious person, said on her death-bed that she would have left her money to me, if I had called out Mr. Bludyer, who insulted her, and with whom I certainly would have exchanged shots, had I thought that Mrs. MacWhirter would have encouraged any such murder.

My wishes, dear Bob, are moderate. Your aunt left me a handsome competency—and, I repeat, I do not grudge my brother George the money. Nor is it probable that such a calamity can happen again to any one of our family—that would be too great a misfortune. But I tell you the tale, because at least it shows you how important good company is, and that a young man about town should beware of his friends as well as of his enemies.

The other day I saw you walking by the Serpentine with young Lord Foozle, of the Windsor Heavies, who nodded to all sorts of suspicious broughams on the ride, while you looked about (you know you did, you young rascal) for acquaintances—as much as to say—"See! here am I, Bob Brown, of Pump Court, walking with a Lord."

My dear Bob, I own that to walk with a lord, and to be seen with him, is a pleasant thing. Every man of the middle class likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't—don't believe him. And I would certainly wish that you should associate with your superiors rather than your inferiors. There is no more dangerous or stupefying position for a man in life

than to be a cock of small society. It prevents his ideas from growing; it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny-halfpenny Cæsar, a Brummiagem dandy, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I set it down as a maxim that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his letters, intellectual and social.

But if you fancy that getting into Lord Foozle's set will do you good or advance your prospects in life, my dear Bob, you are woefully mistaken. The Windsor Heavies are a most gentlemanlike, well made, and useful set of men. The conversation of such of them as I have had the good fortune to meet, has not certainly inspired me with a respect for their intellectual qualities, nor is their life commonly of that kind which rigid ascetics would pronounce blameless. Some of the young men amongst them talk to the broughams, frequent the private boxes, dance at the Casinos; few read—many talk about horse-flesh and the odds after dinner, or relax with a little lansquenet or a little billiards at Pratt's.

My boy, it is not with the eye of a moralist that your venerable old uncle examines these youths, but rather of a natural philosopher, who inspects them as he would any other phenomenon, or queer bird, or odd fish, or fine flower. These fellows are like the flowers, and neither toil nor spin, but are decked out in magnificent apparel: and for some wise and useful purpose no doubt. It is good that there should be honest, handsome, hard-living, hard-riding, stupid young Windsor Heavies—as that there should be polite young gentlemen in the Temple, or any other variety of our genus.

And it is good that you should go from time to time to the Heavies' mess, if they ask you; and know that worthy set of gentlemen. But beware, O Bob, how you live with them. Remember that your lot in life is to toil, and spin too—and calculate how much time it takes a Heavy or a man of that condition to do nothing. Say, he dines at eight o'clock, and spends seven hours after dinner in pleasure. Well, if he goes to bed at three in the morning—that precious youth must have nine hours' sleep, which bring him to twelve o'clock next day, when he will have a headache probably, so that he can hardly be expected to dress, rally, have devilled chicken and pale ale, and get out before three. Friendship—the Club—the visits which he is compelled to pay, occupy him till five or six, and

what time is there left for exercise and a ride in the Park, and for a second toilette preparatory to dinner, &c.?—He goes on his routine of pleasure, this young Heavy, as you on yours of duty—one man in London is pretty nearly as busy as another. The company of young "Swells," then, if you will permit me the word, is not for you. You must consider that you should not spend more than a certain sum for your dinner—they need not. You wear a black coat, and they a shining cuirass and monstrous epaulets. Yours is the useful part in life and theirs the splendid—though why speak further on this subject? Since the days of the Frog and the Bull, a desire to cope with Bulls has been known to be fatal to Frogs.

And to know young noblemen, and brilliant and notorious town bucks and leaders of fashion, has this great disadvantage—that if you talk about them or are seen with them much, you offend all your friends of middle life. It makes men angry to see their acquaintances better off than they themselves are. If you live much with great people, others will be sure to say that you are a sneak. I have known Jack Jolliff, whose fun and spirits made him adored by the dandies (for they are just such folks as you and I, only with not quite such good brains, and perhaps better manners—simple folks who want to be amused)—I have known Jack Jolliff, I say, offend a whole roomful of men by telling us that he had been dining with a Duke. *We* hadn't been to dine with a Duke. We were not courted by grandees—and we disliked the man who was, and said he was a parasite, because men of fashion courted him. I don't know any means by which men hurt themselves more in the estimation of their equals than this of talking of great folks. A man may mean no harm by it—he speaks of the grandees with whom he lives, as you and I do of Jack and Tom who give us dinners. But his old acquaintances do not forgive him his superiority, and set the Tufthunter down as the Tufthunter.

I remember laughing at the jocular complaint made by one of this sort, a friend, whom I shall call Main. After Main published his "*Travels in the Libyan Desert*" four years ago, he became a literary lion, and roared in many of the metropolitan *salons*. He is a good-natured fellow, never in the least puffed up by his literary success; and always said that it would not last. His greatest leonine quality, however, is his appetite;

and to behold him engaged on a Club joint, or to see him make away with pounds of turbot, and plate after plate of *entrées*, roasts, and sweets, is indeed a remarkable sight, and refreshing to those who like to watch animals feeding. But since Main has gone out of, and other authors have come into, fashion—the poor fellow comically grumbles. “That year of lionisation has ruined me. The people who used to ask me before, don’t ask me any more. They are afraid to invite me to Bloomsbury because they fancy I am accustomed to Mayfair, and Mayfair has long since taken up with a new roarer—so that I am quite alone!” And thus he dines at the Club almost every day at his own charges now, and attacks the joint. I do not envy the man who comes after him to the haunch of mutton.

If Fate, then, my dear Bob, should bring you in contact with a lord or two, eat their dinners, enjoy their company, but be mum about them when you go away.

And, though it is a hard and cruel thing to say, I would urge you, my dear Bob, specially to beware of taking pleasant fellows for your friends. Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow. All jolly fellows, all delights of Club smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms, all fellows who sing a capital song, and the like, are sure to be poor. As they are free with their own money, so will they be with yours; and their very generosity and goodness of disposition will prevent them from having the means of paying you back. They lend their money to some other jolly fellows. They accommodate each other by putting their jolly names to the backs of jolly bills. Gentlemen in Cursitor Street are on the look-out for them. Their tradesmen ask for them, and find them not. Ah! Bob, it’s hard times with a gentleman, when he has to walk round a street for fear of meeting a creditor there, and for a man of courage, when he can’t look a tailor in the face.

Eschew jolly fellows then, my boy, as the most dangerous and costly of company; and *à propos* of bills—if I ever hear of your putting your name to stamped paper—I will disown you, and cut you off with a protested shilling.

I know many men who say (whereby I have my private opinion of their own probity) that all poor people are dishonest: this is a hard word, though more generally true than some folks suppose—but I fear that all people much in debt are

not honest. A man who has to wheedle a tradesman is not going through a very honourable business in life—a man with a bill becoming due to-morrow morning, and putting a good face on it in the Club, is perforce a hypocrite whilst he is talking to you—a man who has to do any meanness about money I fear me is so nearly like a rogue, that it's not much use calculating where the difference lies. Let us be very gentle with our neighbours' failings, and forgive our friends their debts, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. But the best thing of all to do with your debts is to pay them. Make none ; and don't live with people who do. Why, if I dine with a man who is notoriously living beyond his means, I am a hypocrite certainly myself, and I fear a bit of a rogue too. I try to make my host believe that I believe him an honest fellow. I look his sham splendour in the face without saying, "You are an impostor."—Alas, Robert, I have partaken of feasts where it seemed to me that the plate, the viands, the wine, the servants, and butlers were all sham, like Cinderella's coach and footmen, and would turn into rats and mice, and an old shoe or a cabbage stalk, as soon as we were out of the house and the clock struck twelve.



*MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN
THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.*



I.

PRESUMING that my dear Bobby would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town, until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable Club, I am happy to inform you that you are this day elected a Member of the "Polyanthus," having been proposed by my friend, Lord Viscount Colchicum, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with Mr. Stiff, the worthy Secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew.

You were elected, sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of Tom Harico, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish it to go any further), that Captain Slyboots and I, having suspicions of the meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.

Now, then, that you are a member of the "Polyanthus," I trust you will comport yourself with propriety in the place; and permit me to offer you a few hints with regard to your bearing.

We are not so stiff at the "Polyanthus" as at some Clubs I could name—and a good deal of decent intimacy takes place amongst us.—Do not therefore enter the Club, as I have seen men do at the "Chokers" (of which I am also a member), with your eyes scowling under your hat at your neighbour, and with

an expression of countenance which seems to say, "Hang your impudence, sir. How dare you stare at *me*?" Banish that absurd dignity and swagger, which do not at all become your youthful countenance, my dear Bob, and let us walk up the steps and into the place. See, old Noseworthy is in the bow-window reading the paper—he is always in the bow-window reading the paper.

We pass by the worthy porter, and alert pages—a fifteen-hundredth part of each of whom is henceforth your paid-for property—and you see he takes down your name as Mr. R. Brown, Junior, and will know you and be civil to you until death.—Ha, there is Jawkins, as usual: he has nailed poor Styles up against a pillar, and is telling him what the opinion of the City is about George Hudson, Esquire, and when Sir Robert will take the government. How d'you do, Jawkins?—Satisfactory news from India? Gilbert to be made Baron Gilbert of Goojerat? Indeed, I don't introduce you to Jawkins, my poor Bob; he will do that for himself, and you will have quite enough of him before many days are over.

Those three gentleman sitting on the sofa are from our beloved sister island; they come here every day, and wait for the Honourable Member for Ballinafad, who is at present in the writing-room.

I have remarked, in London, however, that every Irish gentleman is accompanied by other Irish gentlemen, who wait for him as here, or at the corner of the street. These are waiting until the Honourable Member for Ballinafad can get them three places—in the Excise, in the Customs, and a little thing in the Post Office, no doubt. One of them sends home a tremendous account of parties and politics here, which appears in the *Ballinafad Banner*. He knows everything. He has just been closeted with Peel, and can vouch for it that Clarendon has been sent for. He knows who wrote the famous pamphlet, "Ways and Means for Ireland,"—all the secrets of the present Cabinet, the designs of Sir James Graham. How Lord John can live under those articles which he writes in the *Banner* is a miracle to me! I hope he will get that little thing in the Post Office soon.

This is the newspaper-room—enter the porter with the evening papers—what a rush the men make for them! Do you want to see one? Here is the *Standard*—nice article about the "Starling Club"—very pleasant, candid, gentlemanlike notice

—Club composed of clergymen, atheists, authors, and artists. Their chief conversation is blasphemy: they have statues of Socrates and Mahomet on the centre-piece of the dinner-table, take every opportunity of being disrespectful to Moses, and a dignified clergyman always proposes the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of Confucius. Grace is said backwards, and the Catechism treated with the most irreverent ribaldry by the comic authors and the general company.—Are these men to be allowed to meet, and their horrid orgies to continue? Have you had enough?—let us go into the other rooms.

What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the bawl and bustle of the newspaper-room! There is never anybody here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life, that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at anything but a newspaper. How pleasant this room is,—isn't it? with its sober draperies, and long calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet—only the melody of Horner's nose as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas. What is he reading? Hah! "Pendennis," No. VII. Hum, let us pass on. Have you read "David Copperfield," by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind,—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children,—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer: may Heaven further its fulfilment! And then, Bob, let the *Record* revile him.—See, here's Horner waking up—"How do you do, Horner?"

This neighbouring room, which is almost as quiet as the library, is the card-room, you see. There are always three or four devotees assembled in it; and the lamps are scarcely ever out in this Temple of Trumps.

I admire as I see them, my dear Bobby, grave and silent at these little green tables, not moved outwardly by grief or pleasure

at losing or winning, but calmly pursuing their game (as that pursuit is called, which is in fact the most elaborate science and study) at noon-day, entirely absorbed, and philosophically indifferent to the bustle and turmoil of the enormous working world without. Disraeli may make his best speech; the Hungarians may march into Vienna; the protectionists come in; Louis Phillippe be restored; or the Thames set on fire; and Colonel Pam and Mr. Trumpington will never leave their table, so engaging is their occupation at it. The turning up of an ace is of more interest to them than all the affairs of all the world besides—and so they will go on until Death summons them, and their last trump is played.

It is curious to think that a century ago almost all gentlemen, soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and divines, passed hours at play every day; as our grandmothers did likewise. The poor old kings and queens must feel the desertion now, and deplore the present small number of their worshippers, as compared to the myriads of faithful subjects who served them in past times.

I do not say that other folk's pursuits are much more or less futile; but fancy a life such as that of the Colonel—eight or nine hours of sleep, eight of trumps, and the rest for business, reading, exercise, and domestic duty or affection (to be sure he's most likely a bachelor, so that the latter offices do not occupy him much)—fancy such a life, and at its conclusion at the age of seventy-five, the worthy gentleman being able to say, I have spent twenty-five years of my existence turning up trumps.

With Trumpington matters are different. Whist is a profession with him, just as much as Law is yours. He makes the deepest study of it—he makes every sacrifice to his pursuit: he may be fond of wine and company, but he eschews both, to keep his head cool and play his rubber. He is a man of good parts, and was once well read, as you see by his conversation when he is away from the table, but he gives up reading for play—and knows that to play well a man must play every day. He makes three or four hundred a year by his Whist, and well he may—with his brains, and half his industry, he could make a larger income at any other profession.

In a game with these two gentlemen, the one who has been actually seated at that card-table for a term as long as your whole life, the other who is known as a consummate practitioner, do you think it is likely you will come off a winner?

The state of your fortune is your look-out, not theirs. They are there at their posts—like knights ready to meet all comers. If you choose to engage them, sit down. They will with the most perfect probity, calmness, and elegance of manner, win and win of you until they have won every shilling of a fortune, when they will make you a bow, and wish you good-morning. You may go and drown yourself afterwards—it is not their business. Their business is to be present in that room, and to play cards with you or anybody. When you are done with—*Bon jour*. My dear Colonel, let me introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

The other two men at the table are the Honourable G. Windgall and Mr. Chanter: perhaps you have not heard that the one made rather a queer settlement at the last Derby; and the other has just issued from one of Her Majesty's establishments in St. George's Fields.

Either of these gentlemen is perfectly affable, good-natured, and easy of access—and will cut you for half-crowns if you like, or play you at any game on the cards. They descend from their broughams or from horseback at the Club door with the most splendid air, and they feast upon the best dishes and wines in the place.

But do you think it advisable to play cards with them? Which know the games best—you or they? Which are most likely—we will not say to play foul—but to take certain little advantages in the game which their consummate experience teaches them—you or they? Finally, is it a matter of perfect certainty, if you won, that they would pay you?

Let us leave these gentlemen, my dear Bob, and go through the rest of the house.

**MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN
THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.**



II.

FROM the library we proceed to the carved and gilded drawing-room of the Club, the damask hangings of which are embroidered with our lovely emblem, the Polyanthus, and which is fitted with a perfectly unintelligible splendour. Sardapalus, if he had pawned one of his kingdoms, could not have had such mirrors as one of those in which I see my dear Bob, admiring the tie of his cravat with such complacency, and I am sure I cannot comprehend why Smith and Brown should have their persons reflected in such vast sheets of quicksilver; or why, if we have a mind to a sixpenny cup of tea and muffins, when we come in with muddy boots from a dirty walk, those refreshments should be served to us as we occupy a sofa much more splendid, and far better stuffed, than any Louis Quatorze ever sat upon. I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. A full-dress Club is an absurdity—and no man ought to come into this room except in a uniform or Court suit. I daren't put my feet on yonder sofa for fear of sullyng the damask, or, worse still, for fear that Hicks the Committee-man should pass, and spy out my sacrilegious boots on the cushion.

We pass through these double doors, and enter rooms of a very different character.

By the faint and sickly odour pervading this apartment, by the opened windows, by the circular stains upon the marble tables, which indicate the presence of brandies-and-waters long passed into the world of spirits, my dear Bob will have no

difficulty in recognising the smoking-room, where I dare say he will pass a good deal of his valuable time henceforth.

If I could recommend a sure way of advancement and profit to a young man about town, it would be, after he has come away from a friend's house and dinner, where he has to a surety had more than enough of claret and good things, when he ought to be going to bed at midnight, so that he might rise fresh and early for his morning's work, to stop, nevertheless, for a couple of hours at the Club, and smoke in this room and upple weak brandy-and-water.

By a perseverance in this system, you may get a number of advantages. By sitting up till three of a summer morning, you have the advantage of seeing the sun rise, and as you walk home to Pump Court, can mark the quiet of the streets in the rosy glimmer of the dawn. You can easily spend in that smoking-room (as for the billiard-room adjacent, how much more can't you get rid of there), and without any inconvenience or extravagance whatever, enough money to keep you a horse. Three or four cigars when you are in the Club, your case filled when you are going away, a couple of glasses of very weak cognac and cold water, will cost you sixty pounds a year, as sure as your name is Bob Brown. And as for the smoking and tippling, plus billiards, they may be made to cost anything.

And then you have the advantage of hearing such delightful and instructive conversation in a Club smoking-room, between the hours of twelve and three! Men who frequent that place at that hour are commonly men of studious habits and philosophical and reflective minds, to whose opinions it is pleasant and profitable to listen. They are full of anecdotes, which are always moral and well chosen; their talk is never free, or on light subjects. I have one or two old smoking-room pillars in my eye now, who would be perfect models for any young gentleman entering life, and to whom a father could not do better than entrust the education of his son.

To drop the satirical vein, my dear Hob, I am compelled as a man to say my opinion, that the best thing you can do with regard to that smoking-room is to keep out of it; or at any rate never to be seen in the place after midnight. They are very pleasant and frank, those jolly fellows, those loose fishes, those fast young men—but the race in life is not to such fast men as these—and you who want to win must get up early of a morning,

my boy. You and an old college-chum or two may sit together over your cigar-boxes in one another's chambers, and talk till all hours, and do yourselves good probably. Talking among you is a wholesome exercitation; humour comes in an easy flow; it doesn't preclude grave argument and manly interchange of thought—I own myself, when I was younger, to have smoked many a pipe with advantage in the company of Doctor Parr. Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation—no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave easy manner—the cigar harmonises the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American-Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish—it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected; in fact, dear Bob, I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure!

Since I have been a member of that Club, what numbers of men have occupied this room and departed from it, like so many smoked-out cigars, leaving nothing behind but a little disregarded ashes! Bob, my boy, they drop off in the course of twenty years, our boon companions, and jolly fellow bottle-crackers.—I mind me of many a good fellow who has talked and laughed here, and whose pipe is put out for ever. Men, I remember as dashing youngsters but the other day, have passed into the state of old fogies; they have sons, sir, of almost our age, when first we joined the "Polyanthus." Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor Ned? Where is poor Fred? Dead rhymes with Ned and Fred too—their place knows them not—their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list, under the dismal category of "Members

Deceased," in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why one shouldn't meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack's old lodgings in Jermyn Street,—somebody else has got the Club chair which Tom used to occupy. He doesn't dine here and grumble as he used formerly. He has been sent for and has not come back again—one day Fate will send for us, and we



shall not return—and the people will come down to the Club as usual, saying, "Well, and so poor old Brown is gone."—Indeed, a smoking-room on a morning is not a cheerful spot.

Our room has a series of tenants of quite distinct characters. After an early and sober dinner below, certain *habitués* of the "Polyanthus" mount up to this apartment for their coffee and cigar, and talk as gravely as Sachems at a Palaver. Trade and travel, politics and geography, are their discourse—they are in bed long before their successors the jolly fellows begin their

night life, and the talk of the one set is as different to the conversation of the other as any talk can be.

After the grave old Sachems, come other frequenters of the room; a squad of sporting men very likely—very solemn and silent personages these—who give the odds, and talk about the Cup in a darkling undertone. Then you shall have three or four barristers with high voices, seldom able to sit long without talking of their profession, or mentioning something about Westminster Hall. About eleven, men in white neckcloths drop in from dinner-parties, and show their lacquered boots and shirt-studs with a little complacency—and at midnight, after the theatres, the young rakes and *rizzars* come swaggering in, and call loudly for gin-twist.

But as for a Club smoking-room after midnight, I vow again that you are better out of it: that you will waste money and your precious hours and health there: and you may frequent this "Polyanthus" room for a year, and not carry away from the place one single idea or story that can do you the least good in life. How much you shall take away of another sort, I do not here set down; but I have before my mind's eye the image of old Silenus, with purple face and chalk-stone fingers, telling his foul old garrison legends over his gin-and-water. He is in the smoking-room every night; and I feel that no one can get benefit from the society of that old man.

What society he has he gets from this place. He sits for hours in a corner of the sofa, and makes up his parties here. He will ask you after a little time, seeing that you are a gentleman and have a good address, and will give you an exceedingly good dinner. I went once, years ago, to a banquet of his—and found all the men at his table were Polyanthuses, so that it was a house dinner in — Square, with Mrs. Silenus at the head of the table.

After dinner she retired and was no more seen, and Silenus amused himself by making poor Mr. Tiptleton drunk. He came to the Club the next day; he amused himself by describing the arts by which he had practised upon the easy brains of poor Mr. Tiptleton—(as if that poor fellow wanted any arts or persuasion to induce him to intoxicate himself), and told all the smoking-room how he had given a dinner, how many bottles of wine had been emptied, and how many Tiptleton had drunk for his share. "I kept my eye on Tip, sir," the horrid

old fellow said—"I took care to make him mix his liquors well, and before eleven o'clock I finished him, and had him as drunk as a lord, sir!" Will you like to have that gentleman for a friend? He has elected himself our smoking-room king at the "Polyanthus," and midnight monarch.

As he talks, in comes poor Tippleton—a kind soul—a gentleman—a man of reading and parts—who has friends at home very likely, and had once a career before him—and what is he now? His eyes are vacant; he reels into a sofa corner, and sits in maudlin silence, and hiccups every now and then. Old Silenus winks knowingly round at the whole smoking-room: most of the men sneer—some pity—some very young cubs laugh and jeer at him. Tippleton's drunk.



*MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN
THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.*



III.

FROM the Library and Smoking-room regions let us descend to the lower floor. Here you behold the Coffee-room, where the neat little tables are already laid out, awaiting the influx of diners.

A great advance in civilisation was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffee-house cost a man half-a-guinea: when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer than they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station.

Then men (who had not the half-guinea at command) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meagre meal at shilling taverns—or Tom, the clerk, issued out from your chambers in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighbouring ham-and-beef shop. Either repast was strictly honourable, and one can find no earthly fault with a poor gentleman for eating a poor meal. But that solitary meal in chambers was, indeed, a dismal refection. I think with anything but regret of those lonely feasts of beef and cabbage; and how there was no resource for the long evenings but those books, over

which you had been poring all day, or the tavern with its deuced expenses, or the theatre with its vicious attractions. A young bachelor's life was a clumsy piece of wretchedness then—mismanaged and ill economised—just as your Temple Chambers or College rooms now are, which are quite behind the age in the decent conveniences which every modern tenement possesses.

And that dining for a shilling and strutting about Pall Mall afterwards was, after all, an hypocrisy. At the time when the "*Trois Frères Provençaux*" at Paris had two entrances, one into the place of the Palais Royal, and one into the street behind, where the sixteen-sous dinner-houses are, I have seen bucks with profuse toothpicks walk out of these latter houses of entertainment, pass up the "*Trois Frères*" stairs, and descend from the other door into the Palais Royal, so that the people walking there might fancy these poor fellows had been dining regardless of expense. No: what you call putting a good face upon poverty, that is, hiding it under a grin, or concealing its rags under a makeshift, is always rather a base stratagem. Your *Beaux Tibbs* and twopenny dandies can never be respectable altogether; and if a man is poor, I say he ought to seem poor; and that both he and Society are in the wrong, if either sees any cause of shame in poverty.

That is why we ought to be thankful for Clubs. Here is no skulking to get a cheap dinner; no ordering of expensive liquors and dishes for the good of the house, or cowering sensitiveness as to the opinion of the waiter. We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilisation, and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day.

This, you see, is the Club Coffee-room—it is three o'clock; young Wideawake is just finishing his breakfast (with whom I have nothing to do at present, but to say parenthetically, that if you *will* sit up till five o'clock in the morning, Bob my boy, you may look out to have a headache and a breakfast at three in the afternoon). Wideawake is at breakfast—Goldsworthy is ordering his dinner—while Mr. Nudgit, whom you see yonder, is making his lunch. In those two gentlemen is the moral and exemplification of the previous little remarks which I have been making.

You must know, sir, that at the "*Polyanthus*," in common

with most Clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy, gratis, in the Coffee-room, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles.

After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese, and so forth: before that hour you may have lunch, when there is no table charge.

Now, Goldsworthy is a gentleman and a man of genius, who has courage and simplicity enough to be poor—not like some fellows whom one meets, and who make a *fanfaronnade* of poverty, and draping themselves in their rags, seem to cry, "See how virtuous I am,—how honest Diogenes is!" but he is a very poor man, whose education and talents are of the best, and who in so far claims to rank with the very best people in the world. In his place in Parliament, when he takes off his hat (which is both old and well brushed), the Speaker's eye is pretty sure to meet his, and the House listens to him with the respect which is due to so much honesty and talent. He is the equal of any man, however lofty or wealthy. His social position is rather improved by his poverty, and the world, which is a manly and generous world in its impulses, however it may be in its practice, contemplates with a sincere regard and admiration Mr. Goldsworthy's manner of bearing his lack of fortune. He is going to dine for a shilling: he will have two mutton-chops (and the mutton-chop is a thing unknown in domestic life and in the palaces of epicures, where you may get cutlets dressed with all sorts of French sauces, but not the admirable mutton-chop), and with a due allowance of the Club bread and beer, he will make a perfectly wholesome, and sufficient, and excellent meal; and go down to the House and fire into Ministers this very night.

Now, I say, this man dining for a shilling is a pleasant spectacle to behold. I respect Mr. Goldsworthy with all my heart, without sharing those ultra-Conservative political opinions which we all know he entertains, and from which no interest, temptation, or hope of place will cause him to swerve: and you see he is waited upon with as much respect here as old Silenus, though he order the most sumptuous banquet the cook can devise, or bully the waiters ever so.

But ah, Bob! what can we say of the conduct of that poor little Mr. Nudgit? He has a bed-chamber in some court unknown in the neighbourhood of the "Polyanthus." He

makes a breakfast with the Club bread and beer; he lunches off the same supplies—and being of an Epicurean taste, look what he does—he is actually pouring a cruet of anchovy sauce over his bread to give it a flavour; and I have seen the unconscionable little gourmand sidle off to the pickle-jars when he thought nobody was observing, and pop a walnut or half a dozen of pickled onions into his mouth, and swallow them with a hideous furtive relish.

He disappears at dinner-time, and returns at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and wanders round the tables when the men are at their dessert and generous over their wine. He has a number of little stories about the fashionable world to tell, and is not unentertaining. When you dine here, sometimes give Nudgit a glass or two out of your decanter, Bob my boy, and comfort his poor old soul. He was a gentleman once and had money, as he will be sure to tell you. He is mean and feeble, but not unkind—a poor little parasite not to be unpitied. Mr. Nudgit, allow me to introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

At this moment, old Silenus swaggers in, bearing his great waistcoat before him, and walking up to the desk where the coffee-room clerk sits and where the bills of fare are displayed. As he passes, he has to undergo the fire of Mr. Goldsworthy's eyes, which dart out at him two flashes of the most killing scorn. He has passed by the battery without sinking, and lays himself alongside the desk. Nudgit watches him, and will presently go up smirking humbly to join him.

"Hunt," he says, "I want a table, my table, you know, at seven—dinner for eight—Lord Hobanob dines with me—send the butler—What's in the bill of fare? Let's have clear soup and turtle—I've sent it in from the City—dressed fish and turbot," and with a swollen trembling hand he writes down a pompous bill of fare.

As I said, Nudgit comes up simpering, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Hullo, Nudg!" says Mr. Silenus, "how's the beer? Pickle's good to-day?"

Nudgit smiles in a gentle deprecatory manner.

"Smell out a good dinner, hey, Nudg?" says Dives.

"If any man knows how to give one, you do," answers the poor beggar. "I wasn't a bad hand at ordering a dinner

myself, once. What's the fish in the list to-day?" and with a weak smile he casts his eye over the bill of fare.

"Lord Hobanob dines with me, and *he* knows what a good dinner is, I can tell you," says Mr. Silenus; "so does Cramley."

"Both well-known epicures," says Nudgit.

"I'm going to give Hobanob a return dinner to his at the 'Rhododendrum.' He bet me that Batifol, the *chef* at the 'Rhododendrum,' did better than our man can. Hob's dinner was last Wednesday, and I don't say it wasn't a good one; or that taking Grosbois by surprise, is giving him quite fair play—but we'll see, Nudgit. I know what Grosbois can do."

"I should think you did, indeed, Silenus," says the other.

"I see your mouth's watering. I'd ask you, only I know you're engaged. You're always engaged, Nudgit—not to-day? Well then, you may come; and I say, Mr. Nudgit, we'll have a wet evening, sir, mind you that."

Mr. Bowls, the butler, here coming in, Mr. Silenus falls into conversation with him about wines and ices. I am glad poor Nudgit has got his dinner. He will go and walk in the Park to get up an appetite. And now, Mr. Bob, having shown you over your new house, I too will bid you for the present farewell.



A WORD ABOUT BALLS IN SEASON.

WHEN my good friend, *Mr. Punch*, some time since, asked me to compile a series of conversations for young men in the dancing world, so that they might be agreeable to their partners, and advance their own success in life, I consented with a willing heart to my venerable friend's request, for I desire nothing better than to promote the amusement and happiness of all young people; and nothing, I thought, would be easier than to touch off a few light, airy, graceful little sets of phrases, which young fellows might adopt or expand, according to their own ingenuity and leisure.

Well, sir, I imagined myself, just for an instant, to be young again, and that I had a neat waist instead of that bow-window with which Time and Nature have ornamented the castle of my body, and brown locks instead of a bald pate (there was a time, sir, when my hair was not considered the worst part of me, and I recollect when I was a young man in the Militia, and when pig-tails finally went out in our corps, who it was that longed to have my *queue*—it was found in her desk at her death, and my poor dear wife was always jealous of her)—I just chose, I say, to fancy myself a young man, and that I would go up in imagination and ask a girl to dance with me. So I chose Maria—a man might go farther and fare worse than choose Maria, Mr. Bob.

"My dear Miss E.," says I, "may I have the honour of dancing the next set with you?"

"The next *what*?" says Miss E., smiling, and turning to Mrs. E., as if to ask what a set meant.

"I forgot," says I; "the next quadrille, I would say."

"It is rather slow dancing quadrilles," says Miss E.; "but if I must, I must."

• "Well, then, a waltz, will that do? I know *nothing* prettier than a waltz played not too quick."

"What!" says she, "do you want a horrid old three-timed waltz like that which the little figures dance upon the barrel-organs? You silly old creature: you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage. All these dances are passed away. You might as well ask me to wear a gown with a waist up to my shoulders, like that in which Mamma was married; or a hoop and high heels, like Grandmamma in the picture; or to dance a gavotte or a minuet. Things are changed, old gentleman—the fashions of your time are gone, and—and the bucks of your time will go too, Mr. Brown. If I want to dance, here is Captain Whiskerfield, who is ready; or young Studdington, who is a delightful partner. He brings a little animation into our balls; and when he is not in society, dances every night at Vauxhall and the Casino."

I pictured to myself Maria giving some such reply to my equally imaginative demand—for of course I never made the request, any more than she did the answer—and in fact, dear Bob, after turning over the matter of ballroom conversations in my mind, and sitting with pen and ink before me for a couple of hours, I found that I had nothing at all to say on the subject, and have no more right to teach a youth what he is to say in the present day to his partner, than I should have had in my own boyhood to instruct my own grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors: and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—Leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.

So I have the modesty to think that *Mr. Punch* and I were a couple of conceited old fogies, in devising the above plan of composing conversation for the benefit of youth, and that young folks can manage to talk of what interests them, without any prompting on our part. To say the truth, I have hardly been to a ball these three years. I saw the head of the stair at H.E.'s the T— Ambassador in Br—ne Square, the other night, but retired without even getting a sight of, or making my bow to, *Her Excellency*; thinking wisely that *mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit* much better became me at that

hour of midnight than the draught in a crowded passage, and the sight of ever so many beauties.

But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligence amongst people who go: and hear from the girls and their mammas what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much, as being natural and simple, and, in so far, superior to the old mode.

In my time, for instance, a ball-room used to be more than half-filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country-house, where you have a hall fireplace in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few score more or less of stout old folks can make no difference: there is room for them at the card tables, and round the supper-board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the wall cheers and illuminates the Assembly Room.

But it is a very different case when you have a small house in Mayfair, or in the pleasant district of Piccadilly and Tyburn; and accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin Mrs. Crowder, who was greatly irate because her daughter Fanny had received an invitation to go with her aunt, Mrs. Timmins, to Lady Tutbury's ball, whereas poor Mrs. Crowder had been told that she could on no account get a card.

Now Blanche Crowder is a very large woman naturally, and with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a little back drawing-room; whereas Rosa Timmins is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and furnishes the side of a room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point, *this embonpoint*, I may say, and of course being too polite to make remarks personal to Mrs. Crowder, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

"Dear Blanche," said I, "don't you see how greatly Lady Tutbury would have to extend her premises if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cis-

tern—what can she do more? If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? Tutbury himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man, like your humble servant, and Lady Tut has sent him off to Greenwich, or the 'Star and Garter' for the night, where, I have no doubt, he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball amongst persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody's company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at Lord Trampleton, that enormous hulking monster (who nevertheless dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favourite partner, Miss Wirledge, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering, as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one, when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other, when we are squeezing round the supper-tables, and drinking up all the available champagne and seltzer-water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be half-a-dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and duennas—little women, who are more active, and keep a better look-out than your languishing voluptuous beauties" (I said this, casting at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness towards Blanche Crowder); "let them keep watch and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good large roomy family coaches to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball let there be for the future no admittance except upon business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule, depend upon it."

"And pray who told you, Mr. Brown, that I didn't wish to dance myself?" says Blanche, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it) and flouncing out of the room; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, Bob! I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl. I remember others

tender and beautiful, whose bright eyes glitter, and whose sweet voices whisper no more. So they pass away—youth and beauty, love and innocence, pass away and perish. I think of one now, whom I remember the fairest and the gayest, the kindest and the purest; her laughter was music—I can hear it still, though it will never echo any more. Far away, the silent tomb closes over her. Other roses than those of our prime grow up and bloom, and have their day. Honest youth, generous youth, may yours be as pure and as fair!

I did not think when I began to write it, that the last sentence would have finished so; but life is not altogether jocular, Mr. Bob, and one comes upon serious thoughts suddenly as upon a funeral in the street. Let us go back to the business we are upon, namely, balls, whereof it, perhaps, has struck you that your uncle has very little to say.

I saw one announced in the morning fashionable print to-day, with a fine list of some of the greatest folks in London, and had previously heard from various quarters how eager many persons were to attend it, and how splendid an entertainment it was to be. And so the morning paper announced that Mrs. Hornby Madox threw open her house in So-and-so Street, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Lady Fugleman.

Now this is a sort of entertainment and arrangement than which I confess I can conceive nothing more queer, though I believe it is by no means uncommon in English society. Mrs. Hornby Madox comes into her fortune of ten thousand a year—wishes to be presented in the London world, having lived in the country previously—spares no expense to make her house and festival as handsome as may be, and gets Lady Fugleman to ask the company for her—not the honest Hornbys, not the family Madoxes, not the jolly old squires and friends and relatives of her family, and from her county; but the London dandies and the London society: whose names you see chronicled at every party and who, being Lady Fugleman's friends, are invited by her Ladyship to Mrs. Hornby's house.

What a strange notion of society does this give—of friendship, of fashion, of what people will do to be in the fashion! Poor Mrs. Hornby comes into her fortune, and says to her old friends and family, "My good people, I am going to cut every one of you. You were very well as long as we were in the

country, where I might have my natural likings and affections. But, henceforth, I am going to let Lady Fugleman choose my friends for me. I know nothing about you any more. I have no objection to you, but if you want to know me you must ask Lady Fugleman: if she says yes, I shall be delighted: if no, *Adieu*.

This strange business goes on daily in London. Honest people do it, and think not the least harm. The proudest and noblest do not think they demean themselves by crowding to Mrs. Goldcalf's parties, and strike quite openly a union between her wealth and their titles, to determine as soon as the former ceases. There is not the least hypocrisy about this at any rate—the terms of the bargain are quite understood on every hand.

But oh, Bob! see what an awful thing it is to confess, and would not even hypocrisy be better than this daring cynicism, this open heartlessness—Godlessness I had almost called it? Do you mean to say, you great folks, that your object in society is not love, is not friendship, is not family union and affection—is not truth and kindness;—is not generous sympathy and union of Christian (pardon me the word, but I can indicate my meaning by no other)—of Christian men and women, parents and children,—but that you assemble and meet together, not caring or trying to care for one another,—without a pretext of goodwill—with a daring selfishness openly avowed? I am sure I wish Mrs. Goldcalf or the other lady no harm, and have never spoken to, or set eyes on either of them, and I do not mean to say, Mr. Robert, that you and I are a whit better than they are, and doubt whether they have made the calculation for themselves of the consequences of what they are doing. But as sure as two and two make four, a person giving up of his own accord his natural friends and relatives, for the sake of the fashion, seems to me to say, I acknowledge myself to be heartless: I turn my back on my friends, I disown my relatives, and I do honour my father and mother.



A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.

ENGLISH Society, my beloved Bob, has this eminent advantage over all other—that is, if there be any society left in the wretched distracted old European continent—that it is above all others a dinner-giving society. A people like the Germans, that dines habitually, and with what vast appetite I need not say, at one o'clock in the afternoon—like the Italians, that spends its evenings in opera-boxes—like the French, that amuses itself of nights with *cou surré* and intrigue—cannot, believe me, understand Society rightly. I love and admire my nation for its good sense, its manliness, its friendliness, its morality in the main—and these, I take it, are all expressed in that noble institution, the dinner.

The dinner is the happy end of the Briton's day. We work harder than the other nations of the earth. We do more, we live more in our time, than Frenchmen or Germans. Every great man amongst us likes his dinner, and takes to it kindly. I could mention the most august names of poets, statesmen, philosophers, historians, judges, and divines, who are great at the dinner-table as in the field, the closet, the senate, or the bench. Gibbon mentions that he wrote the first two volumes of his history whilst a placeman in London, lodging in St. James's, going to the House of Commons, to the Club, and to dinner every day. The man flourishes under that generous and robust regimen; the healthy energies of society are kept up by it; our friendly intercourse is maintained; our intellect ripens with the good cheer, and throws off surprising crops, like the fields about Edinburgh, under the influence of that admirable liquid, Claret. The best wines are sent to this country therefore; for no other deserves them as ours does.

I am a diner-out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last week, my

mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been ! how admirable the entertainments ! how worthy the men !

Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

On another day, it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner : cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners !

Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a Right Reverend Bishop. My Lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you ; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was ; how kind ! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

And then the men learned in the law : how they dine ! what hospitality, what splendour, what comfort, what wine ! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three days since, from the ——'s, a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude : " Dear sir," we breathed fervently, " ask us soon again." One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous headaches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting *Revalenta Arabica* for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbering, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear Bob, those lawyers have great merits. There is a dear old judge at whose family table if I could see you seated, my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable there, you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls : men go to dinners.

Doctors, again, notoriously eat well ; when my excellent friend Sangrado takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well. I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature

comforts go, than by men of very Low Church principles ; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of Literature, very often and good. Dear Bob, I have seen the mahoganies of many men.

Every evening between seven and eight o'clock, I like to look at the men dressed for dinner, perambulating the western districts of our city. I like to see the smile on their countenances, lighted up with an indescribable self importance and good-humour ; the askance glances which they cast at the little street-boys and foot-passengers who eye their shiny boots ; the dainty manner in which they trip over the pavement on those boots, eschewing the mud-pools and dirty crossings ; the refreshing whiteness of their linen ; the coaxing twiddle which they give to the ties of their white chokers—the caress of a fond parent to an innocent child.

I like walking myself ; those who go in cabs or broughams, I have remarked, have not the same radiant expression which

the pedestrian exhibits. A man in his own brougham has anxieties about the stepping of his horse, or the squaring of the groom's elbows, or a doubt whether Jones's turn-out is not better ; or whether something is not wrong in the springs ; or whether he shall have the brougham out if the night is rainy. They always look tragical behind the glasses. A cab diner-out has commonly some cares, lest his sense of justice should be



injured by the overcharge of the driver (these fellows are not uncommonly exorbitant in their demands upon gentlemen whom they set down at good houses); lest the smell of tobacco left by the last occupants of the vehicle (five medical students, let us say, who have chartered the vehicle, and smoked cheroots from the London University to the playhouse in the Haymarket) should infest the clothes of Tom Lavender, who is going to Lady Rosemary's; lest straws should stick unobserved to the glutinous lustre of his boots—his shiny ones, and he should appear in Dives's drawing-room like a poet with a *tenui arund*, or like Mad Tom in the play. I hope, my dear Bob, if a straw should ever enter a drawing-room in the wake of your boot, you will not be much disturbed in mind. Hark ye, in confidence: I have seen ——* in a hack-cab. There is no harm in employing one. There is no harm in anything natural, any more.

I cannot help here parenthetically relating a story which occurred in my own youth, in the year 1815, at the time when I first made my own *entrée* into society (for everything must have a beginning, Bob; and though we have been gentlemen long before the Conqueror, and have always consorted with gentlemen, yet we had not always attained that *haute volée* of fashion which has distinguished some of us subsequently); I recollect, I say, in 1815, when the Marquis of Sweetbread was good enough to ask me and the late Mr. Ruffles to dinner, to meet Prince Schwartzenberg and the Hetman Platoff. Ruffles was a man a good deal about town in those days, and certainly in very good society.

I was myself a young one, and thought Ruffles was rather inclined to patronise me; which I did not like. "I would have you to know, Mr. Ruffles," thought I, "that, after all, a gentleman can but be a gentleman; that though we Browns have no handles to our names, we are quite as well-bred as some folks who possess those ornaments"—and in fine, I determined to give him a lesson. So when he called for me in the hackney-coach at my lodgings in Swallow Street, and we had driven under the *porte-cochère* of Sweetbread House, where two tall and powdered domestics in the uniform of the Sweetbreads, viz., a spinach-coloured coat, with waistcoat and the

* Mr. Brown's MS. here contains a name of such prodigious dignity out of the "P—r—ge," that we really do not dare to print it.

rest of delicate yellow or melted-butter colour, opened the doors of the hall—what do you think, sir, I did? In the presence of these gentlemen, who were holding on at the door, I offered to toss up with Ruffles, heads or tails, who should pay for the coach; and then purposely had a dispute with the poor Jarvey about the fare. Ruffles's face of agony during this transaction I shall never forget. Sir, it was like the Laocoon. Drops of perspiration trembled on his pallid brow, and he flung towards me looks of imploring terror that would have melted an ogre. A better fellow than Ruffles never lived—he is dead long since, and I don't mind owning to this harmless little deceit.

A person of some note—a favourite Snob of mine—I am told, when he goes to dinner, adopts what he considers a happy artifice, and sends his cab away at the corner of the street; so that the gentleman in livery may not behold its number, or that the lord with whom he dines, and about whom he is always talking, may not be supposed to know that Mr. Smith came in a hack-cab.

A man who is troubled with a shame like this, Bob, is unworthy of any dinner at all. Such a man must needs be a sneak and a humbug, anxious about the effect which he is to produce: uneasy in his mind: a donkey in a lion's skin: a small pretender—distracted by doubts and frantic terrors of what is to come next. Such a man can be no more at ease in his chair at dinner than a man is in the fauteuil at the dentist's (unless indeed he go to the admirable Mr. Gilbert in Suffolk Street, who is dragged into this essay for the benefit of mankind alone, and who, I vow, removes a grinder with so little pain, that all the world should be made aware of him)—a fellow, I say, ashamed of the original from which he sprung, of the cab in which he drives, awkward, therefore affected and unnatural, can never hope or deserve to succeed in society.

The great comfort of the society of great folks is, that they do not trouble themselves about your twopenny little person, as smaller persons do, but take you for what you are—a man kindly and good-natured, or witty and sarcastic, or learned and eloquent, or a good *raconteur*, or a very handsome man (and in '15 some of the Browns were—but I am speaking of five-and-thirty years ago), or an excellent gourmand and judge of wines—or what not. Nobody sets you so quickly at your ease as a

fine gentleman. I have seen more noise made about a knight's lady than about the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe herself: and Lady Mountarat, whose family dates from the Deluge, enters and leaves a room, with her daughters, the lovely Ladies Eve and Lilith D'Arc, with much less pretension and in much simpler capotes and what-do-you-call-'ems, than Lady de Mogyns or Mrs. Shindy, who quit an assembly in an whirlwind as it were, with trumpets and alarums like a stage king and queen.

But my pen can run no further, for my paper is out, and it is time to dress for dinner.



ON SOME OLD CUSTOMS OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

OF all the sciences which have made a progress in late years, I think, dear Bob (to return to the subject from which I parted with so much pleasure last week), that the art of dinner-giving has made the most delightful and rapid advances. Sir, I maintain, even now, with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those we had in our youth, and I can't but be thankful at least once in every day for this decided improvement in our civilisation. Those who remember the usages of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress. I was turning over at the Club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London society, at least in some companies, and parts of our islands. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or Queen Elizabeth's banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone.

The book in question is called "The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty," a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is, and one wonders that such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us. Maxim 2.—"It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink champagne after white cheeses, water after red. . . . Ale is to be avoided, in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also." Maxim

4.—“A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a great bore, and stops the wine. . . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much.” Maxim 25.—“You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give champagne at dinner—port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking,” &c. &c. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state?

Was it ever a maxim in “fashionable life” that you were to drink champagne after white cheeses? What was that maxim in fashionable life about drinking and about cheese? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale again is to be avoided, thus strange Doherty says, if you expect a wet night—and in another place he says “the English drink a pint of porter at a draught.”—What English? gracious powers! Are we a nation of coalheavers? Do we ever have a wet night! Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that port and Teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy Teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink Teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

And then consider the maxim about the fine singer who is to be avoided. What! was there a time in most people’s memory, when folks at dessert began to sing? I have heard such a thing at a tenants’ dinner in the country; but the idea of a fellow beginning to perform a song at a dinner-party in London fills my mind with terror and amazement; and I picture to myself any table which I frequent, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, in Belgravia, or where you will, and the pain which would seize upon the host and the company if some wretch were to commence a song.

We have passed that savage period of life. We do not want to hear songs from guests, we have the songs done for us; as we don’t want our ladies to go down into the kitchen and cook the dinner any more. The cook can do it better and cheaper.

We do not desire feats of musical or culinary skill—but simple, quiet, easy, unpretending conversation.

In like manner, there was a practice once usual, and which still lingers here and there, of making complimentary speeches after dinner: that custom is happily almost entirely discontinued. Gentlemen do not meet to compliment each other profusely, or to make fine phrases. Simplicity gains upon us daily. Let us be thankful that the florid style is disappearing.

I once shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveller at Margate, who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled every glass. He would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: "Year is to 'er that doubles our joys, and divides our sorrows—I give you woman, sir,"—and we both emptied our glasses. These lumbering ceremonials are passing out of our manners, and were found only to obstruct our free intercourse. People can like each other just as much without orations, and be just as merry without being forced to drink against their will.

And yet there are certain customs to which one clings still; for instance, the practice of drinking wine with your neighbour, though wisely not so frequently indulged in as of old, yet still obtains, and I trust will never be abolished. For though, in the old time, when Mr. and Mrs. Foggy had sixteen friends to dinner, it became an unsupportable *cortège* for Mr. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine, and a painful task for Mrs. Foggy to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen, who desired to have the honour to drink her health, yet, employed in moderation, that ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink is a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results.

I have known a man of a modest and reserved turn (just like your old uncle, dear Bob, as no doubt you were going to remark), when asked to drink by the host, suddenly lighten up, toss off his glass, get confidence, and begin to talk right and left. He wanted but the spur to set him going. It is supplied by the butler at the back of his chair.

It sometimes happens, again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honour to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues, because they

have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such men, manifestly, should always be allowed, nay encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that question, they show their good will, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose Jones, who has been perfectly silent all dinner-time, oppressed, doubtless, by that awful Lady Tiara, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice cries, "Brown my boy, a glass of wine." I reply, "With pleasure, my dear Jones." He responds as quick as thought, "Shall it be hock or champagne, Brown?" I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, "Some champagne or hock" (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself).—"some champagne or hock to Mr. Brown;" and finally he says, "Good health!" in a pleasant tone. Thus you see, Jones, though not a conversationist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than Jones upon a similar occasion.

If you have had a difference with a man, and are desirous to make it up, how pleasant it is to take wine with him. Nothing is said but that simple phrase which has just been uttered by my friend Jones; and yet it means a great deal. The cup is a symbol of reconciliation. The other party drinks up your good will as you accept his token of returning friendship— and thus the liquor is hallowed which Jones has paid for: and I like to think that the grape which grew by Rhine or Rhone was born and ripened under the sun there, so as to be the means of bringing two good fellows together. I once heard the head physician of a Hydropathic establishment on the sunny banks of the first-named river, give the health of His Majesty the King of Prussia, and, calling upon the company to receive that august toast with a "*donnerndes Lebchoch*," toss off a bumper of sparkling water. It did not seem to me a genuine enthusiasm. No, no, let us have toast and wine, not toast and water. It was not in vain that grapes grew on the hills of Father Rhine.

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine,—except when, in a

confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask permission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass, with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance,—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies any more to take wine : and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, *une grande dame de par le monde*, as honest Brantôme phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness ; but, sir, the effect of that graceful act of hospitality was such, that she made a grateful slave for ever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight than when he receives a card which bears her respected name.*

A dinner of men is well now and again, but few well-regulated minds relish a dinner without women. There are some wretches who, I believe, still meet together for the sake of what is called "the spread," who dine each other round and round, and have horrid delights in turtle, early peas, and other culinary luxuries — but I pity the condition as I avoid the banquets of those men. The only substitute for ladies at dinners, or consolation for want of them, is—smoking. Cigars, introduced with the coffee, do, if anything can, make us forget the absence of the other sex. But what a substitute is that for her who doubles our joys, and divides our griefs—for woman ! as my friend the Traveller said.

* Upon my word, Mr. Brown, this is too broad a hint.—*Punch*.



GREAT AND LITTLE DINNERS.



IT has been said, dear Bob, that I have seen the mahoganies of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also, that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner. Would to Heaven that all mortal men could say likewise ! Indeed, and in the presence of so much want and misery as pass under our ken daily, it is with a feeling of something like shame and humiliation that I make the avowal ; but I have robbed no man of his meal that I know of, and am here speaking of very humble as well as very grand banquets, the which I maintain are, when there is a sufficiency, almost always good.

Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upwards. The plate of boiled beef which Mary, the neat-handed waitress, brings or used to bring you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for, ah me ! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of Mary were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef ;—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season—everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison—beefsteak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle—bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as champagne ;—there is no delicacy in the world which Monsieur Francatelli or Monsieur Soyer can produce, which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen of epicures at a grand table forsake every French and Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy.

What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth it be ? I would have a great deal more hospitality practised

than is common among us—more hospitality and less show. Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice blest. it blesses him that gives, and him that takes: a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

Why, then, do we of the middle classes persist in giving entertainments so costly, and beyond our means? This will be read by many mortals, who are aware that they live on leg of mutton themselves, or, worse than this, have what are called meat teas, than which I cannot conceive a more odious custom; that ordinarily they are very sober in their way of life, that they like in reality that leg of mutton better than the condiments of that doubtful French artist who comes from the pastrycook's, and presides over the mysterious stewpans in the kitchen; why, then, on their company dinners, should they flare up in the magnificent manner in which they universally do?

Everybody has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, *entrees*, champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioners' for sweets, &c.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours: but why are we so bad, I ask?—why are we not more reasonable?

If we receive very great men or ladies at our houses, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry tart for their dinner: forsaking the *entrees* which the men in white Berlin gloves are handing round in the Birmingham plated dishes. Asking lords and ladies, who have great establishments of their own, to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastrycook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. And great folks, if they like you, take no count of your feasts, and grand preparations, and can but eat mutton like men.

One cannot have sumptuary laws nowadays, or restrict the gastronomical more than any other trade: but I wish a check could be put upon our dinner extravagances by some means, and am confident that the pleasures of life would greatly be

increased by moderation. A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a dessert, which nobody wants in the least, and which I always grudge to see arriving at the end of plenty. Services of culinary kickshaws swallow up money, and give nobody pleasure, except the pastrycook, whom they enrich. Everybody entertains as if he had three or four thousand a year.

Some one with a voice potential should cry out against this overwhelming luxury. What is mere decency in a very wealthy



man is absurdity—nay, wickedness,—in a poor one; a frog by nature, I am an insane silly creature to attempt to swell myself to the size of the ox, my neighbour. Oh that I could establish in the middle classes of London an *Anti-entrée* and *Anti-Dessert* movement! I woul' go down to posterity not ill deserving of my country in such a case, and might be ranked among the social benefactors. Let us have a meeting at Willis's Rooms, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the purpose, and get a few philanthropists, philosophers, and bishops or so, to speak! As people, in former days, refused to take sugar, let

us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made dishes.*

In this way, I say, every man who now gives a dinner might give two; and take in a host of poor friends and relatives, who are now excluded from his hospitality. For dinners are given mostly in the middle classes by way of revenge; and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ask Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, because the latter have asked them. A man at this rate who gives four dinners of twenty persons in the course of the season, each dinner costing him something very near upon thirty pounds, receives in return, we will say, forty dinners from the friends whom he has himself invited. That is, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson pay a hundred and twenty pounds, as do all their friends, for forty-four dinners of which they partake. So that they may calculate that every time they dine with their respective friends, they pay about twenty-eight shillings *per tête*. What a sum this is, dear Johnson, for you and me to spend upon our waistcoats! What does poor Mrs. Johnson care for all these garish splendours, who has had her dinner at two with her dear children in the nursery? Our custom is not hospitality or pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of acquaintance from the dining list.

One of these dinners of twenty, again, is scarcely ever pleasant as far as regards society. You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbour and neighbouress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people cannot engage together in talk. You would want a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place by the lady of the house (for I wish to give my respected reader the place of honour) to the lady at the opposite corner at the right of the host. If you have a joke or a *mot* to make, you cannot utter it before such a crowd. A joke is nothing which can only get a laugh out of a third part of the company. The most eminent wags of my acquaintance are dumb in these great parties; and your *raconteur* or storyteller, if he is prudent, will invariably hold his tongue. For what can be more odious than to be compelled to tell a story at the top of your voice, to be called on to repeat it for the

* Mr. Brown here enumerates three *entrées*, which he confesses he can *not* resist, and likewise preserved cherries at dessert; but the principle is good, though the man is weak.

benefit of a distant person who has only heard a part of the anecdote? There are stories of mine which would fail utterly were they narrated in any but an undertone; others in which I laugh, am overcome by emotion, and so forth—what I call my *intimes* stories. Now it is impossible to do justice to these except in the midst of a general hush, and in a small circle; so that I am commonly silent. And as no anecdote is positively new in a party of twenty, the chances are so much against you that somebody should have heard the story before, in which case you are done.

In these large assemblies, a wit, then, is of no use, and does not have a chance: a *raconteur* does not get a fair hearing, and both of these real ornaments of a dinner-table are thus utterly thrown away. I have seen Jack Jolliffe, who can keep a table of eight or ten persons in a tour of laughter for four hours, remain utterly mute in a great entertainment, smothered by the numbers and the dowager on each side of him: and Tom Yarnold, the most eminent of conversationists, sit through a dinner as dumb as the footman behind him. They do not care to joke, unless there is a sympathising society, and prefer to be silent rather than throw their good things away.

What I would recommend, then, with all my power, is, that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should comprise fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table; although in a great house, managed by a great establishment, the case may be different. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see ten people; but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess,—are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioners' emissaries who crowd the room,—and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial major-domo, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, "Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendour, half the made dishes, and half the company assembled."

If any dinner-giving person who reads this shall be induced by my representations to pause in his present career, to cut off some of the luxuries of his table, and instead of giving one

enormous feast to twenty persons to have three simple dinners for ten, my dear Nephew will not have been addressed in vain. Everybody will be bettered ; and while the guests will be better pleased, and more numerous, the host will actually be left with money in his pocket.



ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.



I.

BOB BROWN is in love, then, and undergoing the common lot ! And so, my dear lad, you are this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longing and raptures, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812 (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear Aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated), I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures which you now, O my Nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathise with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once : and remember the time very well. Since that time, *amavi amantes* : if I see two young people happy, I like it, as I like to see children enjoying a pantomime. I have been the confidant of numbers of honest fellows, and the secret watcher of scores of little pretty intrigues in life. Miss Y., I know why you go so eagerly to balls now : and, Mr. Z., what has set you off dancing at your mature age. Do you fancy, Mrs. Alpha, that I believe you walk every day at half-past eleven by the Serpentine for nothing, and that I don't see young O'Mega in Rotten Row ? . . . And so, my poor Bob, you are shot.

If you lose the object of your desires, the loss won't kill you : you may set that down as a certainty. If you win, it is possible that you will be disappointed : that point also is to be considered. But hit or miss, good luck or bad—I should be sorry, my honest Bob, that thou didst not undergo the malady. Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over :

the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart ; how much the better for success if you win it and a good wife into the bargain ! Ah ! Bob—there is a stone in the burying-ground at Funchal which I often and often think of—many hopes and passions lie beneath it, along with the fairest and gentlest creature in the world—it's not Mrs. Brown that lies there. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps in Marylebone burying-ground, poor dear soul ! Emily Blenkinsop *might* have been Mrs. Brown, but—but let us change the subject.

Of course you will take advice, my dear Bob, about your flame. All men and women do. It is notorious that they listen to the opinions of all their friends, and never follow their own counsel. Well, tell us about this girl. What are her qualifications, expectations, belongings, station in life, and so forth ?

About beauty I do not argue. I take it for granted. A man sees beauty, or that which he likes, with eyes entirely his own. I don't say that plain women get husbands as readily as the pretty girls—but so many handsome girls are unmarried, and so many of the other sort wedded, that there is no possibility of establishing a rule, or of setting up a standard. Poor dear Mrs. Brown was a far finer woman than Emily Blenkinsop, and yet I loved Emily's little finger more than the whole hand which your Aunt Martha gave me—I see the plainest women exercising the greatest fascinations over men—in fine, a man falls in love with a woman because it is fate, because she is a woman ; Bob, too, is a man, and endowed with a heart and a beard.

Is she a clever woman ? I do not mean to disparage you, my good fellow, but you are not a man that is likely to set the Thames on fire ; and I should rather like to see you fall to the lot of a clever woman. A set has been made against clever women in all times. Take all Shakspeare's heroines—they all seem to me pretty much the same—affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers'—each man seems to draw from one model—an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part ; a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes, however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life. I never could get your poor Aunt into this system,

though I confess I should have been a happier man had she tried it.

There are many more clever women in the world than men think for. Our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, "Oh, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men." "Yes, poor Polly," says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. J.'s head good-naturedly, "attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us." Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses, and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband: every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good-humour, for all which we value her,—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile;—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves?—lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues; brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me—on the contrary; but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbour.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with

your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down Bruin, and get him in a good-humour. She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls—poor dear little Sapphiras!—set off laughing; there is that story about the Goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time: and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on; and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet; and had she a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say that the late Mrs. Brown would have gone through the process of incremation for me—far from it: by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own that I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women's duties to little more than a kitchen-range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ball-room, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill, and another for the Park. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up: to work for us, or to shine for us, or to dance for us, or what not? It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be

ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better: we can get cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the laws for women, who, we are in the habit of saying, are not so clever as we are.

My dear Nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women: but which are the cleverer, I doubt.



ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.



II.

LONG years ago, indeed it was at the Peace of Amiens, when with several other young bucks I was making the grand tour, I recollect how sweet we all of us were upon the lovely Duchess of Montepulciano at Naples, who, to be sure, was not niggardly of her smiles in return. There came a man amongst us, however, from London, a very handsome young fellow, with such an air of fascinating melancholy in his looks, that he cut out all the other suitors of the Duchess in the course of a week, and would have married her very likely, but that war was declared while this youth was still hankering about his Princess, and he was sent off to Verdun, whence he did not emerge for twelve years, and until he was as fat as a porpoise, and the Duchess was long since married to General Count Raff, one of the Emperor's heroes.

I mention poor Tibbits to show the curious difference of manner which exists amongst us; and which, though not visible to foreigners, is instantly understood by English people. Brave, clever, tall, slim, dark, and sentimental-looking, he passed muster in a foreign saloon, and, as I must own to you, cut us fellows out: whereas we English knew instantly that the man was not well bred, by a thousand little signs, not to be understood by the foreigner. In his early youth, for instance, he had been cruelly deprived of his *h's* by his parents, and though he tried to replace them in after life, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you as it were in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions. Not acquainted with these refinements of our

language, foreigners did not understand what Tibbits's errors were, and doubtless thought it was from envy that we conspired to slight the poor fellow.

I mention Mr. Tibbits, because he was handsome, clever, honest, and brave, and in almost all respects our superior; and yet laboured under disadvantages of manner which unfitted him for certain society. It is not Tibbits the man, it is not Tibbits the citizen, of whom I would wish to speak lightly: his morals, his reading, his courage, his generosity, his talents are undoubted—it is the social Tibbits of whom I speak; and as I



do not go to balls because I do not dance, or to meetings of the Political Economy Club, or other learned associations, because taste and education have not fitted me for the pursuits for which other persons are adapted, so Tibbits's sphere is not in drawing-rooms, where the *à*, and other points of etiquette, are rigorously maintained.

I say thus much because one or two people have taken some remarks of mine in ill part, and hinted that I am a Tory in disguise: and an aristocrat that should be hung up to a lamp-post. Not so, dear Bob;—there is nothing like the truth,

about whomsoever it may be. I mean no more disrespect towards any fellow-man by saying that he is not what is called in Society well-bred, than by stating that he is not tall or short, or that he cannot dance, or that he does not know Hebrew ; or whatever the case may be. I mean that if a man works with a pickaxe or shovel all day, his hands will be harder than those of a lady of fashion, and that his opinion about Madame Sontag's singing, or the last new novel, will not probably be of much value. And though I own my conviction that there are some animals which frisk advantageously in ladies' drawing-rooms, whilst others pull stoutly at the plough, I do not most certainly mean to reflect upon a horse for not being a lap-dog, or see that he has any cause to be ashamed that he is other than a horse.

And, in a word, as you are what is called a gentleman yourself, I hope that Mrs. Bob Brown, whoever she may be, is not only by nature, but by education, a gentlewoman. No man ought ever to be called upon to blush for his wife. I see good men rush into marriage with ladies of whom they are afterwards ashamed ; and in the same manner charming women linked to partners whose vulgarity they try to screen. Poor Mrs. Botibol, what a constant hypocrisy your life is, and how you insist upon informing everybody that Botibol is the best of men ! Poor Jack Jinkins ! what a female is that you brought back from Bagnigge Wells to introduce to London society ! a handsome, tawdry, flaunting, watering-place belle ; a boarding-house beauty : tremendous in brazen ornaments and cheap finery.

If you marry, dear Bob, I hope Mrs. Robert B. will be a lady not very much above or below your own station.

I would sooner that you should promote your wife, than that she should advance you. And though every man can point you out instances where his friends have been married to ladies of superior rank, who have accepted their new position with perfect grace, and made their husbands entirely happy ; as there are examples of maid-servants decorating coronets, and sempstresses presiding worthily over Baronial Halls ; yet I hope Mrs. Robert Brown will not come out of a palace or a kitchen : but out of a house something like yours, out of a family something like yours, with a snug jointure something like that modest portion which I daresay you will inherit.

I remember when Arthur Rowdy (who I need not tell you

belongs to the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy, & Co., of Lombard Street, bankers) married Lady Cleopatra: what a grand match it was thought by the Rowdy family; and how old Mrs. Rowdy in Portman Square was elated at the idea of her son's new connection. Her daughters were to go to all the parties in London; and her house was to be filled with the very greatest of great folks. We heard of nothing but dear Lady Stonehenge from morning till night; and the old frequenters of the house were perfectly pestered with stories of dear Lady Zenobia and dear Lady Cornelia, and of the dear Marquis, whose masterly translation of Cornelius Nepos had placed him among the most learned of our nobility.

When Rowdy went to live in Mayfair, what a wretched house it was into which he introduced such of his friends as were thought worthy of presentation to his new society! The rooms were filled with young dandies of the Stonehenge connection—beardless bucks from Downing Street, gay young sprigs of the Guards—their sisters and mothers, their kith and kin. They overdrew their accounts at Rowdy's bank, and laughed at him in his drawing-room; they made their bets and talked their dandy talk over his claret, at which the poor fellow sat quite silent. Lady Stonehenge invaded his nursery, appointed and cashiered his governess and children's maids; established her apothecary in permanence over him: quarrelled with old Mrs. Rowdy, so that the poor old body was only allowed to see her grandchildren by stealth, and have secret interviews with them in the garden of Berkeley Square; made Rowdy take villas at Tunbridge, which she filled with her own family; massacred her daughter's visiting-book, in the which Lady Cleopatra, a good-natured woman, at first admitted some of her husband's relatives and acquaintance; and carried him abroad upon excursions, in which all he had to do was to settle the bills with the courier. And she went so far as to order him to change his side of the House and his politics, and adopt those of Lord Stonehenge, which were of the age of the Druids, his Lordship's ancestors; but here the honest British merchant made a stand and conquered his mother-in-law, who would have smothered him the other day for voting for Rothschild. If it were not for the Counting House in the morning, and the House of Commons at night, what would become of Rowdy? They say he smokes there, and drinks when he smokes. He has been known to go

to Vauxhall, and has even been seen, with a comforter ^{across} over his nose, listening to Sam Hall at the Cider Cellars. All this misery and misfortune came to the poor fellow for marrying out of his degree. The clerks at Lombard Street laugh when Lord Mistle-toe steps out of his cab and walks into the bank-parlour; and Rowdy's private account invariably tells tales of the visit of his young scapegrace of a brother-in-law.



ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.



III.

LET us now, beloved and ingenuous youth, take the other side of the question, and discourse a little while upon the state of that man who takes unto himself a wife inferior to him in degree. I have before me in my acquaintance many most pitiable instances of individuals who have made this fatal mistake.

Although old fellows are as likely to be made fools as young in love matters, and Dan Cupid has no respect for the most venerable age, yet I remark that it is generally the young men who marry vulgar wives. They are on a reading tour for the Long Vacation, they are quartered at Ballinacree, they see Miss Smith or Miss O'Shaughnessy every day, healthy, lively, jolly girls with red cheeks, bright eyes, and high spirits—they come away at the end of the vacation, or when the regiment changes its quarters, engaged men; family rows ensue, mothers cry out, papas grumble, Miss pines and loses her health at Haymouth or Ballinacree—consent is got at last, Jones takes his degree, Jenkins gets his company; Miss Smith and Miss O'Shaughnessy become Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jenkins.

For the first year it is all very well. Mrs. Jones is a great bouncing handsome creature, lavishly fond of her adored Jones, and caring for no other company but his. They have a cottage at Bayswater. He walks her out every evening. He sits and reads the last new novel to her whilst she works slippers for him, or makes some little tiny caps, and—dear Julia, dear Edward!—they are all in all to one another.

Old Mrs. Smith of course comes up from Swansea at the time when the little caps are put into requisition, and takes possession of the cottage at Bayswater. Mrs. Jones Senior

calls upon Mrs. Edward Jones's mamma, and, of course, is desirous to do everything that is civil to the father of Edward's wife.

Mrs. Jones finds in the mother-in-law of her Edward a large woman with a cotton umbrella, who dines in the middle of the day and has her beer, and who calls Mrs. Jones Mum. What a state they are in in Pocklington Square about this woman! How can they be civil to her? Whom can they ask to meet her? How the girls, Edward's sisters, go on about her! Fanny says she ought to be shown to the housekeeper's room when she calls, Mary proposes that Mrs. Shay, the washerwoman, should be invited on the day when Mrs. Smith comes to dinner; and Emma (who was Edward's favourite sister, and who considers herself jilted by his marriage with Julia) points out the most dreadful thing of all, that Mrs. Smith and Julia are exactly alike, and that in a few years Mrs. Edward Jones will be the very image of that great enormous unwieldy horrid old woman.

Closeted with her daughter, of whom and of her baby she has taken possession, Mrs. Smith gives her opinion about the Joneses — They may be very good, but they are too fine a set for *her*, and they evidently think she is not good enough for *them* — they are sad worldly people, and have never sat under a good minister, that is clear — they talked French before her on the day she called in Pocklington Gardens, "and though they were laughing at me, I'm sure I can pardon them," Mrs. Smith says. Edward and Julia have a little altercation about the manner in which his family has treated Mrs. Smith, and Julia, bursting into tears as she clasps her child to her bosom, says, "My child, my child, will you be taught to be ashamed of your mother?"

Edward flings out of the room in a rage. It is true that Mrs. Smith is not fit to associate with his family, and that her manners are not like theirs, that Julia's eldest brother, who is a serious tanner at Cardiff, is not a pleasant companion after dinner — and that it is not agreeable to be called "Ned" and "Old Cove" by her younger brother, who is an attorney's clerk in Gray's Inn, and favours Ned by asking him to lend him a "sov," and by coming to dinner on Sundays. It is true that the appearance of that youth at the first little party the Edward Joneses gave after their marriage, when Natty disgracefully inebriated himself, caused no little scandal amongst

his family, and much wrath on the part of old Jones, who said, "That little scamp call my daughters by their Christian names—a little beggar that is not fit to sit down in my hall. If he dares to call at my house, I'll tell Jobbins to fling a pail of water over him." And it is true that Natty called many times in Pocklington Square, and complained to Edward that she, Nat, could neither see his Mar nor the Gurls, and that the old gent set up uncommon stiff.

So you see Edward Jones has had his way, and got a handsome wife, but at what expense? He and his family are separated. His wife brought him nothing but good looks. Her stock of brains is small. She is not easy in the new society into which she has been brought, and sits quite mum both at the grand parties which the old Joneses give in Pocklington Square, and at the snug little entertainments which poor Edward Jones tries on his own part. The women of the Joneses set try her in every way, and can get no good from her. Jones's male friends, who are civilised beings, talk to her and receive only monosyllables in reply. His house is a dead zone; his acquaintances drop off; he has no circle at all at last, except, to be sure, that increasing family circle which brings up old Mrs. Smith from Swansea every year.

What is the lot of a man at the end of a dozen years who has a wife like this? She is handsome no longer, and she never had any other merit. He can't read novels to her all through his life, while she is working slippers—it is absurd. He can't be philandering in Kensington Gardens with a lady who does not walk out now except with two nursemaids and the twins in a go-cart. He is a young man still, when she is an old woman. Love is a mighty fine thing, dear Bob, but it is not the life of a man. There are a thousand other things for him to think of besides the red lips of Lucy, or the bright eyes of Eliza. There is business, there is friendship, there is society, there are taxes, there is ambition, and the manly desire to exercise the talents which are given us by Heaven, and reap the prize of our desert. There are other books in a man's library besides Ovid; and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there: we have all had the fever: the strongest and the smallest, from Samson, Hercules, Rinaldo, downwards; but it burns out, and you get well.

Ladies who read this, and who know what a love I have for the whole sex, will not, I hope, cry out at the above observations, or be angry because I state that the ardour of love declines after a certain period. My dear Mrs. Hopkins, you would not have Hopkins to carry on the same absurd behaviour which he exhibited when he was courting you? or in place of going to bed and to sleep comfortably, sitting up half the night to write to you bad verses? You would not have him racked with jealousy if you danced or spoke with any one else at a ball; or neglect all his friends, his business, his interest in life, in order to dangle at your feet? No, you are a sensible woman; you know that he must go to his counting-house, that he must receive and visit his friends, and that he must attend to his and your interest in life. You are no longer his goddess, his fairy, his peerless paragon, whose name he shouted as Don Quixote did that of Dulcinea. You are Jane Hopkins, you are thirty years old, you have got a parcel of children, and Hop loves you and them with all his heart. He would be a helpless driveller and ninny were he to be honeymooning still, whereas he is a good honest fellow, respected on 'Change, liked by his friends, and famous for his port-wine.

Yes, Bob, the fever goes, but the wife doesn't. Long after your passion is over, Mrs. Brown will be at your side, good soul, still: and it is for that, as I trust, long subsequent period of my worthy Bob's life, that I am anxious. How will she look when the fairy brilliancy of the honeymoon has faded into the light of common day.

You are of a jovial and social turn, and like to see the world, as why should you not? It contains a great number of kind and honest folks, from whom you may hear a thousand things wise and pleasant. A man ought to like his neighbours, to mix with his neighbours, to be popular with his neighbours. It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends. You can't be talking to Mrs. Brown for ever and ever: you will be a couple of old geese if you do.

She ought then to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends. She ought to attract them to it by her grace, her good-breeding, her good-humour. Let it be said of her, "What an uncommonly nice woman Mrs. Brown is!" Let her be, if not a clever woman, an appreciator of cleverness in others, which, perhaps, clever folks like better. Above all, let her have

a sense of humour, my dear Bob, for a woman without a laugh in her (like the late excellent Mrs. Brown) is the greatest bore in existence. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A woman who cannot laugh is a wet blanket on the kindly nuptial couch. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A quick intelligence, a brightening eye, a kind smile, a cheerful spirit,—these, I hope, Mrs. Bob will bring to you in her *trousseau*, to be used afterwards for daily wear. Before all things, my dear Nephew, try and have a cheerful wife.

What, indeed, does not that word “cheerfulness” imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited: that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian. Have a good, jolly, laughing, kind woman, then, for your partner, you who are yourself a kind and jolly fellow; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest nightcaps.



OUT OF TOWN.



I.

I HAVE little news, my dear Bob, wherewith to entertain thee from this city, from which almost everybody has fled within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as Her Majesty has done at Pimlico, and the Queen of Cities has gone out of town.

You, in pursuit of Miss Kicklebury, are probably by this time at Spa or Homburg. Watch her well, Bob, and see what her temper is like. See whether she flirts with the foreigners much, examine how she looks of a morning (you will have a hundred opportunities of familiarity, and can drop in and out of a friend's apartments at a German watering-place as you never can hope to do here), examine her conduct with her little sisters, if they are of the party, whether she is good and playful with them, see whether she is cheerful and obedient to old Lady Kick (I acknowledge a hard task)—in fine, try her manners and temper, and see whether she wears them all day, or only puts on her smiles with her fresh bonnet, to come out on the parade at music time. I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straight-way *à se caser*, as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand

means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence, in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, sir, when I like the quiet time the best: the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at



conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

Colonel Padmore of our Club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favourite old cob to grass, I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality were going on. What a change it is

now in the Park, from that scene which the modern Pepys, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dickey-bird, depicted only a few weeks ago ! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which give an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance—for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them ? Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small ? Where are the stout old capitalists and bishops on their cobs (the Bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horse-back) ? Where are the dear rideresses, above all ? Where is she the gleaming of whose red neck-ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle's heart beat, Bob ? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—a young Diana, with pure bright eyes ! Where is Fanny, who wore the pretty grey hat and feather, and rode the pretty grey mare ? Fanny changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake. 'The gay squadrons have disappeared : the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. Watteau-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens : the scarlet trumpeters have blown themselves away thence ; you don't behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour's ride ; and Mrs. Catherine Highflyer, whom a fortnight since you never saw unaccompanied by some superb young Earl and *roué* of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her beautiful eyes, that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round firing Parthian shots behind her. But Padmore's cob did not trot, nor did my blood run, any the quicker, Mr. Bob ; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any Mrs. Highflyer of them all ; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, O ogling and vain Delilah, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is

at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman, the landlady's daughter, condescends to come in and superintend my comfort, and whisk about amongst the books and tea-things, and wait upon me in general : whereas in the full season, when young Lord Claude Lollypop is here attending to his arduous duties in Parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second-floor, the deuce a bit will Miss Flora ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old Mr. Brown on the first, but sends me in Muggins, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all-work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the Club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season? Every man in every Club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, Bob, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked Dr. Fell—the appearance of old Banquo, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening ; of Mr. Plodder threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man's dinner ; of old General Hawkshaw, who makes that constant noise in the Club, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, Oh that I could go to the Club without seeing Banquo—Oh that Plodder would not come and inspect my mutton chop—Oh that fate would remove Hawkshaw and his pocket-handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing ! Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Banquo are at Leamington, the paper says ; Mr. Plodder is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the "Trois Frères ;" and Hawkshaw is coughing away at Brighton, where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The Club is your own. How pleasant it is ! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard* now without a struggle ; you may see all the Sunday papers ; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dinned by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odours, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast

and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a Duke with a thousand pounds a day you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it : what mortal can ask more ?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people *are* actually afraid to be seen in London, when the persons who form their society have quitted the metropolis : and that Mr. and Mrs. Higgs being left at home at Islington, when Mr. and Mrs. Biggs, their next-door neighbours, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feel pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear Bob, and noted their manners : and for servility I will back a free-born Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between Higgs and Biggs, think what a strange standard of superiority is set up !—a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settle the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life, there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd : but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in London. Ashamed, Sir ! I like being in London at this time, and have so much to say regarding the pleasures of the place in the dead season, that I hope to write you another letter regarding it next week.



OUT OF TOWN.

II.

CAREERING during the season from one party to another, from one great dinner of twenty covers to another of eighteen guests ; from Lady Hustlebury's rout to Mrs. Packington's *soirée*—friendship, to a man about town, becomes impossible from February to August : it is only his acquaintances he can cultivate during those six months of turmoil.

In the last fortnight, one has had leisure to recur to more tender emotions ! in other words, as nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad are they to see you : very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be, very pleasant are those little calm *réunions* in the quiet summer evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together leisurely without candles, and ascend to the drawing-room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly presiding over the teapot. What matters that it is the metal teapot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's ? What matters that the hangings are down, and the lustre in a brown-holland bag ? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family *en déshabille*. In an honest man's house, the wine is never sent to the banker's ; he can always go to the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at College, and what not ! We become intimate again, because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season : gentle and amiable, friendly and full of quiet enjoyment.

Among these pleasant little meetings, for which the present season has given time and opportunity, I shall mention one, sir, which took place last Wednesday, and which during the very.

dinner itself I vowed I would describe, if the venerable *Mr. Punch* would grant me leave and space, in the columns of a journal which has for its object the promotion of mirth and good-will.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, sir, there lived at a villa, at a short distance from London, a certain gentleman and lady who had many acquaintances and friends, among whom was your humble servant. For to become acquainted with this young woman was to be her friend, so friendly was she, so kind, so gentle, so full of natural genius, and graceful feminine accomplishment. Whatever she did, she did charmingly; her life was decorated with a hundred pretty gifts, with which, as one would fancy, kind fairies had endowed her cradle; music and pictures seemed to flow naturally out of her hand, as she laid it on the piano or the drawing-board. She sang exquisitely, and with a full heart, and as if she couldn't help it any more than a bird. I have an image of this fair creature before me now, a calm sunshiny evening, a green lawn flaring with roses and geraniums, and a half-dozen gentlemen sauntering thereon in a state of great contentment, or gathered under the verandah, by the open French window: near by she sits singing at the piano. She is in a pink dress: she has *gigot* sleeves; a little child in a prodigious sash is playing about at her mother's knee. She sings song after song; the sun goes down behind the black fir-trees that belt the lawn, and Missy in the blue sash vanishes to the nursery: the room darkens in the twilight; the stars appear in the heaven—and the tips of the cigars glow in the balcony: she sings song after song, in accents soft and low, tender and melodious—we are never tired of hearing her. Indeed, Bob, I can hear her still—the stars of those calm nights still shine in my memory, and I have been humming one of her tunes with my pen in my mouth, to the surprise of Mr. Dodder, who is writing at the opposite side of the table, and wondering at the lackadaisical expression which pervades my venerable mug.

You will naturally argue from the above pathetic passage, that I was greatly smitten by Mrs. Nightingale (as we will call this lady, if you will permit me). You are right, sir. For what is an amiable woman made, but that we should fall in love with her? I do not mean to say that you are to lose your sleep, or give up your dinner, or make yourself unhappy in her absence;

but when the sun shines (and it is not too hot) I like to bask in it : when the bird sings, to listen : and to admire that which is admirable with an honest and hearty enjoyment. There were a half-dozen men at the period of which I speak who wore Mrs. Nightingale's colours, and we used to be invited down from London on a Saturday and Sunday, to Thornwood, by the hospitable host and hostess there, and it seemed like going back to school, when we came away by the coach of a Monday morning : we talked of her all the way back to London, to separate upon our various callings when we got into the smoky city. Salvator Rodgers, the painter, went to his easel ; Woodward, the barrister, to his chambers ; Piper, the doctor, to his patient (for he then had only one), and so forth. Fate called us each to his business, and has sent us upon many a distant errand since that day. But from that day to this, whenever we meet, the remembrance of the holidays at Thornwood has been always a bond of union between us : and we have always had Mrs. Nightingale's colours put away amongst the cherished relics of old times.

N. was a West India merchant, and his property went to the bad. He died at Jamaica. Thornwood was let to other people, who knew us not. The widow with a small jointure retired, and educated her daughter abroad. We had not heard of her for years and years, nor until she came to town about a legacy a few weeks since.

In those years and years what changes have taken place ! Sir Salvator Rodgers is a Member of the Royal Academy ; Woodward, the barrister, has made a fortune at the Bar ; and in seeing Doctor Piper in his barouche, as he rolls about Belgravia and Mayfair, you at once know what a man of importance he has become.

On last Monday week, sir, I received a letter in a delicate female handwriting, with which I was not acquainted, and which Miss Flora, the landlady's daughter, condescended to bring me, saying that it had been left at the door by two ladies in a brougham.

"—Why did you not let them come upstairs?" said I in a rage, after reading the note.

"We don't know what sort of people goes about in broughams," said Miss Flora, with a toss of her head ; "we don't want no ladies in *our* house." And she flung her impertinence out of the room.

The note was signed Frances Nightingale,—whereas *our* Nightingale's name was Louisa. But this Frances was no other than the little thing in the large blue sash, whom we remembered at Thornwood ever so many years ago. The writer declared that she recollected me quite well, that her mamma was most anxious to see an old friend, and that they had apartments at No. 166 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, whither I hastened off to pay my respects to Mrs. Nightingale.

When I entered the room, a tall and beautiful young woman with blue eyes, and a serene and majestic air, came up to shake hands with me : and I beheld in her, without in the least recognising, the little Fanny of the blue sash. Mamma came out of the adjoining apartment presently. We had not met since—since all sorts of events had occurred—her voice was not a little agitated. Here was that fair creature whom we had admired so. Sir, I shall not say whether she was altered or not. The tones of her voice were as sweet and kind as ever :—and we talked about Miss Fanny as a subject in common between us, and I admired the growth and beauty of the young lady, though I did not mind telling her to her face (at which to be sure the girl was delighted) that she never in my eyes would be half so pretty as her mother.

Well, sir, upon this day arrangements were made for the dinner which took place on Wednesday last, and to the remembrance of which I determined to consecrate this present page.

It so happened that everybody was in town of the old set of whom I have made mention, and everybody was disengaged. Sir Salvator Rodgers (who has become such a swell since he was knighted and got the cordon of the Order of the George and Blue Boar of Russia, that we like to laugh at him a little) made his appearance at eight o'clock, and was perfectly natural and affable. Woodward, the lawyer, forgot his abominable law and his money about which he is always thinking : and finally, Doctor Piper, of whom we despaired because his wife is mortally jealous of every lady whom he attends, and will hardly let him dine out of her sight, had pleaded Lady Rackstraw's situation as a reason for not going down to Wimbledon Common till night—and so we six had a meeting.

The door was opened to us by a maid, who looked us hard in the face as we went upstairs, and who was no other than little Fanny's nurse in former days, come like us to visit her old

mistress. We all knew her except Woodward, the lawyer, and all shook hands with her except him. Constant study had driven her out of the lawyer's memory. I don't think he ever cared for Mrs. Nightingale as much as the rest of us did, or indeed that it is in the nature of that learned man to care for any but one learned person.

And what do you think, sir, this dear and faithful widow had done to make us welcome? She remembered the dishes that we used to like ever so long ago, and she had every man's favourite dish for him. Rodgers used to have a passion for herrings—there they were; the lawyer, who has an enormous appetite, which he gratifies at other people's expense, had a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, which the lean and hungry man devoured almost entirely: mine did not come till the second course—it was baked plum-pudding—I was affected when I saw it, sir—I choked almost when I ate it. Piper made a beautiful little speech, and made an ice compound, for which he was famous, and we drank it just as we used to drink it in old times, and to the health of the widow.

How should we have had this dinner, how could we all have assembled together again, if everybody had not been out of town, and everybody had not been disengaged? Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens aquor*.

Since I wrote the above, I find that everybody really *is* gone away. The widow left town on Friday. I have been on my round just now, and have been met at every step by closed shutters and the faces of unfamiliar charwomen. No. 9 is gone to Malvern. No. 37, 15, 25, 48, and 36A are gone to Scotland. The solitude of the Club begins to be unbearable, and I found Muggins this morning preparing a mysterious apparatus of travelling boot-trees, and dusting the portmanteaus.

If you are not getting on well with the Kickleburys at Homburg, I recommend you to go to Spa. Mrs. Nightingale is going thither, and will be at the Hôtel d'Orange; where you may use my name and present yourself to her; and I may hint to you in confidence that Miss Fanny will have a very pretty little fortune.

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

I.

ON A LADY IN AN OPERA-BOX.

GOING the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion gathered together to hear the delightful performance of Madame Sontag, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favour of a ticket to the stalls, also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen, military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English: there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you didn't use your opera-glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still: and plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigg'd, well gloved, and brilliantly waistcoated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humoured-looking lady, whose head-dress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the Seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced houri out of all the lovely society, and make her the Empress or Grand Signora of my dominions; but simply that there *is* a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recognise, and admire, and wonder at

them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British Lion; we have our Britannia ruling the waves; we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the Great-British Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognised in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighbouring box—my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me, with a look of much meaning, "That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker." And from that minute I forgot Madame Sontag, and thought only of Mrs. T.-W.

"So that," said I, "is Mrs. Trotter-Walker! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recall some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days."

"Hold your tongue, man!" says Tom, my friend. "Listen to the Sontag; how divinely she is singing! how fresh her voice is still!"

I looked up at Mrs. Walker all the time with unabated interest. "Madam," thought I, "you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eyeglass, and the *empressement* with which he returns the salute, show that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls. But I wonder what would you think if you knew that I was looking at you? I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me, so to speak, and my eyeglass can't remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face."

What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose interests a man the most in this life? Himself, to be sure. It

is at himself he is looking through his opera-glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, "That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker, is it?" with an air of such deep interest.

Well then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd, it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome, as we will call the city. Major-General and Mrs. Trotter-Walker were also there; and until I heard of them there, I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the General and the lady—the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. Mrs. Walker, as became her station in life, took, I dare say, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

Much as I have travelled and lived abroad, these evening *rédunions* have never greatly fascinated me. Man cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neckcloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money, that I can hire a coach to go to one of these *soirées* on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening-parties that year at Rome: nor, of later years, at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend, Mrs. Coverlade (she is a daughter of that venerable peer, the Right Honourable the Lord Commandine), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, "My dear Doctor Pacifico, what have you done to offend Mrs. Trotter-Walker?"

"I know no person of that name," I said. "I knew Walker of the Post Office, and poor Trotter who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the Trotter-Walkers I haven't the honour of an acquaintance."

"Well, it is not likely that you will have that honour," Mrs. Coverlade said. "Mrs. Walker said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you."

"I think she might have waited until I asked her, madam," I said. "What have I done to her? I have never seen or heard of her: how should I want to get into her house? or attend at her Tuesdays—confound her Tuesdays!" I am sorry to say I said, "Confound Mrs. Walker's Tuesdays," and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon Mrs. Walker, or indeed thought about her from that day to this.

Strange endurance of human vanity! a million of much more important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely—but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgotten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit; but I doubt if we ever forgive slights of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

Otherwise, why should the remembrance of Mrs. Trotter-Walker have remained so lively in this bosom? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes? Had Venus or Helen (the favourite beauty of Paris) been at the side of Mrs. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had Mrs. Walker murdered Mrs. Pacifico, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for a slight? Never, Mrs. Trotter-Walker; never, by Nemesis, never!

And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralise for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that Mrs. General Trotter-Walker refused to receive Doctor S. Pacifico at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my Blucher-boots, or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend Jack Raggett, the painter, on the Piræio—a fellow with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle—I assume that to be the reason; indeed, Mrs. Coverlade, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome, in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropriate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the Courts of Europe (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo), which I have visited. I could have made the General die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner: I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the Continent:—anything you will. I have been familiar with Cardinals, Red Republicans, Jesuits, German princes, and Carbonari; and, what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, madam! what did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of Solomon Pacifico, M.D.!

And why? Because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the "Le-pre" with Raggett and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness amongst the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement, in every fellow-mortal. If I had been Mr. Pacifico, travelling with a courier and a carriage, would Mrs. Walker have made any objection to me? I think not. It was the Blucher-boots and the worn hat and the homely companion of the individual which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised Duke of Pacifico, and not a retired army-surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *foison* of plays, are composed upon this theme—the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown—a Haroun Al-raschid, or other Merry Monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what?—the star and garter.

But disguised emperors are not common nowadays. You

don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good-fellowship, we forego for the sake of our confounded gentility, and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost avowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money-standard.

I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured-looking jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbour, may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever pooh-poohed a man as good as you? If you fall into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

SOLOMON PACIFICO.



II.

ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY.

WHILST I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend Heaviside's grey cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable Augustus Toplady, a carriage passed from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty, that Augustus and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for awhile those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruses these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humoured and pleasant to look at, that it remains to this day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good: they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a *very* pretty woman should always be noted as a holyday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all Saints' days.

Toplady, then, on his chestnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer, rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes, that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and

then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner,—you were gone. Good luck go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away!

Top caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nursery-maids and the rest



of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from Batty's, and that, at a crack of Widdicomb's whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a Countess's carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair; he grinned, he kissed his little finger-tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off; whereas the other party on the grey cob—the old gentleman—pounded along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still, that I am unwilling to part with you) Toplady turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said — "I say, old boy, it was the chestnut she was looking at, and not the *gray*." And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

"You silly young jackanapes," said I, "what do I care whether she was looking at the grey or the chestnut? I was thinking about the girl; you were thinking about yourself, and be hanged to your vanity!" And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young Toplady, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. Augustus Toplady is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses whose *morning* of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a **FOGY**. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd, and ridiculous before gods and men; cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are not in the least duped by his youthful airs or toilette artifices, so an honest, good-natured, straightforward, middle-aged, easily pleased Fogy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman's life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty? What sad injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the schoolroom, she makes them wear cruel pinnfores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar, and to resort to all sort of schemes and arts to hide, in her own person, the august and respectable marks of time. Ah! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy? Is not Autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely

and sweetly, and await the time when Winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties; and, by converse, I have no doubt that Top-lady, about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally, and of his heart, acknowledges himself to be a Fogy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town, there is only one woman in the whole city—(at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows)—he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances; he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted; breaks his heart, mends it of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free, and a Fogy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little chatter of the young ones; all these are hidden from us until we take the Fogy's degree: nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitle them to rank amongst Fogies; for every woman, who is worth anything, will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or better still, an old widower, has this delightful *entrée* into the female world: he is free to come; to go; to listen; to joke; to sympathise; to talk with Mamma about her plans and troubles; to pump from Miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart; the ladies *ç'o* not *gêner* themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the Doctor, the Confessor, or the Kislar Aga.

What man, who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege, ought to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think, and justly, how much more

delightful is the society of a thousand ! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn ; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the Gorham side of the controversy at present pending ; a third darling, with long fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceiling-wards in behalf of Miss Sellon, thinks the Lord Chief Justice has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the Church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever Mr. Oriel is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. Sapphira, again, when she has said her say with regard to the Gorham affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possibly tire you—so may Hazelia, who is working altar-cloths all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk barefoot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor *meurtris* little feet into white satin slippers for the night's ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety of Miss-kind—how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy, when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices !

III.

ON THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY.



IN possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Fogy. I am a Fogy, and have been a young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a lock of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions, before the victorious and beloved Mrs. Pacifico subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, Mrs. P. would order them and me to be quiet; but I have none; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though as my dear Leonora is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were *not* tranquil, I should say that I was; but I *am* quiet): I have passed the hot stage: and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but a honest Fogy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes

a very great item in the happiness of a Foggy. I, for my part, would rather remember —, and —, and — (I dare not mention names, for isn't my Leonora pretending to read "The Initials," and peeping over my shoulder?), than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that passion that I am interested in beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in all ballrooms (over my cards, where I and the old ones sit) and dinner-parties. Without sentiment, there would be no flavour in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fond of each other, be it the housemaid furtively



engaged smiling and glancing with John through the area railings; be it Miss and the Captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing-room window—*Amant* is interesting to me because of *Amavi*—of course it is Mrs. Pacifico I mean.

All Fogies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves—if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old mugs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the Captain is sidling up to Miss Foggy, because he is twenty years

older than the Captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is anything of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of the *carte du pays* with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, or have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little Tommy, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him, Miss and the Captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young Billington and the lovely Blanche Pouter get together; and walked downstairs with my hat for the only partner of my arm. Augustus Toplady now, because he was a Captain of Dragoons almost before Billington was born, would have insisted upon his right of precedence over Billington, who only got his troop the other day.

Precedence! Fiddlestick! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, whether you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others towards them, because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing of course in the world; but the fault of gentlefolk is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others towards us, and a perpetual assertion of our twopenny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man, if the lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I met him I used to envelop myself in my dignity, and treat his Lordship with such a tremendous *hauteur* and killing coolness of demeanour, that you might have fancied I was an Earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple good-natured creature who had no idea of insulting or slighting me, and, indeed, scarcely any idea about any subject, except racing and shooting. Young men have this uncasiness in society, because they are thinking about themselves: Fogies are happy and tranquil, because they are taking advantage of, and enjoying, without suspicion, the good-nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a year? It is natural that you should

like such a good thing as ten thousand a year; and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well-to-do in the world; who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars; if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather have a good dinner than a bad one; if So-and-so is as good as you and possesses these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them: therefore I had rather go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high-and-mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy, clear-sighted Foggy steps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of; that has his conceited bashfulness to be "taken out of him," as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the good-will of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to "put yourself forward." You are thinking about yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else: that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well bred; that is, you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend Mumford as a painful example—one of the wittiest, cheeriest, cleverest, and most honest of fellows in his own circle: but having the honour to dine the other day at Mr. Hobanob's, where his Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of humour and wit were assembled, Mumford did not open his mouth once for the purposes of conversation, but sat and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.

He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence), as Toplady was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When Mumford is an honest Foggy, like some folks, he will neither distrust his host, nor his company, nor himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people

round about him ; he will scorn tumbling over head and heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble over head and heels, perhaps, if he has the talent that way ; not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good-humour and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can ; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn, a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please ; and my good young friend who read this, don't doubt about yourself, or think about your precious person. When' you have got on your best coat and waistcoat, and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition : not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world : therefore they are more honest and simple : therefore they are better bred than Growler, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will *not* be trampled upon : or poor Fawner, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks my Lord's shoes. But I think in our world—at least in my experience—there are even more Growlers than Fawners.

It will be seen by the above remark, that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a discreet Fogy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge ; out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Fogy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest and do not lose your temper. Succeeding ? What is the great use of succeeding ? Failing ? Where is the great harm ? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will

have you or not : what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards? Do you, Jones, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? The Future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party : it is no more or less than a ball, or a breakfast, like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did Mrs. Pacifico) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as nought—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time, the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavour to regard them both benevolently, is the task of a philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Foggy.



IV.

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

SOME time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of Erminia's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: where-upon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victorina her mother, Boa her aunt, Chinchilla her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies: and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune: who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you: when she passes through a ballroom, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favouritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies

her. I have before said that I am an old Foggy. On the day when I leave off admiring, I hope I shall die. To see Erminia is not to fall in love with her : there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that : and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I



should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a jealousy

between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a *little* factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the famous votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the Saccharissa for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know, whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I *am* jealous of him. Timotheus's verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give Erminia pleasure. Like

an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear Mrs. Pacifico here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

When Erminia got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. "They all tell me that," she said; "nobody cares for anything but that," cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

I once heard of another lady, "*de par le monde*," as honest Des Bourdeilles says, who after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, "I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!" and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it, she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. "We are full of love and kindness, ye men!" each says; "of truth and purity. We don't care about *your* good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy." I admire and reverence Erminia's tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jephthah's daughter condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a Queen in her splendour to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. "Ah!" says she, "it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me."

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an Ordinance of Nature, for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is seen in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman: it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and Bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her! It was a man made the story, one of those twopenny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly Wilkes said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England; meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general), *We* look for Beauty: women for Love. So, fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which

many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my Lord Farncombe's, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne ; the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncombe, so with Erminia : were I Timotheus of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse-offering to my fair young lady. But, madam, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a Proser ; and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you.



V.

ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE.

As he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance in all thoroughfares and public places of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neckcloths, and varnished little boots, with guide books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half-a-dozen of them, these honest Continentals march through the city and its environs, examine Nelson on his indescribable pillar, the Duke of York impaled between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks, le tunnel (monument du génie Français), Greenwich avec son parc et ses whites-bates, les monuments de la cité, les Squarrs du West End, &c.* The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now amongst us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass *une semaine à Londres* and of chronicling the doings and opinions of the party. His Excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and Lieutenant Futtu Jung, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but four hours' distance from us; and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, Houses of Parliament, churches; not understanding, for the most part, one syllable of what they hear: their eager imagi-

nations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replaces them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon*; and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richemont or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap), is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while Lord Stanley's questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake of mine,* would be a dangerous and unkind simile; but that, as our proverbial dulness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *boules-dogues*, so the figure and motions of the Frenchman bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmoset. They can't crack any of our nuts; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called "*Une Semaine à Londres*," intending to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and, no doubt, to satirise the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London—so had M. Gautier—so had M. Valentino—the first of whom saw "vases chiselled by Benvenuto" in the pot from which Mrs. Jones at Clapham poured out the poet's tea; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning

* A Jew named Pacifico, who claimed compensation for damage done to his property in a riot at Athens in 1847.

under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of "*Une Semaine à Londres*" had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see: he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither Her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandwich*; he saw the *bateaux* of the *blanchisseuses* on the river; and with these and a hundred similar traits, he strove to paint our manners in behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above and indeed the ensuing reflections, by reading an article in the *Times* newspaper last week, on Citizen Ledru Rollin's work on the decadence of this unhappy country; and by a subsequent reference to the work itself. That great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and, having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No man since the days of Pittetecobourg has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will—not O'Connell himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corrupter (roars our friend): it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that *he* was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation!); that, while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making "*Rule Britannia*" resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts; and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious—my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though a man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, "*This is England*," that is no reason that the portrait should be like. Mr. Spec, for instance, who

tried to draw Erminia as a figure-head for the Proser of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine ; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady, at an exhibition, where I pointed her out ? As with Spec and Erminia, so with Ledru and Britannia. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is Ledru to see England ? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world ? In the reader's acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently ? I have for my part, and for example, seen many of the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably, who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of Mr. Rollin, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half-a-dozen sentences in the *Times*. When Macaulay was busy with his great chapters on King William, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-hand, the despatches of the Prince of Orange. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history ? Can Thiers read a page of Napier ? No more than Ledru can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from Lord John Manners to Mr. Julian Harney.

How many houses has Ledru visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves ? Is he intimate with any three English families ? with any single nobleman, with any one parson, tradesman, or working man ? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from the *Morning Chronicle*: did

he translate from the *Chronick* himself, or get a secretary? Can he translate? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch*, gilt, and presented to him gratis.

The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all; that he gets his dinner at a French *table-d'hôte*, where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat and grumble; that he goes to a French *café*, or coffee-shop used by Frenchmen, to read the French newspapers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at an hotel in Leicester Place where there is a billiard- and a smoking-room, and where the whiskered Red men can meet and curse *l'infâme Angleterre*.

Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage and scowling on his pursuers, is a grand figure enough; but a French tribune looking upon *our* Carthage, standing alone we may fancy against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square, is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable. "Thou hireling soldier" (says he, folding his arms against the statue and knitting his brows with an awful air), "thou shuddering Cimbrian slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen Caius Marius, banished and a fugitive, seated on the ruins of," &c. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech; not he—Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be! How small he appears amongst the two millions! Who the deuce cares for him? The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policeman as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to Marius: he is Chowler, and has got to "chaw up" Peel. The next can't listen: he is Cobden, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive Captain Aaron Smith, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged: it is Lord Ashley, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives Marius a little sympathy, but must pass on: it is

Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, Author of "The Mysteries of London" and "The People's Instructor," who is going to beard Lord John at the meeting, and ask his Lordship what his Lordship is going to do for the millions? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about Marius? Get along, Marius, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, Marius, and don't block up the way.



VI.

ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.



As you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium, or any other club, I dare say you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners : by Hadji Babas and Persian Princes ; by Ledru Rollins or German philosophers ; by Americans who come to England ; and the like. If the black gentleman in St. Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it ; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unfailing interest are We to Us.

Thus, after reading Ledru Rollin's book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked and warped and dingy old estaminet looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of Mr. Parker Willis ; and seized eagerly, at a railway station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of " People I have Met." Parker Willis is no other than that famous and clever N. P. Willis of

former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem; amusement always, with him or at him; with or at Willis the poet, Willis the man, Willis the dandy, Willis the lover—now the Broadway Crichton, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinator to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done.

"There is more or less of truth," he nobly says, "in every one of the stories" which he narrates here in "People I have Met"—more or less, to be sure there is—and it is on account of this more or less of truth that I, for my part, love and applaud this hero and poet so; and recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read Willis. We live in our country and don't know it: Willis walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a Duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the Duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her Grace within: whereas the odds are that that lovely Duchess has had one time or the other a desperate flirtation with Willis the Conqueror. perhaps she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coroneted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at Gunter's, or to sip an ice at Howell and James's. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters. When the female English aristocracy read this title of "People I have Met," I can fancy the whole female peerage

of Willis's time in a shudder : and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness, trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, "Gracious goodness ! is the monster going to show up *me* ?"

"The greater number of his stories," Willis says, "embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of, by conversance with the circles in which they moved" — and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers. We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year ; so with English aristocratic society, to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise ? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask everybody to her house in Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of Lady P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them : where could her Ladyship put the thousandth part of them ? We on the outside must be content to hear at second-hand of the pleasure, which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one Brown, an American (though, under that modest mask of Brown, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself) : Brown arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day ; he "began with a most noble Duke" (the sly rogue), and, of course, was quickly "on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair."

"As I was calling myself to account the other day over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a *toujours perdrix*, even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my Lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

"I had, under a *presse-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards and follow up the trump.

"JOHN MIMPSON, Esquire, *House of Mimpson and Phipps, Mark Lane, London.*"

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson."

After a "dialogue of accost," Brown produced his introductory letter to Mimpson, whom he finely describes as having "that *highly-washed look* peculiar to London City men;" and Mimpson asked Brown to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day, whither the American accordingly went in a "poshay" with "a pair of Newman's posters." Brown might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least; but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

"Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

"I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as 'Mr. Brown.'

"With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The spokerster was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition. I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

"The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell

and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other commonplaces, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

"Hand this to Miss Armstrong," said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"Miss Bellamy, you mean, sir."

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas the footman! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of Mrs. Mimpson."

There's a rascal for you! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if Mrs. Mimpson had to receive every Brown in London—ye gods! what was she to do?), walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with Mimpson's sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for Miss Bellamy, to whom Thomas introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky Brown possesses, and on the strength of which Brown sneers at Mimpson, sneers at Mrs. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and consumes a bottle of champagne! Come, Brown! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair; but isn't this *un peu fort*, my boy? If Mrs. Mimpson, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear Brown, was not likely to do away with Mrs. M.'s little prejudices? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my Marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him; and deferentially think, Brown, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that Mrs. M. was dying to take her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment

Brown, through one of the patronesses, Lady X, "the best friend he has," could get as many tickets as he wished ; and that, to punish Mrs. Mimpson for her rudeness, and reward Miss Bellamy for her kindness, Brown got tickets for Miss Bellamy and *her* mamma, but would get never a ticket for Miss Mimpson and hers—a wonderful story truly, and with a wonderful moral.



VII.

ON THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.

My rising young friend Hitchings, the author of "Randolph the Robber," "The Murderers of Mayfair," and other romances, and one of the chief writers in the *Lictor* newspaper—a highly liberal, nay, seven-leagued-boots progressional journal, was discoursing with the writer of the present lines upon the queer decision to which the French Assembly has come, and which enforces a signature henceforth to all the leading articles in the French papers. As an act of government, Hitchings said he thought the measure most absurd and tyrannous, but he was not sorry for it, as it would infallibly increase the importance of the profession of letters, to which we both belonged. The man of letters will no longer be the anonymous slave of the newspaper-press proprietor, Hitchings said; the man of letters will no longer be used and flung aside in his old days; he will be rewarded according to his merits, and have the chance of making himself a name. And then Hitchings spoke with great fervour regarding the depressed condition of literary men, and said the time was coming when their merits would get them their own.

On this latter subject, which is a favourite one with many gentlemen of our profession, I, for one, am confessedly incredulous. I am resolved not to consider myself a martyr. I never knew a man who had written a good book (unless, indeed, it were a Barrister with Attorneys) hurt his position in society by having done so. On the contrary, a clever writer, with decent manners and conduct, makes more friends than any other man. And I do not believe (parenthetically) that it will make much difference to my friend Hitchings whether his name is affixed to one, twenty, or two thousand articles of his composition. But

what would happen in England if such a regulation as that just passed in France were to become law ; and the House of Commons omnipotent, which can shut up our parks for us, which can shut up our Post Office for us, which can do anything it will, should take a fancy to have the signature of every writer of a newspaper article ?

Have they got any secret ledger at the *Times* in which the names of the writers of all the articles in that journal are written down ? That would be a curious book to see. Articles in that paper have been attributed to every great man of the day : at one time it was said Brougham wrote regularly, at another Canning was a known contributor, at some other time it was Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen. It would be curious to see the real names. The Chancellor's or the Foreign Secretary's articles would most likely turn out to be written by Jones or Smith. I mean no disrespect to the latter, but the contrary—to be a writer for a newspaper requires more knowledge, genius, readiness, scholarship, than you want in St. Stephen's. Compare a good leading article and a speech in the House of Commons : compare a House of Commons orator with a writer, psha !

Would Jones or Smith, however, much profit by the publication of their names to their articles ? That is doubtful. When the *Chronicle* or the *Times* speaks now, it is "we" who are speaking, we the Liberal-Conservatives, we the Conservative Sceptics : when Jones signs the article, it is we no more, but Jones. It goes to the public with no authority. The public does not care very much what Jones's opinions are. They don't purchase the Jones organ any more—the paper droops ; and, in fact, I can conceive nothing more wearisome than to see the names of Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson and so forth, written in capitals every day, day after day, under the various articles of the paper. The public would begin to cry out at the poverty of the literary *dramatis personæ*. We have had Brown twelve times this month, it would say. That Robinson's name is always coming up—as soon as there is a finance question, or a foreign question, or what not, it is Smith who signs the article. Give us somebody else.

Thus Brown and Robinson would get a doubtful and precarious bread instead of the comfortable and regular engagement which they now have. The paper would not be what it

is. It would be impossible to employ men on trial, and see what their talents were worth. Occasion is half a public writer's battle. To sit down in his study and compose an article that *might* be suitable, is a hard work for him : twice as hard as the real work ; and yet not the real work ; which is to fight the battle at two hours' notice, at the given place and time. The debate is over at twelve o'clock at night, let us say. Mr. Editor looks round, and fixes on his man. "Now's your time, Captain Smith," says he, "charge the enemy, and rout them,"—or "advance, Colonel Jones, with your column and charge."

Now there may be men who are Jones's or Robinson's



superiors in intellect, and who—give them a week or ten days to prepare—would turn out such an article as neither of the two men named could ever have produced—that is very likely. I have often, for my part, said the most brilliant thing in the world, and one that would utterly upset that impudent Jenkins, whose confounded jokes and puns spare nobody—but then it has been three hours after Jenkins's pun, when I was walking home very likely—and so it is with writers ; some of them possess the amazing gift of the impromptu, and can always be counted upon in a moment of necessity—whilst others, slower coaches or leaders, require to get all their heavy guns into

position, and laboriously to fortify their camp, before they begin to fire.

Now, saying that Robinson is the fellow chiefly to be entrusted with the quick work of the paper, it would be a most unkind and unfair piece of tyranny on the newspaper proprietor to force him to publish Robinson's name as the author of all the articles *d'occasion*. You have no more right to call for this publicity from the newspaper owner, who sells you three yards of his printed fabric, than to demand from the linen-draper, from what wholesale house he got his calico; who spun it; who owned the cotton, and who cropped it in America. It is the article, and not the name and pedigree of the artificer, which a newspaper or any other dealer has a right to sell to the public. If I get a letter (which Heaven forbid!) from Mr. Tapes my attorney, I know it is not in Tapes's own handwriting; I know it is a clerk writes it—so, a newspaper is a composite work got up by many hireling hands, of whom it is necessary to know no other name than the printer's or proprietor's.

It is not to be denied that men of signal ability will write for years in papers and perish unknown—and in so far their lot is a hard one; and the chances of life are against them. It is hard upon a man, with whose work the whole town is ringing, that not a soul should know or care who is the author who so delights the public.

But, on the other hand, if your article is excellent, would you have had any great renown from it, supposing the paper had not published it? Would you have had a chance at all but for that paper? Suppose you had brought out that article on a broad-sheet, who would have bought it? Did you ever hear of an unknown man making a fortune by a pamphlet?

Again, it may so happen to a literary man that the stipend which he receives from one publication is not sufficient to boil his family pot, and that he must write in some other quarter. If Brown writes articles in the daily papers, and articles in the weekly and monthly periodicals too, and signs the same, he surely weakens his force by extending his line. It would be better for him to write incognito, than to placard his name in so many quarters—as actors understand, who do not perform in too many pieces on the same night; and painters, who know that it is not worth their while to exhibit more than a certain number of pictures.

Besides, if to some men the want of publicity is an evil : to many others the privacy is most welcome. Many a young barrister is a public writer, for instance, to whose future prospects his fame as a literary man would give no possible aid, and whose intention it is to put away the pen, when the attorneys begin to find out his juridical merits. To such a man it would only be a misfortune to be known as a writer of leading articles. *His* battle for fame and fortune is to be made with other weapons than the pen. Then again, a man without ambition—and there are very many such sensible persons, or whose ambition does not go beyond his *pot au feu*, is happy to have the opportunity of quietly and honourably adding to his income : of occupying himself : of improving himself : of paying for Tom at College, or for Mamma's carriage—and what not. Take away this modest mask—force every man upon the public stage to appear with his name placarded, and we lose some of the best books, some of the best articles, some of the pleasantest wit that we have ever had.

On the whole, then, in this controversy I am against Hitchings ; and although he insists upon it that he is a persecuted being, I do not believe it ; and although he declares that I ought to consider myself trampled on by the world, I decline to admit that I am persecuted, and protest that it treats me and my brethren kindly in the main.



CHILD'S PARTIES :

AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM.*



I.

SIR,—As your publication finds its way to almost every drawing-room table in this metropolis, and is read by the young and old in every family, I beseech you to give admission to the remonstrance of an unhappy parent, and to endeavour to put a stop to a practice which appears to me to be increasing daily, and is likely to operate most injuriously upon the health, morals, and comfort of society in general.

The awful spread of Juvenile Parties, sir, is the fact to which I would draw your attention. There is no end to those entertainments, and if the custom be not speedily checked, people will be obliged to fly from London at Christmas, and hide their children during the holidays. I gave mine warning in a speech at breakfast this day, and said, with tears in my eyes, that if the Juvenile Party system went on, I would take a house at Margate next winter, for that, by heavens! I could not bear another Juvenile Season in London.

If they would but transfer Innocents' Day to the summer holidays, and let the children have their pleasures in May or June, we might get on. But now in this most ruthless and cut-throat season of sleet, thaw, frost, wind, snow, mud, and sore throats, it is quite a tempting of fate to be going much abroad ; and this is the time of all others that is selected for the amusement of our little darlings.

As the first step towards the remedying of the evil of which I complain, I am obliged to look *Mr. Punch* himself in his venerable beard, and say, " You, Sir, have, by your agents, caused not a little of the mischief. I desire that, during Christmas time at

* Addressed to *Mr. Punch*.

least, Mr. Leech should be abolished, or sent to take a holiday. Judging from his sketches, I should say that he must be endowed with a perfectly monstrous organ of philoprogenitiveness: he revels in the delineation of the dearest and most beautiful little boys and girls in turn-down collars and broad sashes, and produces in your *Almanack* a picture of a child's costume ball, in which he has made the little wretches in the dresses of every age, and looking so happy, beautiful, and charming, that I have carefully kept the picture from the sight of the women and children of my own household, and—I will not say burned it, for I had not the heart to do that—but locked it away privately,



lest they should conspire to have a costume ball themselves, and little Polly should insist upon appearing in the dress of Anne Boleyn, or little Jacky upon turning out as an Ancient Briton."

An odious, revolting, and disagreeable practice, sir, I say, ought not to be described in a manner so atrociously pleasing. The real satirist has no right to lead the public astray about the Juvenile *Fête* nuisance, and to describe a child's ball as if it was a sort of Paradise, and the little imps engaged as happy and pretty as so many cherubs. They should be drawn, one and all, as hideous—disagreeable—distorted—affected—jealous of each other—dancing awkwardly—with shoes too tight for them—overeating themselves at supper—very unwell (and deservedly

so) the next morning, with Mamma administering a mixture made after the Doctor's prescription, and which should be painted awfully black, in an immense large teacup, and (as might be shown by the horrible expression on the little patient's face) of the most disgusting flavour. Banish, I say, that Mr. Leech during Christmas time, at least; for, by a misplaced kindness and absurd fondness for children, he is likely to do them and their parents an incalculable quantity of harm.

As every man, Sir, looks at the world out of his own eyes or spectacles, or, in other words, speaks of it as he finds it himself, I will lay before you my own case, being perfectly sure that many another parent will sympathise with me. My family, already inconveniently large, is yet constantly on the increase, and it is out of the question that Mrs. Spec* should go to parties, as that admirable woman has the best of occupations at home; where she is always nursing the baby. Hence it becomes the father's duty to accompany his children abroad, and to give them pleasure during the holidays.

Our own place of residence is in South Carolina Place, Clapham Road North, in one of the most healthy of the suburbs of this great City. But our relatives and acquaintances are numerous; and they are spread all over the town and its outskirts. Mrs. S. has sisters married, and dwelling respectively in Islington, Haverstock Hill, Bedford Place, Upper Baker Street, and Tyburn Gardens; besides the children's grandmother, Kensington Gravel Pits, whose parties we are all of course obliged to attend. A *very* great connection of ours, and *nearly related* to a B-r-n-t and M.P., lives not a hundred miles from B-lg—ve Square. I could enumerate a dozen more places where our kinsmen or intimate friends are—heads of families every one of them, with their quivers more or less full of little arrows.

What is the consequence? I herewith send it to you in the shape of these eighteen enclosed notes, written in various styles more or less correct and corrected, from Miss Fanny's, aged seven, who hopes, in round hand, that her dear cousins will come and drink tea with her on New Year's Eve, her birthday,—to that of the Governess of the B-r-n-t in question, who requests the pleasure of our company at a ball, a conjuror,

* A name sometimes assumed by the writer in his contributions to *Bunch*.

and a Christmas Tree. Mrs. Spec, for the valid reason above stated, cannot frequent these meetings: I am the deplorable chaperon of the young people. I am called upon to conduct my family five miles to tea at six o'clock. No count is taken of our personal habits, hours of dinner, or intervals of rest. We are made the victims of an infantile conspiracy, nor will the lady of the house hear of any revolt or denial.

"Why," says she, with the spirit which becomes a woman and mother, "you go to your *man's* parties eagerly enough: what an unnatural wretch you must be to grudge your children their pleasures!" She looks round, sweeps all six of them into her arms, whilst the baby on her lap begins to hawl, and you are assailed by seven pairs of imploring eyes, against which there is no appeal. You must go. If you are dying of lumbago, if you are engaged to the best of dinners, if you are longing to stop at home and read Macaulay, you must give up all and go.

And it is not to one party or two, but to almost all. You must go to the Gravel Pits, otherwise the grandmother will cut the children out of her will, and leave her property to her *other* grandchildren. If you refuse Islington and accept Tyburn Gardens, you sneer at a poor relation, and acknowledge a rich one readily enough. If you decline Tyburn Gardens, you fling away the chances of the poor dear children in life, and the hopes of the cadetship for little Jacky. If you go to Hampstead, having declined Bedford Place, it is because you never refuse an invitation to Hampstead, where they make much of you, and Miss Maria is pretty (as *you* think, though your wife doesn't), and do not care for the Doctor in Bedford Place. And if you accept Bedford Place, you dare not refuse Upper Baker Street, because there is a coolness between the two families, and you must on no account seem to take part with one or the other.

In this way many a man besides myself, I dare say, finds himself miserably tied down, and a helpless prisoner, like Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians. Let us just enumerate a few of the miseries of the pitiable parental slave.

In the first place, examine the question in a pecuniary point of view. The expenses of children's toilets at this present time are perfectly frightful.

My eldest boy, Gustavus, at home from Dr. Birch's Academy,

Rodwell Regis, wears turquoise studs, fine linen shirts, white waistcoats, and shiny boots: and, when I proposed that he should go to a party in Berlin gloves, asked me if I wished that he should be mistaken for a footman! My second, Augustus, grumbles about getting his elder brother's clothes, nor could he be brought to accommodate himself to Gustavus's waistcoats at all, had not his mother coaxed him by the loan of her chain and watch, which latter the child broke after many desperate attempts to wind it up. As for the little fellow, Adolphus, his mother has him attired in a costume partly Scotch, partly Hungarian, mostly buttons, and with a Louis Quatorze hat and scarlet feather, and she curls this child's hair with her own blessed tongs every night.

I wish she would do as much for the girls, though: but no, Monsieur Floridor must do that: and accordingly, every day this season, that abominable little Frenchman, who is, I have no doubt, a Red Republican, and smells of cigars and hair-oil, comes over, and, at a cost of eighteenpence *par tête*, figns out my little creatures' heads with fixature, bandoline, crinoline—the deuce knows what.

The bill for silk stockings, sashes, white frocks, is so enormous, that I have not been able to pay my own tailor these three years.

The bill for frys to 'Amstiel and back, to Hizzlington and take up, &c., is fearful. The drivers, in this extra weather, must be paid extra, and they drink extra. Having to go to Hackney in the snow, on the night of the 5th of January, our man was so hopelessly inebriated, that I was compelled to get out and drive myself; and I am now, on what is called Twelfth Day (with, of course, another child's party before me for the evening), writing this from my bed, Sir, with a severe cold, a violent toothache, and a most acute rheumatism.

As I hear the knock of our medical man, whom an anxious wife has called in, I close this letter; asking leave, however, if I survive, to return to this painful subject next week. And, wishing you a *merry* New Year, I have the honour to be, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your constant reader,

SPEC.

CHILD'S PARTIES.



II.

CONCEIVE, Sir, that in spite of my warning and entreaty, we were invited to no less than three Child's Parties last Tuesday ; to two of which a lady in this house, who shall be nameless, desired that her children should be taken. On Wednesday we had Dr. Lens's microscope ; and on Thursday you were good enough to send me your box for the Haymarket Theatre ; and of course Mrs. S. and the children are extremely obliged to you for the attention. I did not mind the theatre so much. I sat in the back of the box, and fell asleep. I wish there was a room with easy-chairs and silence enjoined, whither parents might retire, in the houses where Children's Parties are given. But no—it would be of no use : the fiddling and pianoforte-playing and scuffling and laughing of the children would keep you awake.

I am looking out in the papers for some eligible schools where there shall be no vacations—I can't bear these festivities much longer. I begin to hate children in their evening dresses : when children are attired in those absurd best clothes, what can you expect from them but affectation and airs of fashion ? One day last year, Sir, having to conduct the two young ladies who then frequented juvenile parties, I found them, upon entering the fly, into which they had preceded me under convoy of their maid—I found them—in what a condition, think you ? Why, with the skirts of their stiff muslin frocks actually thrown over their heads, so that they should not crumple in the carriage ! A child who cannot go into society but with a muslin frock in this position, I say, had best stay in the nursery in her pinafore. If you are not able to enter the world with your dress in its proper place, I say stay at home. I blushed, Sir, to see that

Mrs. S. *didn't* blush when I informed her of this incident, but only laughed in a strange indecorous manner, and said that the girls must keep their dresses neat. Neatness as much as you please; but I should have thought Neatness would wear her frock in the natural way.

And look at the children when they arrive at their place of destination: what processes of coquetry they are made to go through! They are first carried into a room where there are pins, combs, looking-glasses, and lady's-maids, who shake the children's ringlets out, spread abroad their great immense sashes and ribbons, and finally send them full sail into the dancing-room. With what a monstrous precocity they ogle their own faces in the looking-glasses; I have seen my boys, Gustavus and Adolphus, grin into the glass, and arrange their curls or the ties of their neckcloths with as much eagerness as any grown-up man could show, who was going to pay a visit to the lady of his heart. With what an abominable complacency they get out their little gloves, and examine their silk stockings! How can they be natural or unaffected when they are so preposterously conceited about their fine clothes? The other day we met one of Gus's schoolfellows, Master Chaffers, at a party, who entered the room with a little gibus hat under his arm, and to be sure made his bow with the *aplomb* of a dancing-master of sixty; and my boys, who I suspect envied their comrade the gibus hat, began to giggle and sneer at him; and, further to disconcert him, Gus goes up to him and says, "Why, Chaffers, you consider yourself a deuced fine fellow, but there's a straw on your trousers." Why shouldn't there be? And why should that poor little boy be called upon to blush because he came to a party in a hack-cab? I, for my part, ordered the children to walk home on that night, in order to punish them for their pride. It rained. Gus wet and spoiled his shiny boots, Dol got a cold, and my wife scolded me for cruelty.

As to the airs which the wretches give themselves about dancing, I need not enlarge upon them here, for the dangerous artist of the "Rising Generation" has already taken them in hand. Not that his satire does the children the least good: *they* don't see anything absurd in courting pretty girls, or in asserting the superiority of their own sex over the female. A few nights since, I saw Master Sultan at a juvenile ball, stand-

ing at the door of the dancing-room egregiously displaying his muslin pocket-handkerchief, and waving it about as if he was in doubt to which of the young beauties he should cast it. "Why don't you dance, Master Sultan?" says I. "My good sir," he answered, "just look round at those girls and say if I *can* dance?" *Blasé* and selfish now, what will that boy be, sir, when his whiskers grow?

And when you think how Mrs. Mainchance seeks out rich partners for her little boys—how my own admirable Eliza has warned her children—"My dears, I would rather you should dance with your Brown cousins than your Jones cousins," who



are a little rough in their manners (the fact being, that our sister Maria Jones lives at Islington, while Fanny Brown is an Upper Baker Street lady);—when I have heard my dear wife, I say, instruct our boy, on going to a party at the Baronet's, by no means to neglect his cousin Adeliza, but to dance with her as soon as ever he can engage her—what can I say, Sir, but that the world of men and boys is the same—that society is poisoned at its source—and that our little chubby-cheeked cherubim are instructed to be artful and egotistical, when you would think by their faces they were just fresh from heaven.

Among the *very* little children, I confess I get a consolation as I watch them, in seeing the artless little girls walking after the boys to whom they incline, and courting them by a hundred innocent little wiles and caresses, putting out their little hands and inviting them to dances, seeking them out to pull crackers with them, and begging them to read the mottoes, and so forth—this is as it should be—this is natural and kindly. The women, by rights, ought to court the men; and they would if we but left them alone.*

And, absurd as the games are, I own I like to see some thirty or forty of the creatures on the floor in a ring, playing at *petits jeux*, of all ages and sexes, from the most insubordinate infancy of Master Jacky, who will crawl out of the circle, and talks louder than anybody in it, though he can't speak, to blushing Miss Lily, who is just conscious that she is sixteen—I own, I say, that I can't look at such a circlet or chaplet of children, as it were, in a hundred different colours, laughing and happy, without a sort of pleasure. How they laugh, how they twine together, how they wave about, as if the wind was passing over the flowers! Poor little buds, shall you bloom long?—(I then say to myself, by way of keeping up a proper frame of mind)—shall frosts nip you, or tempests scatter you, drought wither you, or rain beat you down? And oppressed with my feelings, I go below and get some of the weak negus with which Children's Parties are refreshed.

At those houses where the magic lantern is practised, I still sometimes get a degree of pleasure, by hearing the voices of the children in the dark, and the absurd remarks which they make as the various scenes are presented—as, in the dissolving views, Cornhill changes into Grand Cairo; as Cupid comes down with a wreath, and pops it on to the head of the Duke of Wellington; as Saint Peter's at Rome suddenly becomes illuminated, and fireworks, not the least like real fireworks, begin to go off from Fort St. Angelo—it is certainly not unpleasant to hear the "o-o-o's" of the audience, and the little children chattering in the darkness. But I think I used to like the "Pull devil, pull baker," and the Doctor Syntax of our youth, much better than all your new-fangled dissolving views and pyrotechnic imitations.

* On our friend's manuscript there is written, in a female handwriting, "Vulgar, immodest.—E. S."

As for the conjuror, I am sick of him. There is one conjuror I have met so often during this year and the last, that the man looks quite guilty when the folding doors are opened, and he sees my party of children, and myself amongst the seniors in the back rows. He forgets his jokes when he beholds me; his wretched claptraps and waggeries fail him: he trembles, falters, and turns pale.

I on my side too feel reciprocally uneasy. What right have we to be staring that creature out of his silly countenance? Very likely he has a wife and family dependent for their bread upon his antics. I should be glad to admire them if I could: but how do so? When I see him squeeze an orange or a cannon-ball right away into nothing, as it were, or multiply either into three cannon-balls or oranges, I know the others are in his pocket somewhere. I know that he doesn't put out his eye when he sticks the penknife into it: or that after swallowing (as the miserable humbug pretends to do) a pocket-handkerchief, he cannot by any possibility convert it into a quantity of coloured wood-shavings. These flimsy articles may amuse children, but not *us*. I think I shall go and sit down below amongst the servants whilst this wretched man pursues his idiotic delusions before the children.

And the supper, sir, of which our darlings are made to partake. Have they dined? I ask. Do they have a supper at home, and why do not they? Because it is unwholesome. If it is unwholesome, why do they have supper at all? I have mentioned the wretched quality of the negus. How they can administer such stuff to children I can't think. Though only last week I heard a little boy, Master Swilby, at Miss Waters's, say that he had drunk nine glasses of it, and eaten I don't know how many tasteless sandwiches and insipid cakes; after which feats he proposed to fight my youngest son.

As for that Christmas Tree, which we have from the Germans—anybody who knows what has happened to *them* may judge what will befall us from following their absurd customs. Are we to put up pine-trees in our parlours, with wax-candles and *bonbons*, after the manner of the ancient Druids? Are we—

. . . My dear Sir, my manuscript must here abruptly terminate. Mrs. S. has just come into my study, and my daughter enters grinning behind her, with twenty-five little notes, announcing that Master and Miss Spec request the

pleasure of Miss Brown, Miss F. Brown, and M. A. Brown's company on the 25th instant. There is to be a conjuror in the back drawing-room, a magic lantern in my study, a Christmas Tree in the dining-room, dancing in the drawing-room--"And, my dear, we can have whist in our bedroom," my wife says. "You know we must be civil to those who have been so kind to our darling children."

SPEC.



TRAVELS IN LONDON.

HE had appointed me in Saint James's Park, under the Duke of York's Column, on Guy Fawkes' day ; and I found the venerable man at the hour and at the place assigned looking exceedingly sweet upon the gambols of some children : who were accompanied, by the way, by a very comely young woman as a nursery-maid. He left the little ones with a glance of kindness, and, hooking his little arm into mine, my excellent and revered friend *Mr. Punch* and I paced the Mall for a while together.

I had matters of deep importance (in my mind, at least) to communicate to my revered patron and benefactor. The fact is, I have travelled as *Mr. Punch's* Commissioner in various countries ; and having, like all persons of inquiring mind, from Ulysses downwards, a perpetual desire for locomotion, I went to propose to our beloved chief a new tour. I set before him eloquently the advantages of a trip to China : or, now that the fighting was over, a journey to Mexico I thought might be agreeable—or why not travel in the United States, I asked, where *Punch's* Commissioner would be sure of a welcome, and where the natives have such a taste for humorous description ?

" My dear Spec," said the sage, in reply to a long speech of mine, " you are, judging from your appearance, five-and-twenty years old, and consequently arrived at the estate of man. You have written for my publication a number of articles, which, good, bad, and indifferent as they are, make me suppose that you have some knowledge of the world. Have you lived so long in this our country as not to know that Britons do not care a fig for foreign affairs ? Who takes any heed of the Spanish marriages now ?—of the Mexican wars ?—of the row in Switzerland ? Do you know whether a Vorort is a gentleman, or a legislative body, or a village in the Canton of Uri ? Do you know a man

who reads the Spanish and Portuguese correspondence in the newspapers? Sir, I grow sick at the sight of the name of Bomfin, and shudder at the idea of Costa Cabral!" and he yawned so portentously as he spoke, that I saw all my hopes of a tour were over. Recovered from that spasm, the Good and Wise One continued—"You are fond of dabbling in the fine arts, Mr. Spec—now pray, sir, tell me, which department of the Exhibition is most popular?"

I unhesitatingly admitted that it was the portraits the British public most liked to witness. Even when I exhibited my great picture of Heliogabalus, I owned that nobody—

"Exactly—that nobody looked at it; whereas every one examines the portraits with interest, and you hear people exclaim, 'Law, Ma! if it ain't a portrait of Mrs. Jones, in a white satin and a tiara;' or, 'Mercy me; here's Alderman Blogg in a thunderstorm,' &c. &c. The British public like to see representations of what they have seen before. Do you mark me, Spec? In print as in art, sir, they like to recognise Alderman Blogg." He paused, for we had by this time mounted the Duke of York's Steps, and, panting a little, pointed to the noble vista before us with his cane. We could see the street thronged with life; the little children gathered round the column; the omnibuses whirling past the Drummond light; the carriages and flunkeys gathered round Howell and James's; the image of Britannia presiding over the County Fire Office in the Quadrant, and indeed over the scene in general.

"You want to travel?" said he, whisking his bamboo. "Go and travel there, sir. Begin your journey this moment. I give you my commission. Travel in London, and bring me an account of your tour. Describe me yonder beggar's impudence, sir; or yonder footman's calves; or my Lord Bishop's cob and apron (my Lord Bishop, how do you do?). Describe anything—anybody. Consider your journey is begun from this moment; and, left foot forward—March!" So speaking, my benefactor gave me a playful push in the back, in the direction of Waterloo Place, and turned into the Athenæum, in company with my Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, whose cob had just pulled up at the door, and I walked away alone into the immensity of London, which my Great Master had bidden me to explore.

- I staggered before the vastness of that prospect. Not naturally a modest man, yet I asked myself mentally, how am I

to grapple with a subject so tremendous? Every man and woman I met was invested with an awful character, and to be examined as a riddle to be read henceforth. The street-sweeper at the crossing gave me a leer and a wink and a patronising request for a little trifle, which made me turn away from him and push rapidly forward. "How do I know, my boy," thought I inwardly, "but that in the course of my travels I may be called upon to examine *you*—to follow you home to your lodgings and back into your early years—to turn your existence inside out, and explain the mystery of your life? How am I to get the clue to that secret?" He luckily spun away towards Waterloo Place with a rapid flourish of his broom, to accost the Honourable Member for Muffborough, just arrived in town, and who gave the sweeper a gratuity of twopence; and I passed over the crossing to the United Service Club side. Admiral Boarder and Colonel Charger were seated in the second window from the corner, reading the paper—the Admiral, bald-headed and jolly-faced, reading with his spectacles—the Colonel, in a rich, curly, dark purple wig, holding the *Standard* as far off as possible from his eyes, and making believe to read without glasses. Other persons were waiting at the gate. Mrs. General Cutandthrust's little carriage was at the door, waiting for the General, while the young ladies were on the back seat of the carriage, entertained by Major Slasher, who had his hand on the button. I ran away as if guilty. "Slasher, Boarder, Charger, Cutandthrust, the young ladies, and their mother with the chestnut front—there is not one of you," thought I, "but may come under my hands professionally, and I must show up all your histories at the stern mandate of *Mr. Punch*."

I rushed up that long and dreary passage which skirts the back of the Opera, and where the mysterious barbers and boot-shops are. The Frenchman who was walking up and down there, the very dummies in the hairdressers' windows seemed to look at me with a new and dreadful significance—a fast-looking little fellow in check trousers and glossy boots, who was sucking the end of his stick and his cigar alternately, while bestriding a cigar chest in Mr. Alvarez's shop—Mr. A. himself, that stately and courteous merchant who offers you an Havana as if you were a Grandee of the first class—everybody, I say, struck me with fright. "Not one of these," says I, "but next week you may be called upon to copy him down;" and I did not even look at the fast

young man on the chest, further than to observe that a small carrot sprouted from his chin, and that he wore a shirt painted in scarlet arabesques.

I passed down Saint Albans Place, where the noble H. P. officers have lodgings, without ever peeping into any one of their parlours, and the Haymarket, brilliant with gin-shops, brawling with cabmen, and thronged with lobsters. At the end towards the Quadrant, the poor dirty foreigners were sauntering about greasily; the hansom were rattling; the omnibuses cutting in and out; my Lord Tomnoddy's cab with the enormous white horse, was locked in with Doctor Bullfrog's purple brougham, and a cartful of window-frames and shop-fronts. Part of the pavement of course was up, and pitch-caldrons reeking in the midst; omnibus cads bawling out "Now then, stoopid!" over all. "Am I to describe all these," I thought; "to unravel this writhing perplexity; to set sail into this boundless ocean of life? What does my Master mean by setting me so cruel a task; and how the druce am I to travel in London?" I felt dazzled, amazed, and confounded, like stout Cortes, when with eagle's eyes he stared at the Pacific in a wild surprise, silent upon a peak in What-d'ye-call-'em. And I wandered on and on.

"Well met," said a man, accosting me. "What is the matter, Spec? Is your banker broke?"

I looked down. It was little Frank Whitestock, the Curate of Saint Timothy's, treading gingerly over the mud.

I explained to Frank my mission, and its tremendous nature, my modest fears as to my competency, my perplexity where to begin.

The little fellow's eyes twinkled roguishly. "*Mr. Punch* is right," said he. "If you want to travel, my poor Spec, you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid."

"Tea-kettle, tea-kettle yourself," says I. "How to begin is the question."

"Begin?" says he, "begin this instant. Come in here with me;" and he pulled at one of four bells at an old-fashioned door by which we were standing.

SPEC.

THE CURATE'S WALK.

I.

IT was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which my friend the Curate pulled ; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14 Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square ; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests Fielding's novels to me. I can fancy Captain Booth strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger ; or Lady Bellaston's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of Bluck's Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass-plates on the doors, two on some of them : or simple names, as "Lunt," "Padgemore," &c. (as if no other statement about Lunt and Padgemore were necessary at all) under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a Goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places ? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those Goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is Goldbeaters' skin ? and do they get impregnated with

the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays, all gilt and shining?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half-pint are hanging on the railing in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster-shells in one corner. Who has that half-pint? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A bird-cage and very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whitey-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a portress so small, that I wonder how she ever could have lifted up the latch. She hobbled a curtsy, and smiled at the Curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

"Mother not at home?" says Frank Whitestock, patting the child on the head.

"Mother's out charing, sir," replied the girl; "but please to walk up, sir." And she led the way up one and two pair of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second-floor front; in which was the abode of the charwoman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured Curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

"These children attend my school at St. Timothy's," Mr. Whitestock said, "and Betsy keeps the house while her mother is from home."

• Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the rest-

ing-place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls; besides two framed and glazed, of Prince Coburg and the Princess Charlotte. There were brass candlesticks, and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half-a-dozen plates, yellow bowls, and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread, and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That little Betsy who looks so small is nearly ten years old: and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say, that her own mother having to go out upon her charing operations, Betsy assumes command of the room during her parent's absence: has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time: keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it; and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at Church and Sunday-school. The younger children scarcely ever go out, save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly; sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman bookbinder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The Curate evidently took especial pride in Victoria, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused Betsy to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a Missionary Register which the Curate opened haphazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

"The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues S.E. by E., and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The 'Irascible' entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the Rev. Mr. Flethers, Mrs. Flethers, and their nine children, and Shangpooky, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence

at the house of Ratatatua, the Principal Chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig," &c. &c. &c.

"Raritongo, Wankyfungo, Archipelago." I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Heavies would be puzzled with words half the length. White-stock, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a curtesy, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat, and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful—content with small pifftances, practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot for dinner. 'Melia, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for Victoria's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the Princess Alice can read off "Raritongo," &c., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the Curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. "What will you do with it?" I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, "We'll give it to Mother." This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

Elizabeth says, "I would like twopenn'orth of meat, if you please, sir."

'Melia : "Ha'porth of treacle, three-farthings'-worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread."

Victoria, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated manner : "Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple, and ha'pny—aha—treacle, and—and"—here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this 'Melia actually interposed, "Suppose she and Victoria subscribed a farthing apiece out of their money, so that Betsy might have a quarter of a pound of meat?" She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposal and the calculations in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, Betsy had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Buildings has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens ! May their voyage in life prosper ! Think of the great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies venturing over the great stormy ocean.



THE CURATE'S WALK.

II.

FOLLOWING the steps of little Betsy with her mug and basket, as she goes pattering down the street, we watch her into a grocer's shop, where a startling placard with "DOWN AGAIN!" written on it announces that the Sugar Market is still in a depressed condition--and where she no doubt negotiates the purchase of a certain quantity of molasses. A little further on in Lawfeldt Street, is Mr. Filch's fine silversmith's shop, where a man may stand for a half-hour and gaze with rapture at the beautiful gilt cups and tankards, the stunning waistcoat-chains, the little white cushions laid out with delightful diamond-pins, gold horseshoes and splinter-bars, pearl owls, turquoise lizards and dragons, enamelled monkeys, and all sorts of agreeable monsters for your neckcloth. If I live to be a hundred, or if the girl of my heart were waiting for me at the corner of the street, I never could pass Mr. Filch's shop without having a couple of minutes' good stare at the window. I like to fancy myself dressed up in some of the jewellery. "Spec, you rogue," I say, "suppose you were to get leave to wear three or four of those rings on your fingers; to stick that opal, round which twists a brilliant serpent with a ruby head, into your blue satin neckcloth; and to sport that gold jack-chain on your waistcoat. You might walk in the Park with that black whalebone prize riding-whip, which has a head the size of a snuff-box, surmounted with a silver jockey on a silver race-horse; and what a sensation you would create, if you took that large ram's horn with the cairngorm top out of your pocket, and offered a pinch of rappee to the company round!" A little attorney's clerk is staring in at the window, in whose mind very similar ideas are passing.

What would he not give to wear that gold pin next Sunday in his blue hunting neckcloth? The ball of it is almost as big as those which are painted over the side door of Mr. Filch's shop, which is down that passage which leads into Trotter's Court.

I have dined at a house where the silver dishes and covers came from Filch's, let out to their owner by Mr. Filch for the day, and in charge of the grave-looking man whom I mistook for the butler. Butlers and ladies'-maids innumerable have audiences of Mr. Filch in his back-parlour. There are suits of jewels which he and his shop have known for a half-century past, so often have they been pawned to him. When we read in the *Court Journal* of Lady Fitzball's head dress of lappets and superb diamonds, it is because the jewels get a day rule from Filch's, and come back to his iron box as soon as the Drawing-room is over. These jewels become historical among pawn-brokers. It was here that Lady Prigsby brought her diamonds one evening of last year, and desired hurriedly to raise two thousand pounds upon them, when Filch respectfully pointed out to her Ladyship that she had pawned the stones already to his comrade, Mr. Tubal, of Charing Cross. And, taking his hat, and putting the case under his arm, he went with her Ladyship to the hack-cab in which she had driven to Lawfeldt Street, entered the vehicle with her, and they drove in silence to the back entrance of her mansion in Monmouth Square, where Mr. Tubal's young man was still seated in the hall, waiting until her Ladyship should be undressed.

We walked round the splendid shining shop and down the passage, which would be dark but that the gas-lit door is always swinging to and fro, as the people who come to pawn go in and out. You may be sure there is a gin-hop handy to all pawn-brokers'.

A lean man in a dingy dress is walking lazily up and down the flags of Trotter's Court. His ragged trousers trail in the slimy mud there. The doors of the pawnbroker's, and of the gin-shop on the other side, are banging to and fro: a little girl comes out of the former with a tattered old handkerchief, and goes up and gives something to the dingy man. It is ninepence, just raised on his waistcoat. The man bids the child to "cut away home," and when she is clear out of the court, he looks at us with a lurking scowl and walks into the gin-shop doors, which swing always opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

Why should he have sent the waistcoat wrapped in that ragged old cloth? Why should he have sent the child into the pawnbroker's box, and not have gone himself? He did not choose to let her see him go into the gin-shop—why drive her in at the opposite door? The child knows well enough whither he is gone. She might as well have carried an old waistcoat in her hand through the street as a ragged napkin. A sort of vanity, you see, drapes itself in that dirty rag, or is it a kind of debauched shame, which does not like to go naked? The fancy can follow the poor girl up the black alley, up the black stairs,



into the bare room, where mother and children are starving, while the lazy ragamuffin, the family bully, is gone into the gin-shop to "try our celebrated Cream of the Valley," as the bill in red letters bids him.

"I waited in this court the other day," Whitestock said, "just like that man, while a friend of mine went in to take her husband's tools out of pawn—an honest man—a journeyman shoemaker, who lives hard by." And we went to call on the journeyman shoemaker—Randle's Buildings—two-pair back—over a blacking manufactory. The blacking was made by one

manufacturer, who stood before a tub stirring up his produce, a good deal of which—and nothing else—was on the floor. We passed through this emporium, which abutted on a dank steaming little court, and up the narrow stair to the two-pair back.

The shoemaker was at work with his recovered tools, and his wife was making woman's shoes (an inferior branch of the business) by him. A shivelled child was lying on the bed in the corner of the room. There was no bedstead, and indeed scarcely any furniture, save the little table on which lay his tools and shoes—a fair-haired, lank, handsome young man, with a wife who may have been pretty once, in better times, and before starvation pulled her down. She had but one thin gown: it clung to a frightfully emaciated little body.

Their story was the old one. The man had been in good work, and had the fever. The clothes had been pawned, the furniture and bedstead had been sold, and they slept on the mattress; the mattress went, and they slept on the floor; the tools went, and the end of all things seemed at hand, when the gracious apparition of the Curate, with his umbrella, came and cheered those stricken-down poor folks.

The journeyman shoemaker must have been astonished at such a sight. He is not, or was not, a church-goer. He is a man of "advanced" opinions; believing that priests are hypocrites, and that clergymen in general drive about in coaches and four, and eat a tithe-pig a day. This proud priest got Mr. Crispin a bed to lie upon, and some soup to eat; and (being the treasurer of certain good folks of his parish, whose charities he administers) as soon as the man was strong enough to work, the Curate lent him money wherewith to redeem his tools, and which our friend is paying back by instalments at this day. And any man who has seen these two honest men talking together, would have said the shoemaker was the haughtier of the two.

We paid one more morning visit. This was with an order for work to a tailor of reduced circumstances and enlarged family. He had been a master and was now forced to take work by the job. He who had commanded many men, was now fallen down to the ranks again. His wife told us all about his misfortunes. She is evidently very proud of them. "He failed for seven thousand pounds," the poor woman said, three or four times

during the course of our visit. It gave her husband a sort of dignity to have been trusted for so much money.

The Curate must have heard that story many times, to which he now listened with great patience in the tailor's house—a large, clean, dreary, faint-looking room, smelling of poverty. Two little stunted yellow-headed children, with lean pale faces and large protruding eyes, were at the window staring with all their might at Guy Fawkes, who was passing in the street, and making a great clattering and shouting outside, while the luckless tailor's wife was prating within about her husband's bygone riches. I shall not in a hurry forget the picture. The empty room in a dreary background; the tailor's wife in brown, stalking up and down the planks, talking endlessly; the solemn children staring out of the window as the sunshine fell on their faces, and honest Whitestock seated, listening, with the tails of his coat through the chair.

His business over with the tailor, we start again; Frank Whitestock trips through alley after alley, never getting any mud on his boots somehow, and his white neckcloth making a wonderful shine in those shady places. He has all sorts of acquaintance, chiefly amongst the extreme youth, assembled at the door, or about the gutters. There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster-shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business air struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small-coalman. A half-dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend.

I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's oyster-shell, as she came forward holding it before her like a tray. At first her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased.

For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but, having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighbouring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the children round the scraper were witnesses

to the transaction. "He's giv her a penny," one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present.

She walked on to the apple-stall meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross. And one after another they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall.



A DINNER IN THE CITY.

I.

OUT of a mere love of variety and contrast, I think we cannot do better, after leaving the wretched Whitestock among his starving parishioners, than transport ourselves to the City, where we are invited to dine with the Worshipful Company of Bellows-menders, at their splendid Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane.

Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them. When I was a boy, I had by heart the Barmecide's feast in the "Arabian Nights;" and the culinary passages in Scott's novels (in which works there is a deal of good eating) always were my favourites. The Homeric poems are full, as everybody knows, of roast and boiled; and every year I look forward with



pleasure to the newspapers of the 10th of November for the *menu* of the Lord Mayor's feast, which is sure to appear in those journals. What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814? It is good even now, and to read it ought to make a man hungry, had he had

five meals that day. In a word, I had long long yearned in my secret heart to be present at a City festival. The last year's papers had a bill of fare commencing with "four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints;" and concluding with the pine-apples and ices of the dessert.

• "Fancy two thousand pints of turtle, my love," I have often said

to Mrs. Spec. "in a vast silver tank, smoking fragrantly, with lovely green islands of calipash and calipee floating about—why, my dear, if it had been invented in the time of Vitellius he would have bathed in it!"

"He would have been a nasty wretch," Mrs. Spec said, who thinks that cold mutton is the most wholesome food of man. However, when she heard what great company was to be present at the dinner, the Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, some of the bench of Bishops, no doubt the Judges, and a great portion of the Nobility, she was pleased at the card which was sent to her husband, and made a neat tie to my white neckcloth before I set off on the festive journey. She warned me to be very cautious, and obstinately refused to allow me the Chubb door-key.

The very card of invitation is a curiosity. It is almost as big as a tea-tray. It gives one ideas of a vast enormous hospitality. Gog and Magog in livery might leave it at your door. If a man is to eat up that card, Heaven help us, I thought; the Doctor must be called in. Indeed, it was a Doctor who procured me the placard of invitation. Take all medical men who have published a book upon diet, Pilkington is a great gourmand, and he made a great favour of procuring the ticket for me from his brother of the Stock Exchange, who is a Citizen and a Bellows-Mender in his corporate capacity.

We drove in Pilkington's brougham to the place of *man-gervous*, through the streets of the town, in the broad daylight, dressed out in our white waistcoats and ties; making a sensation upon all beholders by the premature splendour of our appearance. There is something grand in that hospitality of the citizens, who not only give you more to eat than other people, but who begin earlier than anybody else. Major Bangles, Captain Canterbury, and a host of the fashionables of my acquaintance, were taking their morning's ride in the Park as we drove through. You should have seen how they stared at us! It gave me a pleasure to be able to remark mentally, "Look on, gents, we too are sometimes invited to the tables of the great."

We fell in with numbers of carriages as we were approaching Citywards, in which reclined gentlemen with white neckcloths—grand equipages of foreign ambassadors, whose uniforms, and stars, and gold lace glistened within the carriages, while

their servants with coloured cockades looked splendid without : these careered by the Doctor's brougham horse, which was a little fatigued with his professional journeys in the morning. General Sir Roger Bluff, K.C.B., and Colonel Tucker, were stepping into a cab at the United Service Club as we passed it. The veterans blazed in scarlet and gold lace. It seemed strange that men so famous, if they did not mount their chargers to go to dinner, should ride in any vehicle under a coach-and-six ; and instead of having a triumphal car to conduct them to the City, should go thither in a rickety cab, driven by a ragged charioteer smoking a dhoodeen. In Cornhill we fell into a line, and formed a complete regiment of the aristocracy. Crowds were gathered round the steps of the old hall in Marrow-pudding Lane, and welcomed us nobility and gentry as we stepped out of our equipages at the door. The policemen could hardly restrain the ardour of these low fellows, and their sarcastic cheers were sometimes very unpleasant. There was one rascal who made an observation about the size of my white waistcoat, for which I should have liked to sacrifice him on the spot ; but Pillkington hurried me, as the policemen did our little brougham, to give place to a prodigious fine equipage which followed, with immense grey horses, immense footmen in powder, and driven by a grave coachman in an episcopal wig.

A veteran officer in scarlet, with silver epaulets, and a profuse quantity of bullion and silver lace, descended from this carriage between the two footmen, and was nearly upset by his curling sabre, which had twisted itself between his legs, which were cased in duck trousers very tight except about the knees (where they bagged quite freely), and with rich long white straps. I thought he must be a great man by the oddness of his uniform.

"Who is the General?" says I, as the old warrior, disentangling himself from his scimitar, entered the outer hall. "Is it the Marquis of Anglesey, or the Rajah of Sarawak?"

I spoke in utter ignorance, as it appeared. "That! Pooh," says Pillkington ; "that is Mr. Champignon, M.P., of Whitehall-Gardens and Fungus Abbey, Citizen and Bellows-Mender. His uniform is that of a Colonel of the Diddlesex Militia." There was no end to similar mistakes on that day. A venerable man with a blue and gold uniform, and a large crimson sword-belt and brass-scabbarded sabre, passed presently, whom I mistook for a foreign ambassador at the least ; whereas I

found out that he was only a Billingsgate Commissioner—and a little fellow in a blue livery, which fitted him so badly that I thought he must be one of the hired waiters of the Company, who had been put into a coat that didn't belong to him, turned out to be a real right honourable gent, who had been a Minister once.

I was conducted upstairs by my friend to the gorgeous drawing-room, where the company assembled, and where there was a picture of George IV. I cannot make out what public Companies can want with a picture of George IV. A fellow with a gold chain, and in a black suit, such as the lamented Mr. Cooper wore preparatory to execution in the last act of "George Barnwell," bawled out our names as we entered the apartment. "If my Eliza could hear that gentleman," thought I, "roaring out the name of 'Mr. Spec!' in the presence of at least two hundred Earls, Prelates, Judges, and distinguished characters!" It made little impression upon them, however; and I slunk into the embrasure of a window, and watched the company.

Every man who came into the room was, of course, ushered in with a roar. "His Excellency the Minister of Topinambo!" the usher yelled; and the Minister appeared, bowing, and in tights. "Mr. Hoggin! The Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres! Mr. Snog! Mr. Braddle! Mr. Alderman Moodie! Mr. Justice Bunker! Lieutenant-General Sir Roger Bluff! Colonel Tucker! Mr. Tims!" with the same emphasis and mark of admiration for us all as it were. The Warden of the Bellows-Menders came forward and made a profusion of bows to the various distinguished guests as they arrived. He, too, was in a Court dress, with a sword and bag. His lady must like so to behold him turning out in arms and ruffles, shaking hands with Ministers, and bowing over his wine-glass to their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors.

To be in a room with these great people gave me a thousand sensations of joy. Once, I am positive, the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office looked at me and, turning round to a noble lord in a red ribbon, evidently asked, "Who is that?" Oh, Eliza, Eliza! How I wish you had been there!—or if not there, in the ladies' gallery in the dining-hall, when the music began, and Mr. Shadrach, Mr. Meshech, and little Jack Oldboy whom I recollect in the part of Count Almaviva any time these forty years), sang "Non nobis, Domine."

But I am advancing matters prematurely. We are not in the grand dining-hall as yet. The crowd grows thicker and thicker, so that you can't see people bow as they enter any more. The usher in the gold chain roars out name after name: more ambassadors, more generals, more citizens, capitalists, bankers—among them Mr. Rowdy, my banker, from whom I shrank guiltily from private financial reasons—and, last and greatest of all, "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!"

That was a shock, such as I felt on landing at Calais for the first time; on first seeing an Eastern bazaar; on first catching a sight of Mrs. Spec; a new sensation, in a word. Till death I shall remember that surprise. I saw over the heads of the crowd, first a great sword borne up in the air: then a man in a fur cap of the shape of a flower-pot; then I heard the voice shouting the august name—the crowd separated. A handsome man with a chain and gown stood before me. It was he. He? What do I say? It was his Lordship. I cared for nothing till dinner-time after that.



A DINNER IN THE CITY.

II.

THE glorious company of banqueteers were now pretty well all assembled; and I, for my part, attracted by an irresistible fascination, pushed nearer and nearer my Lord Mayor, and surveyed him, as the Generals, Lords, Ambassadors, Judges, and other big-wigs rallied round him as their centre, and, being introduced to his Lordship and each other, made themselves the most solemn and graceful bows; as if it had been the object of that General's life to meet that Judge; and as if that Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, having achieved at length a presentation to the Lord Mayor, had gained the end of his existence, and might go home singing a "*Nunc dimittis*." Don Geronimo de Mulligan y Guayaba, Minister of the Republic of Topinambo (and originally descended from an illustrious Irish ancestor, who hewed out with his pickaxe in the Topinambo mines the steps by which his family have ascended to their present eminence), holding his cocked hat with the yellow cockade close over his embroidered coat-tails, conversed with Alderman Codshend, that celebrated statesman, who was also in tights, with a sword and bag.

Of all the articles of the splendid Court-dress of our aristocracy, I think it is those little bags which I admire most. The dear crisp curly little black darlings! They give a gentleman's back an indescribable grace and air of chivalry. They are at once manly, elegant, and useful (being made of sticking-plaster, which can be applied afterwards to heal many a wound of domestic life). They are something extra appended to men, to enable them to appear in the presence of royalty. How vastly the idea of a Court increases in solemnity and grandeur when you think that a man cannot enter it without a tail!

These thoughts passed through my mind, and pleasingly diverted it from all sensations of hunger, while many friends around me were pulling out their watches, looking towards the great dining-room doors, rattling at the lock (the door gaped open once or twice, and the nose of a functionary on the other side peeped in among us and entreated peace), and vowing it was scandalous, monstrous, shameful. If you ask an assembly of Englishmen to a feast, and accident or the cook delays it, they show their gratitude in this way. Before the supper-rooms were thrown open at my friend Mrs. Perkins's ball, I recollect Liversage at the door, swearing and growling as if he had met with an injury. So I thought the Bellows-Menders' guests



seemed heaving into mutiny, when the great doors burst open in a flood of light, and we rushed, a black streaming crowd, into the gorgeous hall of banquet.

Every man sprang for his place with breathless rapidity. We knew where those places were beforehand; for a cunning map had been put into the hands of each of us by an officer of the Company, where every plate of this grand festival was numbered, and each gentleman's place was ticked off. My wife keeps my card still in her album; and my dear eldest boy (who has a fine genius and appetite) will gaze on it for half-an-hour at a time, whereas he passes by the copies of verses and the flower-pieces with an entire indifference.

The vast hall flames with gas, and is emblazoned all over with the arms of bygone Bellows-Menders. August portraits decorate the walls. The Duke of Kent in scarlet, with a crooked sabre, stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. The Duke of Cumberland, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere. The Prince Regent has been mentioned before. He has his place of honour over the Great Bellows-Mender's chair, and surveys the high table glittering with plate, épergnes, candles, hock-glasses, moulds of blancmange stuck over with flowers, gold statues holding up baskets of barley-sugar, and a thousand objects of art. Piles of immense gold cans and salvers rose up in buffets behind this high table; towards which presently, and in a grand procession—the band in the gallery overhead blowing out the Bellows-Menders' march—a score of City tradesmen and their famous guests walked solemnly between our rows of tables.

Grace was said, not by the professional devotees who sang "Non nobis" at the end of the meal, but by a chaplain somewhere in the room, and the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City.

There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old Bellows-Mender indeed—who had three platefuls. His old hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked again and again. That old man is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life. As he took it he shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him. He gasped out a quick laugh once or twice to his neighbour, when his two or three old tusks showed, still standing up in those jaws which had swallowed such a deal of calipash. He winked at the waiters, knowing them from former banquets.

This banquet, which I am describing at Christmas, took place at the end of May. At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

"There are two hundred quarts of peas," said the old fellow, winking with bloodshot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks, by those who were inclined: or with the venison, which now came in.

That was a great sight. On a centre table in the hall, on which already stood a cold Baron of Beef—a grotesque piece of meat—a dish as big as a dish in a pantomime, with a little Standard of England stuck into the top of it, as if it were round this we were to rally—on this centre table, six men placed as many huge dishes under cover; and at a given signal the master cook and five assistants in white caps and jackets marched rapidly up to the dish-covers, which being withdrawn, discovered to our sight six haunches, on which the six carvers, taking out six sharp knives from their girdles, began operating.

It was, I say, like something out of a Gothic romance, or a grotesque fairy pantomime. Feudal barons must have dined so five hundred years ago. One of those knives may have been the identical blade which Walworth plunged into Wat Tyler's ribs, and which was afterwards caught up into the City Arms, where it blazes. (Not that any man can seriously believe that Wat Tyler was hurt by the dig of the jolly old Mayor in the red gown and chain, any more than that Pantaloon is singed by the great poker, which is always forthcoming at the present season.) Here we were practising the noble custom of the good old times, imitating our glorious forefathers, rallying round our old institutions, like true Britons. These very flagons and platters were in the room before us, ten times as big as any we use or want nowadays. They served us a grace-cup as large as a plate-basket, and at the end they passed us a roscwater dish, into which Pepys might have dipped his napkin. Pepys?—what do I say? Richard III., Cœur-de-Lion, Guy of Warwick, Gog and Magog. I don't know how antique the articles are.

Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went on all round. "Waiter, where's the turtle-fins?"—Gobble, gobble. "Hice Punch or My deary, sir?" "Smelts or salmon, Jowler my boy?" "Always take cold beef after turtle."—Hobble-gobble. "These year peas have no taste." Hobble-gobble-obble. "Jones, a glass of 'Ock with you? Smith, jine us? Waiter, three 'Ocks. S., mind your manners! There's Mrs. S. a-looking at you from the gallery."—Hobble-obbl-gobble-gob-gob. A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a rushing to and fro of waiters, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony, out of which I see my old friend of the turtle soup making terrific play among the peas, his knife darting down his throat.

It is all over. We can eat no more. We are full of Bacchus and fat venison. We lay down our weapons and rest. "Why, in the name of goodness," says I, turning round to Pillkington, who had behaved at dinner like a doctor; "why"——

But a great rap, tap, tap proclaimed grace, after which the professional gentlemen sang out, "Non nobis," and then the dessert and the speeches began; about which we shall speak in the third course of our entertainment.



A DINNER IN THE CITY.



III.

ON the hammer having ceased its tapping, Mr. Chisel, the immortal toast-master, who presided over the President, roared out to my three professional friends, "Non nobis;" and what is called "the business of the evening" commenced.

First, the Warden of the Worshipful Society of the Bellows-Menders proposed "Her Majesty" in a reverential voice. We all stood up respectfully, Chisel yelling out to us to "Charge our glasses." The Royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the National Anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally, in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion. We clinked our glasses at the conclusion of the anthem, making more dents upon the time-worn old board, where many a man present had clinked for George III., clapped for George IV., rapped for William IV., and was rejoiced to bump the bottom of his glass as a token of reverence for our present Sovereign.

Here, as in the case of the Hebrew melophonists, I would insinuate no wrong thought. Gentlemen, no doubt, have the loyal emotions which exhibit themselves by clapping glasses on the tables. We do it at home. Let us make no doubt that the bellows-menders, tailors, authors, public characters, judges, aldermen, sheriffs, and what not, shout out a health for the Sovereign every night at their banquets, and that their families fill round and drink the same toast from the bottles of half-guinea Burgundy.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Albert Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," followed, Chisel

yelling out the august titles, and all of us banging away with our glasses, as if we were seriously interested in drinking healths to this Royal race : as if drinking healths could do anybody any good ; as if the imprecations of a company of bellows-menders, aldermen, magistrates, tailors, authors, tradesmen, ambassadors, who did not care a twopenny-piece for all the Royal families in Europe, could somehow affect Heaven kindly towards their Royal Highnesses by their tipsy vows, under the presidency of Mr. Chisel.

The Queen Dowager's health was next prayed for by us Bacchanalians, I need not say with what fervency and efficacy. This prayer was no sooner put up by the Chairman, with Chisel as his Boanerges of a Clerk, than the elderly Hebrew gentlemen before mentioned began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the " Queen of the Isles, on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles, and the ocean roars ; whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true, who scorned all foes. Oh, a people true, who scorn all wiles, inhabit you, bright Queen of the Isles. Bright Quee—Bright Quee—ee—ee—ee—ee—en awf the Isles ! " or words to that effect, which Shadrach took up and warbled across his glass to Meshech, which Meshech trolled away to his brother singer, until the ditty was ended, nobody understanding a word of what it meant ; not Oldboy—not the old or young Israelite minstrel his companion—not we, who were clinking our glasses—not Chisel, who was urging us and the Chairman on—not the Chairman and the guests in embroidery—not the kind, exalted, and amiable lady whose health we were making believe to drink, certainly, and in order to render whose name welcome to the Powers to whom we recommended her safety, we offered up, through the mouths of three singers, hired for the purpose, a perfectly insane and irrelevant song.



" Why," says I to Pillkington, " the Chairman and the grand guests might just as well get up and dance round the table, or cut off Chisel's head and pop it into a turtle-soup tureen, or go

through any other mad ceremony as the last. Which of us here cares for Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, any more than for a virtuous and eminent lady, whose goodness and private worth appear in all her acts? What the deuce has that absurd song about the Queen of the Isles to do with Her Majesty, and how does it set us all stamping with our glasses on the mahogany?" Chisel bellowed out another toast—"The Army;" and we were silent in admiration, while Sir George Bluff, the greatest General present, rose to return thanks.

Our end of the table was far removed from the thick of the affair, and we only heard, as it were, the indistinct cannonading of the General, whose force had just advanced into action. We saw an old gentleman with white whiskers, and a flaring scarlet coat covered with stars and gilding, rise up with a frightened and desperate look, and declare that "this was the proudest—a-hem—moment of his—a-hem—unworthy as he was—a-hem—as a member of the British—a-hem—who had fought under the illustrious Duke of—a-hem—his joy was to come among the Bellows-Menders—a-hem—and inform the great merchants of the greatest City of the—hum—that a British—a-hem—was always ready to do his—hum. Napoleon—Salamanca—a-hem—had witnessed their—hum, haw—and should any other—hum—ho—casion which he deeply deprecated—haw—there were men now around him—a-haw—who, inspired by the Bellows-Menders' Company and the City of London—a-hum—would do their duty as—a-hum—a-haw—a-hah." Immense cheers, yells, hurrahs, roars, glass-smackings, and applause followed this harangue, at the end of which the three Israelites, encouraged by Chisel, began a military cantata—"Oh, the sword and shield—on the battle-field—Are the joys that best we love, boys—Where the Grenadiers, with their pikes and spears, through the ranks of the foemen shove, boys—Where the bold hurrah, strikes dread dismay, in the ranks of the dead and dyin'—and the bayonet clanks in the Frenchmen's ranks, as they fly from the British Lion." (I repeat, as before, that I quote from memory.)

Then the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office rose to return thanks for the blessings which we begged upon the Ministry. He was, he said, but a humble—the humblest member of that body. The suffrages which that body had received from the nation were gratifying, but the most gratify-

ing testimonial of all was the approval of the Bellows-Menders' Company. (*Immense applause.*) Yes, among the most enlightened of the mighty corporations of the City, the most enlightened was the Bellows-Menders'. Yes, he might say, in consonance with their motto, and in defiance of illiberality, "Afflavit veritas et dissipati sunt." (*Enormous applause.*) Yes, the thanks and pride that were boiling with emotion in his bosom, trembled to find utterance at his lip. Yes, the proudest moment of his life, the crown of his ambition, the meed of his early hopes and struggles and aspirations, was at that moment won in the approbation of the Bellows-Menders. Yes, his children should know that he too had attended at those great, those noble, those joyous, those ancient festivals, and that he too, the humble individual who from his heart pledged the assembled company in a bumper—that he too was a Bellows-Mender.

Shadrach, Mcshech, and Oldboy, at this began singing, I don't know for what reason, a rustic madrigal, describing. "Oh, the joys of bonny May—bonny May—a-a-ay, when the birds sing on the spray," &c., which never, as I could see, had the least relation to that or any other Ministry, but which was, nevertheless, applauded by all present. And then the Judges returned thanks; and the Clergy returned thanks; and the Foreign Ministers had an innings (all interspersed by my friends' indefatigable melodies): and the distinguished foreigners present, especially Mr. Washington Jackson, were greeted, and that distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause.

He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman, and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He declared that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakespeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervour the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift were the darlings of *his* hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes, explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember.

But I observed that, during his oration, the gentlemen who report for the daily papers were occupied with their wine instead of their note-books—that the three singers of Israel yawned and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep.

Pillkington and I quitted the banqueting-hall, and went into the tea-room, where gents were assembled still, drinking slops and eating buttered muffins, until the grease trickled down their faces. Then I resumed the query which I was just about to put when grace was called and the last chapter ended. "And, gracious goodness!" I said, "what can be the meaning of a ceremony so costly, so uncomfortable, so unsavoury, so unwholesome as this? Who is called upon to pay two or three guineas for my dinner now, in this blessed year 1847? Who is it that *can* want muffins after such a banquet? Are there no poor? Is there no reason? Is this monstrous belly-worship to exist for ever?"

"Spec," the Doctor said, "you had best come away. I make no doubt that you for one have had too much;" And we went to his brougham. May nobody have such a headache on this happy New Year as befell the present writer on the morning after the Dinner in the City!

WAITING AT THE STATION.

WE are amongst a number of people waiting for the Blackwall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend—some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port Phillip in Australia, leaving behind the *patria fines* and the pleasant fields of Old England. It is rather a queer sensation to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them with more than an ordinary interest, thinking of the difference between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large Hall of the station, with bundles, baskets, and light baggage, waiting for the steamer, and the orders to embark. A few friends are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whispering going on. A little crying is taking place;—only a very little crying,—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little to weep for: they are going from bitter cold and hunger, constant want and unavailing labour. Why should they be sorry to quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad and ashamed too, that they should not be more sorry. But how are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kindness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and for ever: would you blame yourselves or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong, under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they, who can't be called upon to love such an

unlovely thing as misery, or to make any other return for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilised persons. We have been decently educated : and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practise cleanliness : and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not in London, and that we have come down from our



sheep-walks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, than to put up with one of these for a companion.

There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks (and, world-wisacre as you are, it is by these you are principally moved)—there is no pretty, modest, red-cheeked rustic, no neat trim little grisette, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favour in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty amongst them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and careworn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise, seeing that they have known care and want all their days?—there they sit upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my Lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings: your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the Queen's English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The woman you love must have pretty soft fingers that you may hold in yours: must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart, must return hers with its *h* in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, "O Hedward, I ham so unappy to think I shall never beold you agin,"—though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, "Hedward, my art is yours for hever and hever" (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you,—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millifleur. A sunburnt settler out of the Bush won't feel any of these exquisite tortures: or understand this kind of laughter: or object to Molly because her hands are coarse and her ankles thick: but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion.—You might take her with a handsome fortune, perhaps, were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say (*your* necessities of life), and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every day. That, however, is not the point: I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop, in order, as you say, "to keep up your rank in society"—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it: or don't choose to talk about it, and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences in rank, and so forth! Well! out with it at once: you don't think Molly is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school; she can't speak French and Italian, as your wife very likely can, &c.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is that there should be that immense social distinction between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves), and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and pattens. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself woefully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable well-dressed progenitors, let us say for a generation or two)—from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it, that our preachers were teaching the poor "to know their station"? that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen, that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry, and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This, who was the grandson of a barber; and to Earl That, whose father was an apothecary? What a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still!

The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that confounded condescension), she curtsies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honour with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. "And so she should," is what hundreds of thousands of us, rich and poor, say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last curtsy from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labour; or if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering antique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated; in which rich and poor still acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire: far removed from these old-world traditions, they will be bred up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warrawarra, the Australian will take a hat off or bob a curtsy to the new-comer? He will hold out his hand, and say, "Stranger, come into my house and take a shakedown, and have a share of our supper. You come out of the old country, do you? There was some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome!"

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes amongst labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own

they never read anything like to it ; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted, exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes ; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor-rates, and are they not heavy enough in the name of patience? Very true ; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind ; not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you had no idea. No. How should you?—you and I—we are of the upper classes ; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years ; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance, mind, of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men, if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not ; of his workmen we know nothing, how piteously they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us, at the backs of our houses—until some poet like Hood wakes and sings that dreadful "Song of the Shirt ;" some prophet like Carlyle rises up and denounces woe ; some clear-sighted energetic man like the writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful awful poor man's country ! The bell rings, and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more, the steamer lies alongside the ship "Culloden," which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore-part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names : there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board ; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of these kind people whose bounty and benevolence organised the Female Emigration Scheme, are here to give a last word and shake of

the hand to their *protégés*. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousands who will follow them) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor: and what for those who remain? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succour, and will plant in the new country this grateful tradition of the old.—May Heaven's good mercy speed them!



A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.



I.

HAVING made a solemn engagement during the last Midsummer holidays with my young friend Augustus Jones, that we should go to a Christmas Pantomime together, and being accommodated by the obliging proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre with a private box for last Tuesday, I invited not only him, but some other young friends to be present at the entertainment. The two Miss Twiggs, the charming daughters of the reverend Mr. Twigg, our neighbour; Miss Minny Twigg, their youngest sister, eight years of age; and their maternal aunt, Mrs. Captain Flather, as the chaperon of the young ladies, were the four other partakers of this amusement with myself and Mr. Jones.

It was agreed that the ladies, who live in Montpelier Square, Brompton, should take up myself and Master Augustus at the Sarcophagus Club, which is on the way to the theatre, and where we two gentlemen dined on the day appointed. Cox's most roomy fly, the mouldy green one, in which he insists on putting the roaring grey horse, was engaged for the happy evening. Only an intoxicated driver (as Cox's man always is) could ever, I am sure, get that animal into a trot. But the utmost fury of the whip will not drive him into a dangerous pace; and besides, the ladies were protected by Thomas, Mrs. Flather's page, a young man with a gold band to his hat, and a large gilt knob on the top, who ensured the safety of the cargo, and really gave the vehicle the dignity of one's own carriage.

The dinner-hour at the "Sarcophagus" being appointed for five o'clock, and a table secured in the strangers' room, Master Jones was good enough to arrive (under the guardianship of the Colonel's footman) about half-an-hour before the appointed

time, and the interval was by him partly passed in conversation, but chiefly in looking at a large silver watch which he possesses, and in hoping that we shouldn't be late.

I made every attempt to pacify and amuse my young guest, whose anxiety was not about the dinner but about the play. I tried him with a few questions about Greek and Mathematics—a sort of talk, however, which I was obliged speedily to abandon, for I found he knew a great deal more upon these subjects than I did—(it is disgusting how preternaturally learned the boys of our day are, by the way). I engaged him to relate anecdotes about his schoolfellows and ushers, which he did, but still in a hurried, agitated, nervous manner—evidently thinking about that sole absorbing subject, the pantomime.

A neat little dinner, served in Botibol's best manner (our *chef* at the "Sarcophagus" knows when he has to deal with a connoisseur, and would as soon serve me up his own ears as a *rechauffé* dish), made scarcely any impression on young Jones. After a couple of spoonfuls, he pushed away the Palestine soup, and took out his large silver watch—he applied two or three times to the chronometer during the fish period—and it was not until I had him employed upon an omelette, full of apricot jam, that the young gentleman was decently tranquil.

With the last mouthful of the omelette he began to fidget again; and it still wanted a quarter of an hour to six. Nuts, almonds and raisins, figs (the almost never-failing soother of youth), I hoped might keep him quiet, and laid before him all those delicacies. But he beat the devil's tattoo with the nut-crackers, had out the watch time after time, declared that it stopped, and made such a ceaseless kicking on the legs of his chair, that there were moments when I wished he was back in the parlour of Mrs. Jones, his mamma.

I know oldsters who have a savage pleasure in making boys drunk—a horrid thought of this kind may, perhaps, have crossed my mind. "If I could get him to drink half-a-dozen glasses of that heavy port, it might soothe him and make him sleep," I may have thought. But he would only take a couple of glasses of wine. He said he didn't like more; that his father did not wish him to take more: and abashed by his frank and honest demeanour, I would not press him, of course, a single moment further, and so was forced to take the bottle to myself, to soothe me instead of my young guest.

He was almost frantic at a quarter to seven, by which time the ladies had agreed to call for us, and for about five minutes was perfectly dangerous. "We shall be late, I know we shall; I said we should! I am sure it's seven, past, and that the box will be taken!" and countless other exclamations of fear and impatience passed through his mind. At length we heard a carriage stop, and a Club servant entering and directing himself towards our table. Young Jones did not wait to hear him speak, but cried out,—*"Hooray, here they are!"* flung his napkin over his head, dashed off his chair, sprang at his hat like a kitten at a ball, and bounced out of the door, crying out, *"Come along, Mr. Spec!"* whilst the individual addressed much more deliberately followed. *"Happy Augustus!"* I mentally exclaimed. *"O thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has taken the place of the jacket and turned-down collar, that Columbine, who will float before you a goddess to-night, will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge and large feet. You will see the ropes by which the genii come down, and the dirty crumpled knees of the fairies—and you won't be in such a hurry to leave a good bottle of port as now at the pleasant age of thirteen."*—[By the way, boys are made so abominably comfortable and odiously happy, nowadays, that when I look back to 1802, and my own youth, I get in a rage with the whole race of boys, and feel inclined to flog them all round.] Paying the bill, I say, and making these leisurely observations, I passed under the hall of the *"Sarcophagus,"* where Thomas, the page, touched the gold-knobbed hat respectfully to me in a manner which I think must have rather surprised old General Growler, who was unrolling himself of his muffetees and wrappers, and issued into the street, where Cox's fly was in waiting: the windows up, and whitened with a slight frost; the silhouettes of the dear beings within dimly visible against the chemist's light opposite the Club; and Master Augustus already kicking his heels on the box, by the side of the inebriated driver.

I caused the youth to descend from that perch, and the door of the fly being opened, thrust him in. Mrs. Captain Flather, of course, occupied the place of honour—an uncommonly capacious woman,—and one of the young ladies made a retreat from the front seat, in order to leave it vacant for myself; but I insisted on not incommoding Mrs. Captain F., and that the two

darling children should sit beside her, while I occupied the place of back bodkin between the two Miss Twiggs.

They were attired in white, covered up with shawls, with bouquets in their laps, and their hair dressed evidently for the occasion ; Mrs. Flather in her red velvet of course, with her large gilt state turban.

She saw that we were squeezed on our side of the carriage, and made an offer to receive me on hers.

Squeezed ? I should think we *were* ; but, O Emily, O Louisa, you mischievous little black-eyed creatures, who would dislike being squeezed by you ? I wished it was to York we were going, and not to Covent Garden. How swiftly the moments passed. We were at the play-house in no time ; and Augustus plunged instantly out of the fly over the shins of everybody.



A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

II.

WE took possession of the private box assigned to us : and Mrs. Flather seated herself in the place of honour—each of the young ladies taking it by turns to occupy the other corner. Miss Minny and Master Jones occupied the middle places ; and it was pleasant to watch the young gentleman throughout the performance of the comedy—during which he was never quiet for two minutes—now shifting his chair, now swinging to and fro upon it, now digging his elbows into the capacious sides of Mrs. Captain Flather, now beating with his boots against the front of the box, or trampling upon the skirts of Mrs. Flather's velvet garment.

He occupied himself unceasingly, too, in working up and down Mrs. F.'s double-barrelled French opera-glass—not a little to the detriment of that instrument and the wrath of the owner ; indeed I have no doubt, that had not Mrs. Flather reflected that Mrs. Colonel Jones gave some of the most elegant parties in London, to which she was very anxious to be invited, she would have boxed Master Augustus's ears in the presence of the whole audience of Covent Garden.

One of the young ladies was, of course, obliged to remain in the back row with Mr. Spec. We could not see much of the play over Mrs. F.'s turban ; but I trust that we were not unhappy in our retired position. O Miss Emily ! O Miss Louisa ! there is one who would be happy to sit for a week close by either of you, though it were on one of those abominable little private-box chairs. I know, for my part, that every time the box-keeperess popped in her head, and asked if we would take any refreshment, I thought the interruption odious.

Our young ladies, and their stout chaparron and aunt, had

come provided with neat little bouquets of flowers, in which they evidently took a considerable pride, and which were laid, on their first entrance, on the ledge in front of our box.

But, presently, on the opposite side of the house, Mrs. Cutbush, of Pocklington Gardens, appeared with her daughters, and bowed in a patronising manner to the ladies of our party, with whom the Cutbush family had a slight acquaintance.

Before ten minutes, the bouquets of our party were whisked away from the ledge of the box. Mrs. Flather dropped hers to the ground, where Master Jones's feet speedily finished it;



Miss Louisa Twigg let hers fall into her lap, and covered it with her pocket-handkerchief. Uneasy signals passed between her and her sister. I could not, at first, understand what event had occurred to make these ladies so unhappy.

At last the secret came out. The Misses Cutbush had bouquets like little haystacks before them. Our small nosegays, which had quite satisfied the girls until now, had become odious in their little jealous eyes; and the Cutbushes triumphed over them.

I have joked the ladies subsequently on this adventure ; but not one of them will acknowledge the charge against them. It was mere accident that made them drop the flowers—pure accident. *They* jealous of the Cutbushes—not they, indeed ; and of course, each person on this head is welcome to his own opinion.

How different, meanwhile, was the behaviour of my young friend Master Jones, who is not as yet sophisticated by the world. He not only nodded to his father's servant, who had taken a place in the pit, and was to escort his young master home, but he discovered a school-fellow in the pit likewise. " By Jove, there's Smith ! " he cried out, as if the sight of Smith was the most extraordinary event in the world. He pointed out Smith to all of us. He never ceased nodding, winking, grinning, telegraphing, until he had succeeded in attracting the attention not only of Master Smith, but of the greater part of the house ; and whenever anything in the play struck him as worthy of applause, he instantly made signals to Smith below, and shook his fist at him, as much as to say, " *By Jove*, old fellow, ain't it good ? I say, Smith, isn't it *prime*, old boy ? " He actually made remarks on his fingers to Master Smith during the performance.

I confess he was one of the best parts of the night's entertainment, to me. How Jones and Smith will talk about that play when they meet after holidays ! And not only then will they remember it, but all their lives long. Why do you remember that play you saw thirty years ago, and forget the one over which you yawned last week ? " Ah, my brave little boy," I thought in my heart, " twenty years hence you will recollect this, and have forgotten many a better thing. You will have been in love twice or thrice by that time, and have forgotten it ; you will have buried your wife and forgotten her ; you will have had ever so many friendships and forgotten them. You and Smith won't care for each other, very probably ; but you'll remember all the actors and the plot of this piece we are seeing."

I protest I have forgotten it myself. In our back row we could not see or hear much of the performance (and no great loss)—fitful bursts of elocution only occasionally reaching us, in which we could recognise the well-known nasal twang of the excellent Mr. Stupor, who performed the part of the young hero ;

or the ringing laughter of Mrs. Belmore, who had to giggle through the whole piece.

It was one of Mr. Boyster's comedies of English Life: Frank Nightrake (Stupor) and his friend Bob Fitzoffley appeared in the first scene, having a conversation with that impossible valet of English Comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned. I caught only a glimpse of this act. Bob, like a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by Bulger, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age), was dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body-coat with brass buttons, a couple of under-waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. Frank Nightrake, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting clintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter teapot, at breakfast. And, as your true English Comedy, is the representation of nature, I could not but think how like these figures on the stage, and the dialogue which they used, were to the appearance and talk of English gentlemen of the present day.

The dialogue went on somewhat in the following fashion:—

Bob Fitzoffley (enters whistling). The top of the morning to thee, Frank! What! at breakfast already? At chocolate and the *Morning Post*, like a dowager of sixty? Slang! (*he pokes the servant with his cane*) what has come to thy master, thou Prince of Valets! thou pattern of Slaveys! thou swiftest of Mercuries? Has the Honourable Francis Nightrake lost his heart, or his head, or his health?

Frank (laying down the paper). Bob, Bob, I have lost all three! I have lost my health, Bob, with thee and thy like, over the Burgundy at the Club; I have lost my head, Bob, with thinking how I shall pay my debts; and I have lost my heart, Bob, oh, to such a creature!

Frank. A Venus, of course?

Slang. With the presence of Juno.

Bob. And the modesty of Minerva.

Frank. And the coldness of Diana.

Bob. Pish! What a sigh is that about a woman! Thou

shalt be Endymion, the nightrake of old : and conquer this shy goddess. Hey, Slang?

Herewith Slang takes the lead of the conversation, and propounds a plot for running away with the heiress ; and I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say "thou," and "prythee," and "go to," and talk about heathen goddesses to each other ; how their servants are always their particular intimates ; how when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each ; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair ; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches, and rings on all her fingers ; while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding-habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

This playfulness produced a roar all over the house, whenever it was repeated, and always made our little friends clap their hands and shout in chorus.

Like that *bon-vivant* who envied the beggars staring into the cook-shop windows, and wished he could be hungry, I envied the boys, and wished I could laugh, very much. In the last act, I remember—for it is now very nearly a week ago—everybody took refuge either in a secret door, or behind a screen or curtain, or under a table, or up a chimney : and the house roared as each person came out from his place of concealment. And the old fellow in top-boots, joining the hands of the young couple (Fitzoffley, of course, pairing off with the widow), gave them his blessing, and thirty thousand pounds.

And ah, ye gods ! if I wished before that comedies were like life, how I wished that life was like comedies ! Whereon the drop fell ; and Augustus, clapping to the opera-glass, jumped up, crying—"Hurrah ! now for the Pantomime !"



A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.



III.

THE composer of the Overture of the New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, "Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose," arrayed in a brand-new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satin tie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the Pantomime Overture begins.

I pity a man who can't appreciate a Pantomime Overture. Children do not like it: they say, "Hang it, I wish the Pantomime would begin:" but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your Mendelssohns and Beethovens, whose symphonies and sonatas Mrs. Spec states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper Pantomime-music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes "Old Dan Tucker" wandering into the "Groves of Blarney;" our friends the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" march rapidly down "Wapping Old Stairs," from which the "Figlia del Reggimento" comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by "Billy Taylor," that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking, with a faint sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the Pantomime *may* be a good one; something like "Harlequin and the Golden Orange-Tree," which you recollect in your youth; something like "Fortunio," that marvellous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realised the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy,

perchance : a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still : just at that moment when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tinkle, and the curtain to rise, and the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-coloured leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus ?

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to Hope. Desire is about to be realised. Oh you blind little brats ! Clap your hands, and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder ! Clap your hands now. In three weeks more the Reverend Doctor Swishtail expects the return of his *young* friends to Sugarcane House.

King Beak, Emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighbouring Princes, Fairies, and Enchanters, to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son, Prince Aquiline, unluckily gave the liver wing of the fowl which he was carving to the Prince's godmother, the Fairy Bandanna, while he put the gizzard-pinion on the plate of the Enchanter Gorgibus, King of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the Princess Rosolia, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged Gorgibus rose from the table in a fury, smashed his plate of chicken over the head of King Beak's Chamberlain, and wished that Prince Aquiline's nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him.

It did so ; the screaming Princess rushed away from her bridegroom ; and her father, breaking off the match with the House of Beak, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant porters, Gor and Gogstay, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthine Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage-tables, and flooring King Beak in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the Prince Aquiline blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke ; the locks of the doors started ; the dishes and glasses of the King's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steamboat in a

storm ; the liquor turned sour ; the Chancellor's wig started off his head ; and the Prince's Royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace, and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burden to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude, but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation) and to keep his odious nose in order.



But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miserable trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated Prince whenever he had occasion to use his pocket-handkerchief, the Fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and, descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a kerchief which rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

Having occasion to blow his nose (which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for he had taken cold while lying out among the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and the Irish Giant (afterwards Clown, indeed) came out and wondering looked about, furious to see no one.

The Prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the Princess Rosolia, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually. "I wish he would snub me!" exclaimed the Prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her Prince. "Even with his nose," the faithful Princess cried, "I love him more than all the world beside!"

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the Prince flung away his handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the Princess's feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only Princesses in pantomimes deliver).

At this instant King Gorgibus, the Giants, the King's Household, with clubs and battleaxes, rushed in. Drawing his immense scimitar, and seizing the Prince by his too-prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when—when, I need not say, the Fairy Bandanna (Miss Bendigo), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. King Gorgibus became Pantaloon, the two Giants first and second Clowns, and the Prince and Princess (who had been, all the time of the Fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's scimitar, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying, "How are you?" went and knocked down Pantaloon.



A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

IV.

ON the conclusion of the Pantomime, the present memorialist had the honour to conduct the ladies under his charge to the portico of the theatre, where the green fly was in waiting to receive them. The driver was not more inebriated than usual ; the young page with the gold-knobbed hat was there to protect his mistresses ; and though the chaperon of the party certainly invited me to return with them to Brompton and there drink tea, the proposal was made in terms so faint, and the refreshment offered was so moderate, that I declined to journey six miles on a cold night in order to partake of such a meal. The waterman of the coach-stand, who had made himself conspicuous by bawling out for Mrs. Flather's carriage, was importunate with me to give him sixpence for pushing the ladies into the vehicle. But it was my opinion that Mrs. Flather ought to settle that demand ; and as, while the fellow was urging it, she only pulled up the glass, bidding Cox's man to drive on, I of course did not interfere. In vulgar and immoral language he indicated, as usual, his discontent. I treated the fellow with playful, and, I hope, gentlemanlike satire.

Master Jones, who would not leave the box in the theatre until the people came to shroud it with brown-holland (by the way, to be the last person in a theatre—to put out the last light—and then to find one's way out of the vast black lonely place, must require a very courageous heart)—Master Jones, I say, had previously taken leave of us, putting his arm under that of his father's footman, who had been in the pit, and who conducted him to Russell Square. I heard Augustus proposing to have oysters as they went home, though he had twice in the course of the performance made excursions to the cake-room of

the theatre, where he had partaken of oranges, macaroons, apples, and ginger-beer.

As the altercation between myself and the linkman was going on, young Grigg (brother of Grigg of the Lifeguards, himself reading for the Bar) came up, and hooking his arm into mine, desired the man to leave off "chaffing" me; asked him if he would take a bill at three months for the money; told him if he would call at the "Horns Tavern," Kennington, next Tuesday week, he would find sixpence there, done up for him in a brown paper parcel; and quite routed my opponent. "I know *you*, Mr. Grigg," said he: "you're a gentleman, *you* are;" and so retired, leaving the victory with me.

Young Mr. Grigg is one of those young bucks about town who goes every night of his life to two theatres, to the Casino, to Weippert's balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to Bob Slogger's, the boxing house, to the Harmonic Meetings at the "Kidney Cellars," and other places of fashionable resort. He knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for the actors' benefits; has the word from headquarters about the *venue* of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tutbury Pet; gets up little dinners at their public-houses; shoots pigeons, fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at Rummer's in Conduit Street, besides his chambers at the Temple, where his parents, Sir John and Lady Grigg, of Portman Square, and Grigsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is assiduously occupied in studying the Law. "Tom applies too much," her Ladyship says. "His father was obliged to remove him from Cambridge on account of a brain-fever brought on by hard reading, and in consequence of the jealousy of some of the collegians; otherwise, I am told, he must have been Senior Wrangler, and seated first of the Tripod."

"I'm going to begin the evening," said this ingenuous young fellow; "I've only been at the Lowther Arcade, Weippert's hop, and the billiard-rooms. I just toddled in for half an hour to see Brooke in 'Othello,' and looked in for a few minutes behind the scenes at the Adelphi. What shall be the next resort of pleasure, Spec, my elderly juvenile? Shall it be the 'Sherry-Cobbler-Stall,' or the 'Cave of Harmony'? There's some prime glee-singing there."

"What! is the old 'Cave of Harmony' still extant?" I asked.

"I have not been there these twenty years." And memory

carried me back to the days when Lightsides of Corpus, myself and little Oakes, the Johnian, came up to town in a chaise-and-four at the long vacation at the end of our freshman's year, ordered turtle and venison for dinner at the "Bedford," blubbered over "Black-eyed Susan" at the play, and then finished the evening at that very Harmonic Cave, where the famous English Improvisatore sang with such prodigious talent that we asked him down to stay with us in the country. Spurgin, and Hawker, the fellow-commoner of our College, I remember me, were at the Cave too, and Bardolph of Brasenose. Lord, lord! what a battle and struggle and wear and tear of life there has been since then! Hawker levanted, and Spurgin is dead these ten years; little Oakes is a whiskered Captain of Heavy Dragoons, who cut down no end of Sikhs at Sobraon; Lightsides, a Tractarian parson, who turns his head and walks another way when we meet; and your humble servant—well, never mind. But in my spirit I saw them—all those blooming and jovial young boys—and Lightsides, with a cigar in his face, and a bang-up white coat, covered with mother-of-pearl cheese-plates, bellowing out for "First and Second Turn-out," as our yellow post-chaise came rattling up to the inn-door at Ware.

"And so the 'Cave of Harmony' is open," I said, looking at little Grigg with a sad and tender interest, and feeling that I was about a hundred years old.

"I believe you, my baw-aw-oy!" said he, adopting the tone of an exceedingly refined and popular actor, whose choral and comic powers render him a general favourite.

"Does Bivins keep it?" I asked, in a voice of profound melancholy.

"Hoh! What a flat you are! You might as well ask if Mrs. Siddons acted Lady Macbeth to-night, and if Queen Anne's dead or not. I tell you what, Spec my boy—you're getting a regular old flat—foggy, sir, a positive old foggy. How the deuce do *you* pretend to be a man about town, and not know that Bivins has left the Cavern? Law bless you! Come in and see; I know the landlord—I'll introduce you to him."

This was an offer which no man could resist; and so Grigg and I went through the Piazza, and down the steps of that well-remembered place of conviviality. Grigg knew everybody! wagged his head in at the bar, and called for two glasses of his

particular mixture ; nodded to the singers ; winked at one friend—put his little stick against his nose as a token of recognition to another ; and calling the waiter by his Christian name, poked him playfully with the end of his cane, and asked him whether he, Grigg, should have a lobster kidney, or a mashed oyster and scalloped 'taters, or a poached rabbit, for supper.

The room was full of young rakish-looking lads, with a dubious sprinkling of us middle-aged youth, and stalwart red-faced fellows from the country, with whisky-noggins before them, and bent upon seeing life. A grand piano had been introduced into the apartment, which did not exist in the old days : otherwise, all was as of yore—smoke rising from scores of human chimneys, waiters bustling about with cigars and liquors in the intervals of the melody—and the President of the meeting (Bivins no more) encouraging gents to give their orders.

Just as the music was about to begin, I looked opposite me, and there, by heavens ! sat Bardolph of Brasenose, only a little more purple and a few shades more dingy than he used to look twenty years ago.



A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

V.

"LOOK at that old Greek in the cloak and fur collar opposite," said my friend, Mr. Grigg. "That chap is here every night. They call him Lord Farintosh. He has five glasses of whisky-and-water every night—seventeen hundred and twenty-five goes of alcohol in a year; we totted it up one night at the bar. James the waiter is now taking number three to him. He don't count the wine he has had at dinner." Indeed, James the waiter, knowing the gentleman's peculiarities, as soon as he saw Mr. Bardolph's glass nearly empty, brought him another noggin and a jug of boiling water without a word.

Memory carried me instantaneously back to the days of my youth. I had the honour of being at school with Bardolph before he went to Brasenose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off, as at a godlike being. He was one of the head boys of the school; a prodigious dandy in pigeon-hole trousers, ornamented with what they called "tucks" in front. He wore a ring—leaving the little finger on which he wore the jewel out of his pocket, in which he carried the rest of his hand. He had whiskers even then: and to this day I cannot understand why he is not seven feet high. When he shouted out "Under boy!" we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he called me once from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground.

"Pick up my hockey-stick," he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on. He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good to stoop to pick it up himself.

He got the silver medal for Latin Sapphics, in the year Pogram was gold-medallist. When he went up to Oxford, the

Head Master, the Rev. J. Flibber, complimented him in a valedictory speech, made him a present of books, and prophesied that he would do great things at the University. He had got a scholarship, and won a prize-poem, which the Doctor read out to the sixth form with great emotion. It was on "The Recollections of Childhood," and the last lines were—

*"Qualia prospiciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua vacca salit."*

I thought of these things rapidly, gazing on the individual before me. The brilliant young fellow of 1815 (by-the-bye, it



was the Waterloo year, by which some people may remember it better; but at school we spoke of years as "Pogram's year," "Tokely's year," &c.)—there, I say, sat before me the dashing young buck of 1815, a fat, muzzy, red-faced old man, in a battered hat, absorbing whisky-and-water, and half listening to the singing.

A wild, long-haired, professional gentleman, with a fluty voice and with his shirt-collar turned down, began to sing as follows:—

WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN.

" When the moonlight's on the mountain
 And the gloom is on the glen,
 At the cross beside the fountain
 There is one will meet thee then.
 At the cross beside the fountain ;
 Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
 There is one will meet thee then !

[*Down goes half of Mr. Bardolph's No. 3 Whisky during this refrain.*]

" I have braved, since first we met, love,
 Many a danger in my course ;
 But I never can forget, love,
 That dear fountain, that old cross,
 Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her,
 For the winds were chilly then—
 First I met my Leonora,
 When the gloom was on the glen,
 Yes, I met my, &c.

[*Another gulp, and almost total disappearance of Whisky Go No. 3.*]

" Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
 Many a land I've wandered o'er ;
 But a valley like that glen, love,
 Half so dear I never sor !
 Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
 Than wert thou, my true love, when
 In the gloaming first I saw yer,
 In the gloaming of the glen ! "

Bardolph, who had not shown the least symptom of emotion as the gentleman with the fluty voice performed this delectable composition, began to whack, whack, whack on the mahogany with his pewter measure at the conclusion of the song, wishing, perhaps, to show that the noggin was empty ; in which manner James, the waiter, interpreted the signal, for he brought Mr. Bardolph another supply of liquor.

The song, words and music, composed and dedicated to Charles Bivins, Esquire, by Frederic Snape, and ornamented with a picture of a young lady, with large eyes and short petticoats, leaning at a stone cross by a fountain, was now handed about the room by a waiter, and any gentleman was at liberty to purchase it for half-a-crown. The man did not offer the song to Bardolph ; he was too old a hand.

After a pause, the president of the musical gents cried out for silence again, and then stated to the company that Mr. Hoff would sing "The Red Flag," which announcement was received by the Society with immense applause, and Mr. Hoff, a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer, began the following terrific ballad:—

THE RED FLAG.

"Where the quivering lightning flings
His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings,
And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
Wilt follow him, lady mine?
Hurrah!
For the bonny bonny brine.

Amidst the storm and rack,
You shall see our galley pass
As a serpent, lithe and black,
Glides through the waving grass.
As the vulture swift and dark,
Down on the ringdove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
Swoop down upon his prize.
Hurrah!
For the bonny bonny prize.

Over her sides we dash,
We gallop across her deck—
Ha! there's a ghastly gash
On the merchant-captain's neck—
Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
Well struck, well struck, black James!
Our arms are red and our foes are dead,
And we leave a ship in flames!
Hurrah!
For the bonny bonny flames!"

Frantic shouts of applause and encore hailed the atrocious sentiments conveyed by Mr. Hoff in this ballad, from every body except Bardolph, who sat muzzy and unmoved, and only winked to the waiter to bring him some more whisky.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.



VI.

WHEN the piratical ballad of Mr. Hoff was concluded, a simple and quiet-looking young gentleman performed a comic song, in a way which, I must confess, inspired me with the utmost melancholy. Seated at the table with the other professional gents, this young gentleman was in nowise to be distinguished from any other young man of fashion : he has a thin, handsome, and rather sad countenance ; and appears to be a perfectly sober and meritorious young man. But suddenly (and I dare say every night of his life) he pulls a little flexible grey country-man's hat out of his pocket, and the moment he has put it on, his face assumes an expression of unutterable vacuity and folly, his eyes goggle round savage, and his mouth stretches almost to his ears, and he begins to sing a rustic song.

The battle-song and the sentimental ballad already published are, I trust, sufficiently foolish, and fair specimens of the class of poetry to which they belong ; but the folly of the comic country song was so great and matchless, that I am not going to compete for a moment with the author, or to venture to attempt anything like his style of composition. It was something about a man going a-courting Molly, and " feayther," and " kyows," and " peegs," and other rustic produce. The idiotic verse was interspersed with spoken passages, of corresponding imbecility. For the time during which Mr. Grinsby performed this piece, he consented to abnegate altogether his claim to be considered as a reasonable being ; utterly to debase himself, in order to make the company laugh ; and to forget the rank, dignity, and privileges of a man.

His song made me so profoundly wretched that little Grigg, remarking my depression, declared that I was as slow as a

parliamentary train. I was glad they didn't have the song over again. When it was done, Mr. Grinsby put his little grey hat in his pocket, the maniacal grin subsided from his features, and he sat down with his naturally sad and rather handsome young countenance.

O Grinsby, thinks I, what a number of people and things in this world do you represent! Though we weary listening to you, we may moralise over you; though you sing a foolish witless song, you poor young melancholy jester, there is some good in it that may be had for the seeking. Perhaps that lad has a family at home dependent on his grinning: I may entertain a reasonable hope that he has despair in his heart; a complete notion of the folly of the business in which he is engaged; a contempt for the fools laughing and guffawing round about at his miserable jokes; and a perfect weariness of mind at their original dulness and continued repetition. What a sinking of spirit must come over that young man, quiet in his chamber or family, orderly and sensible like other mortals, when the thought of tom-fool hour comes across him, and that at a certain time that night, whatever may be his health, or distaste, or mood of mind or body, there he must be, at a table at the "Cave of Harmony," uttering insane ballads, with an idiotic grin on his face and hat on his head.

To suppose that Grinsby has any personal pleasure in that song, would be to have too low an opinion of human nature; to imagine that the applauses of the multitude of the frequenters of the Cave tickled his vanity, or are bestowed upon him deservedly—would be, I say, to think too hardly of him. Look at him. He sits there quite a quiet orderly young fellow. Mark with what an abstracted sad air he joins in the chorus of Mr. Snape's second song, "The Minaret's bells o'er the Bosphorus toll," and having applauded his comrade at the end of the song (as I have remarked these poor gentlemen always do), moodily resumes the stump of his cigar.

"I wonder, my dear Grigg, how many men there are in the city who follow a similar profession to Grinsby's? What a number of poor rogues, wits in their circle, or bilious, or in debt, or henpecked, or otherwise miserable in their private circumstances, come grinning out to dinner of a night, and laugh and crack, and let off their good stories like yonder professional funny fellow! Why, I once went into the room

of that famous dinner-party conversationalist and wit, Horsely Collard; and whilst he was in his dressing-room arranging his wig, just looked over the books on the table before his sofa. There were 'Burton's Anatomy' for the quotations, three of which he let off that night; 'Spence's Literary Anecdotes,' of which he fortuitously introduced a couple in the course of the evening; 'Baker's Chronicle;' the last new Novel, and a book of Metaphysics, every one of which I heard him quote, besides four stories out of his commonplace book, at which I took a peep under the pillow. He was like Grinsby." Who isn't like Grinsby in life? thought I to myself, examining that young fellow.

"When Bawler goes down to the House of Commons from a



meeting with his creditors, and, having been a bankrupt a month before, becomes a patriot all of a sudden, and pours you out an intensely interesting speech upon the West Indies, or the Window Tax, he is no better than the poor gin-and-water practitioner yonder, and performs in his Cave as Grinsby in his under the Piazza.

"When Sergeant Bluebag fires into a witness, or performs a jocular or a pathetic speech to a jury, in what is he better than Grinsby, except in so far as the amount of gain goes?—than poor Grinsby rapping at the table and cutting professional jokes, at half-a-pint-of-whisky fee?

"When Tightrope, the celebrated literary genius, sits down to write and laugh—with the children very likely ill at home—with a strong personal desire to write a tragedy or a sermon,

with his wife scolding him, his head racking with pain, his mother-in-law making a noise at his ears, and telling him that he is a heartless and abandoned ruffian, his tailor in the passage, vowing that he will not quit that place until his little bill is settled—when, I say, Tightrope writes off, under the most miserable private circumstances, a brilliant funny article, in how much is he morally superior to my friend Grinsby? When Lord Colchicum stands bowing and smiling before his sovereign, with gout in his toes, and grief in his heart; when parsons in the pulpit—when editors at their desks—forget their natural griefs, pleasures, opinions, to go through the business of life, the masquerade of existence, in what are they better than Grinsby yonder, who has similarly to perform his buffooning?"

As I was continuing in this moral and interrogatory mood—no doubt boring poor little Grigg, who came to the Cave for pleasure, and not for philosophical discourse—Mr. Bardolph opposite caught a sight of the present writer through the fumes of the cigars, and came across to our table, holding his fourth glass of toddy in his hand. He held out the other to me: it was hot, and gouty, and not particularly clean.

"Dauced queer place this, hey?" said he, pretending to survey it with the air of a stranger. "I come here every now and then, on my way home to Lincoln's Inn—from—from parties at the other end of the town. It is frequented by a parcel of queer people—low shopboys and attorneys' clerks; but hang it, sir, they know a gentleman when they see one, and not one of those fellows would dare to speak to me—no, not one of 'em, by Jove—if I didn't address him first, by Jove! I don't suppose there's a man in this room could construe a page in the commonest Greek book. You heard that donkey singing about 'Leonorar' and 'before her'? How Flibber would have given it to us for such rhymes, hey? A parcel of ignoramuses! but hang it, sir, they *do* know a gentleman!" And here he winked at me with a vinous bloodshot eye, as much as to intimate that he was infinitely superior to every person in the room.

Now this Bardolph, having had the ill luck to get a fellowship, and subsequently a small private fortune, has done nothing since the year 1820 but get drunk and read Greek. He despises every man that does not know that language (so that you and I, my dear sir, come in for a fair share of his contempt). He can still put a slang song into Greek Iambics, or turn a police report into

the language of Tacitus or Herodotus ; but it is difficult to see what accomplishment beyond this the boozing old mortal possesses. He spends nearly a third part of his life and income at his dinner, or on his whisky at a tavern ; more than another third portion is spent in bed. It is past noon before he gets up to breakfast, and to spell over the *Times*, which business of the day being completed, it is time for him to dress and take his walk to the Club to dinner. He scorns a man who puts his *A's* in the wrong place, and spits at a human being who has not had a University education. And yet I am sure that bustling waiter pushing about with a bumper of cigars ; that tallow-faced young comic singer ; yonder harmless and happy Snobs, enjoying the conviviality of the evening (and all the songs are quite modest now, not like the ribald old ditties which they used to sing in former days), are more useful, more honourable, and more worthy men than that whiskyfied old scholar who looks down upon them and their like.

He said he would have a sixth glass if we would stop : but we didn't ; and he took his sixth glass without us. My melancholy young friend had begun another comic song, and I could bear it no more. The market carts were rattling into Covent Garden ; and the illuminated clock marked all sorts of small hours as we concluded this night's pleasure.



A CLUB IN AN UPROAR.

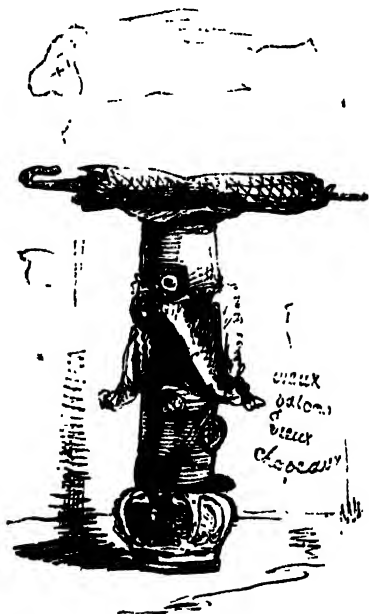
THE appearance of a London Club at a time of great excitement is well worthy the remark of a traveller in this city. The Megatherium has been in a monstrous state of frenzy during the past days. What a queer book it would be which should chronicle all the stories which have been told, or all the opinions which have been uttered there.

As a Revolution brings out into light of day, and into the streets of the convulsed capital, swarms of people who are invisible but in such times of agitation, and retreat into their obscurity as soon as the earthquake is over, so you may remark in Clubs, that the stirring of any great news brings forth the most wonderful and hitherto unheard-of members, of whose faces not the *habitués*, not even the hall-porters, have any knowledge. The excitement over, they vanish, and are seen no more until the next turmoil calls them forth.

During the past week, our beloved Megatherium has been as crowded as they say Her Majesty's Palace of Pimlico at present is, where distressed foreigners, fugitives, and other Coburgs are crowded two or three in a room ; and where it has been reported during the whole of the past week that Louis Philippe himself, in disguise, was quartered in the famous garden pavilion, and plates of dinner sent out to him from Her Majesty's table. I had the story from Bowyer of the Megatherium, who had seen and recognised the ex-King as he was looking into the palace garden from a house in Grosvenor Place opposite. We have had other wonderful stories too, whereof it is our present purpose to say a word or two.

The Club, in fact, has been in a state of perfect uproar, to the disgust of the coffee-room *habitués*, of the quiet library arm-chair-occupiers, and of the newspaper-room students, who could not get their accustomed broad-sheets. Old Doctor Pokey

(who is in the habit of secreting newspapers about his person, and going off to peruse them in recondite corners of the building) has been wandering about, in vain endeavouring to seize hold of a few. They say that a *Morning Chronicle* was actually pulled from under his arm during the last week's excitement. The rush for second editions and evening papers is terrific.



Members pounce on the newsboys and rob them. Decorum is overcome.

All the decencies of society are forgotten during this excitement. Men speak to each other without being introduced. I saw a man in ill-made trousers and with strong red whiskers and a strong northern accent, go up to Colonel the Honourable

Otto Dillwater of the Guards, and make some dreadful remark about Louis Feelip, which caused the Colonel to turn pale with anger. I saw a Bishop, an Under-Secretary of State, and General de Boots listening with the utmost gravity and eagerness to little Bob Noddy, who pretended to have brought some news from the City, where they say he is a clerk in a Fire Office.

I saw all sorts of portents and wonders. On the great Saturday night (the 26th ult.), when the news was rifest, and messenger after messenger came rushing in with wild rumours, men were seen up at midnight who were always known to go to bed at ten. A man dined in the Club who is married, and who has never been allowed to eat there for eighteen years. On Sunday, old Mr. Pugh himself, who moved that the house should be shut, no papers taken in, and the waiters marched to church under the inspection of the steward, actually came down and was seen reading the *Observer*, so eager was the curiosity which the great events excited.

In the smoking-room of the establishment, where you ordinarily meet a very small and silent party, there was hardly any seeing for the smoke, any sitting for the crowd, or any hearing in consequence of the prodigious bawling and disputing. The men uttered the most furious contradictory statements there. Young Biffin was praying that the rascally mob might be cut down to a man; while Gullet was bellowing out that the safety of France required the re-establishment of the guillotine, and that four heads must be had, or that the Revolution was not complete.

In the card-room, on the great night in question, there was only one whist-table, and at that even they were obliged to have a dummy. Captain Trumpington could not be brought to play that night; and Pamm himself trumped his partner's lead, and the best heart; such was the agitation which the great European events excited. When Dicky Cuff came in, from His Excellency Lord Pilgrimstone's evening party, a rush was made upon him for news, as if he had come from battle. Even the waiters appeared to be interested, and seemed to try to overhear the conversation.

Every man had his story, and his private information; and several of these tales I took down.

"*Saturday, five o'clock.*—Jawkins has just come from the City. The French Rothschild has arrived. He escaped in a water-butt as far as Amiens, whence he went on in a coffin.

A *fourgon* containing two hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred sovereigns, and nine-and-fourpence in silver, was upset in the Rue Saint-Denis. The coin was picked up, and the whole sum, with the exception of the fourpenny piece, was paid over to the Commissioners at the Hôtel de Ville.

"Some say it was a quarter-franc. It was found sticking, afterwards, to the *sabot* of an Auvergnat, and brought in safety to the Provisional Government.

"Blankley comes in. He made his fortune last year by the railroads, has realised, and is in a frantic state of terror. 'The miscreants!' he says. 'The whole population is in arms. They are pouring down to the English coast; the *Sans-culottes* will be upon us to-morrow, and we shall have them upon—upon my estate in Sussex, by Jove! Cobden was in a league with the Revolutionary Government when he said there would be no war—laying a trap to lull us into security, and so give free ingress to the infernal revolutionary villains. There are not a thousand men in the country to resist them, and we shall all be butchered before a week is out—butchered, and our property confiscated. Cobden ought to be impeached and hanged. Lord John Russell ought to be impeached and hanged. Hope Guizot will be guillotined for not having used cannon, and slaughtered the ruffians before the Revolution came to a head.'—*N.B.* Blankley was a Liberal before he made his money, and had a picture of Tom Paine in his study.

"Towzer arrives. A messenger has just come to the Foreign Office wounded in three places, and in the disguise of a fish-woman. Paris is in flames in twenty-four quarters—the mob and pikemen raging through it. Lamartine has been beheaded. The forts have declared for the King and are bombarding the town. All the English have been massacred.

"Captain Shindy says, 'Nonsense! no such thing.' A messenger has come to the French Embassy. The King and Family are at Versailles. The two chambers have followed them thither, and Marshal Bugeaud has rallied a hundred and twenty thousand men. The Parisians have three days' warning: and if at the end of that time they do not yield, seven hundred guns will open on the dogs, and the whole *canaille* will be hurled to perdition.

"Pipkinson arrives. The English in Paris are congregated in the Protestant churches; a guard is placed over them. It

is with the greatest difficulty that the rabble are prevented from massacring them. Lady Lunchington only escaped by writing 'Veuve d'O'Connell' on her door. It is perfectly certain that Guizot is killed. Lamartine and the rest of the Provisional Government have but a few days to live; the Communists will destroy them infallibly; and universal blood, terror, and anarchy will prevail over France, over Europe, over the world.

"Bouncer—on the best authority. Thirty thousand French entered Brussels under Lamoricière. No harm has been done to Leopold. The united French and Belgian army march on the Rhine on Monday. Rhenish Prussia is declared to form a part of the Republic. A division under General Bedeau will enter Savoy, and penetrate into Lombardy. The Pope abdicates his temporal authority. The Russians will cross the Prussian frontier with four hundred thousand men.

Bowyer has just come from Mivart's, and says that rooms are taken there for the Pope, who has fled from his dominions, for the Countess of Landsfeld, for the King of Bavaria, who is sure to follow immediately, and for all the French Princes, and their suite and families."

It was in this way that Rumour was chattering last week, while the great events were pending. But oh, my friends! wild and strange as these stories were, were they so wonderful as the truth?—as an army of a hundred thousand men subdued by a rising of bare-handed mechanics; as a great monarch, a Minister notorious for wisdom, and a great monarchy blown into annihilation by a blast of national breath; as a magnificent dynasty slinking out of existence in a cab; as a gallant prince, with an army at his back, never so much as drawing a sword, but at a summons from a citizen of the National Guard turning tail and sneaking away; as a poet braving the pikes which had scared away a family of kings and princes, and standing forward, wise, brave, sensible, and merciful, undismayed on the tottering pinnacle of popular power? Was there ever a day since the beginning of history, where small men were so great, and great ones so little? What satirist could ever have dared to invent such a story as that of the brave and famous race of Orleans flying, with nobody at their backs; of wives and husbands separating, and the deuce take the hindmost: of Ulysses shaving his whiskers off, and flinging away even his

wig? It is the shamefullest chapter in history—a consummation too base for ridicule.

One can't laugh at anything so miserably mean. All the Courts in Europe ought to go into mourning, or wear sack-cloth. The catastrophe is too degrading. It sullies the cause of all kings, as the misconduct of a regiment does an army. It tarnishes all crowns. And if it points no other moral, and indicates no future consequences, why, Progress is a mere humbug: Railroads lead to nothing, and Signs point nowhere: and there is no To-morrow for the world.

SPEC.



A ROUNDABOUT RIDE.

YOUNG HENGIST having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and being now mercifully restored to my arm-chair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

Hengist lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and sometime, as 'twas thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces spring up in a night, as it were: where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden; and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whity-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed comfortable old fogies reading the *Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors—(by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry)—the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flintstones. Missis's neat little brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flagstones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, enclosing wholesome-looking little children. A brand-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbot, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the hodmen of the neighbourhood; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk, with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land

beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts; dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads Lady Barbara Macraw downstairs, the Earl of Strathbungo's daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable; but they are very handsome as it is. The silver dish-covers are splendacious. I wish the butler would put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his Club.

I don't wonder: I once dined with young Hengist, at his father's, Major-General Sir Hercules Hengist, K.C.B., and of all the—— But hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck-up, tasteless, seedy cake than a sponge-cake I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; we wished to see those regions; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of Mr. James's novels—the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde, moustache just shading his upper lip, &c.—We rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses: we are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusti g vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and

evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the commencement of the New Road, which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Stingo. The pillars of the



damp arbours and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whity-brown small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the rickety bow-windows? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush: and lo! the red-haired maid-of-all-work, coming out

with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer-jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of "Sulsh" is written on a dirty brass plate.

Who is Sulsh? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting—fiddlestick! Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Marylebone Workhouse, opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheese-paring.

We rise in respectability: we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat. That is Baker Street; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Park-ward; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street; Tressel Place, and Pall Street—dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book, instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud City-wards, and the rapid cabs with canvas-backed trunks on the top, rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of twopenny 'buses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked; fat and in red plush breeches—different from the Belgravian gents: from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside, are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it, and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neighbourhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that

you are turning round ; and then to see the view of the Church of Saint Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the Dead March in "Saul" almost inaudibly.

Yoicks ! we have passed the long defile of Albany Street ; we cross the road of Tottenham—on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funereal urns ; or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists ; one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are remarked by self and Hengist as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards—onwards through the Square of Euston—onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us—rapidly, rapidly.

Ha ! he is down—is he hurt?—He is up again—it is a cab-horse on ahead, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path.

SPEC.



GOING TO SEE A MAN HANGED.*

JULY 1840.



X—, who had voted with Mr. Ewart for the abolition of the punishment of death, was anxious to see the effect on the public mind of an execution, and asked me to accompany him to see Courvoisier killed. We had not the advantage of a sheriff's order, like the "six hundred noblemen and gentlemen" who were admitted within the walls of the prison; but determined to mingle with the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, and take up our positions at a very early hour.

As I was to rise at three in the morning, I went to bed at ten, thinking that five hours' sleep would be amply sufficient to brace me against the fatigues of the coming day. But, as might have been expected, the event of the morrow was perpetually before my eyes through the night, and kept them wide open. I heard all the clocks in the neighbourhood chime the hours in succession; a dog from some court hard by kept up a pitiful howling; at one o'clock, a cock set up a feeble melancholy crowing; shortly after two the daylight came peeping grey through the window-shutters; and by the time that X— arrived, in fulfilment of his promise, I had been asleep about half-an-hour. He, more wise, had not gone to rest at all, but had remained up all night at the Club along with Dash and two or three more. Dash is one of the most eminent wits in London, and had kept the company merry all night with appropriate jokes about the coming event. It is curious that a murder is a great inspirer of jokes. We all like to laugh and have our fling about it; there is a certain grim pleasure in the circumstance—a perpetual jingling antithesis between life and death, that is sure of its effect.

In mansion or garret, on down or straw, surrounded by weeping friends and solemn oily doctors, or tossing unheeded upon scanty hospital beds, there were many people in this great

* Originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*.

city to whom that Sunday night was to be the last of any that they should pass on earth here. In the course of half-a-dozen dark wakeful hours, one had leisure to think of these (and a little, too, of that certain supreme night, that shall come at one time or other, when he who writes shall be stretched upon the last bed, prostrate in the last struggle, taking the last look of dear faces that have cheered us here, and lingering—one moment more—ere we part for the tremendous journey); but, chiefly, I could not help thinking, as each clock sounded, what is *he* doing now? has *he* heard it in his little room in Newgate yonder? Eleven o'clock. He has been writing until now. The gaoler says he is a pleasant man enough to be with; but he



can hold out no longer, and is very weary. "Wake me at four," says he, "for I have still much to put down." From eleven to twelve the gaoler hears how he is grinding his teeth in his sleep. At twelve he is up in his bed and asks, "Is it the time?" He has plenty more time yet for sleep; and he sleeps, and the bell goes on tolling. Seven hours more—five hours more. Many a carriage is clattering through the streets, bringing ladies away from evening parties; many bachelors are reeling home after a jolly night; Covent Garden is alive; and the light coming through the cell-window turns the gaoler's candle pale. Four hours more! "Courvoisier," says the gaoler, shaking him, "it's four o'clock now, and I've woke you as you told me; but there's no call for you *to get up yet*." The poor

wretch leaves his bed, however, and makes his last toilet ; and then falls to writing, to tell the world how he did the crime for which he has suffered. This time he will tell the truth and the whole truth. They bring him his breakfast "from the coffee-shop opposite—tea, coffee, and thin bread and butter." He will take nothing, however, but goes on writing. He has to write to his mother—the pious mother far away in his own country—who reared him and loved him ; and even now has sent him her forgiveness and her blessing. He finishes his memorials and letters, and makes his will, disposing of his little miserable property of books and tracts that pious people have furnished him with. "Ce 6 Juillet, 1840. François Benjamin Courvoisier vous donne ceci, mon ami, pour souvenir." He has a token for his dear friend the gaoler ; another for his dear friend the undersheriff. As the day of the convict's death draws nigh, it is painful to see how he fastens upon everybody who approaches him, how pitifully he clings to them and loves them.

While these things are going on within the prison (with which we are made accurately acquainted by the copious chronicles of such events which are published subsequently), X——'s carriage has driven up to the door of my lodgings, and we have partaken of an elegant *déjeuner* that has been prepared for the occasion. A cup of coffee at half-past three in the morning is uncommonly pleasant ; and X—— enlivens us with the repetition of the jokes that Dash has just been making. Admirable, certainly—they must have had a merry night of it, that's clear ; and we stoutly debate whether, when one has to get up so early in the morning, it is best to have an hour or two of sleep, or wait and go to bed afterwards at the end of the day's work. That fowl is extraordinarily tough—the wing, even, is as hard as a board ; a slight disappointment, for there is nothing else for breakfast. "Will any gentleman have some sherry and soda-water before he sets out ? It clears the brains famously." Thus primed, the party sets out. The coachman has dropped asleep on the box, and wakes up wildly as the hall-door opens. It is just four o'clock.

About this very time they are waking up poor—pshaw ! who is for a cigar ? X—— does not smoke himself ; but vows and protests, in the kindest way in the world, that he does not care in the least for the new drab-silk linings in his carriage. Z——, who smokes, mounts, however, the box. "Drive to Snow Hill," says the owner of the chariot. The policemen, who are

the only people in the street, and are standing by, look knowing—they know what it means well enough.

How cool and clean the streets look, as the carriage startles the echoes that have been asleep in the corners all night. Somebody has been sweeping the pavements clean in the night-time surely; they would not soil a lady's white satin shoes, they are so dry and neat. There is not a cloud or a breath in the air, except Z——'s cigar, which whiffs off, and soars straight upwards in volumes of white pure smoke. The trees in the squares look bright and green—as bright as leaves in the country in June. We who keep late hours don't know the beauty of London air and verdure; in the early morning they are delightful—the most fresh and lively companions possible. But they cannot bear the crowd and the bustle of mid-day. You don't know them then—they are no longer the same things. We have come to Gray's Inn; there is actually dew upon the grass in the gardens; and the windows of the stout old red houses are all in a flame.

As we enter Holborn the town grows more animated; and there are already twice as many people in the streets as you see at mid-day in a German *Residenz* or an English provincial town. The ginshop keepers have many of them taken their shutters down, and many persons are issuing from them pipe in hand. Down they go along the broad bright street, their blue shadows marching *after* them; for they are all bound the same way, and are bent like us upon seeing the hanging. .

It is twenty minutes past four as we pass St. Sepulchre's: by this time many hundred people are in the street, and many more are coming up Snow Hill. Before us lies Newgate Prison; but something a great deal more awful to look at, which seizes the eye at once, and makes the heart beat, is



There it stands black and ready, jutting out from a little door in the prison. As you see it, you feel a kind of dumb electric shock, which causes one to start a little, and give a sort of gasp for breath. The shock is over in a second; and presently you examine the object before you with a certain feeling of complacent curiosity. At least, such was the effect that the gallows produced upon the writer, who is trying to set down all his feelings as they occurred, and not to exaggerate them at all.

After the gallows-shock had subsided, we went down into the crowd, which was very numerous, but not dense as yet. It was evident that the day's *business* had not begun. People sauntered up, and formed groups, and talked; the new-comers asking those who seemed *habituals* of the place about former executions; and did the victim hang with his face towards the clock or towards Ludgate Hill? and had he the rope round his neck when he came on the scaffold, or was it put on by Jack Ketch afterwards? and had Lord W—— taken a window, and which was he? I may mention the noble Marquis's name, as he was not at the exhibition. A pseudo W—— was pointed out in an opposite window, towards whom all the people in our neighbourhood looked eagerly, and with great respect too. The mob seemed to have no sort of ill-will against him, but sympathy and admiration. This noble lord's personal courage and strength have won the plebs over to him. Perhaps his exploits against policemen have occasioned some of this popularity; for the mob hate them, as children the schoolmaster.

Throughout the whole four hours, however, the mob was extraordinarily gentle and good-humoured. At first we had leisure to talk to the people about us; and I recommend X——'s brother senators of both sides of the House to see more of this same people and to appreciate them better. Honourable Members are battling and struggling in the House; shouting, yelling, crowing, hear-hearing, pooh-poohing, making speeches of three columns, and gaining "great Conservative triumphs," or "signal successes of the Reform cause," as the case may be. Three hundred and ten gentlemen of good fortune, and able for the most part to quote Horace, declare solemnly that unless Sir Robert comes in, the nation is ruined. Three hundred and fifteen on the other side swear by their great gods that the safety of the empire depends upon Lord John; and to this end they quote Horace too. I declare that I have never been in a great

London crowd without thinking of what they call the two "great" parties in England with wonder. For which of the two great leaders do these people care, I pray you? When Lord Stanley withdrew his Irish Bill the other night, were they in transports of joy, like worthy persons who read the *Globe* and the *Chronicle*? or when he beat the Ministers, were they wild with delight, like honest gentlemen who read the *Post* and the *Times*? Ask yonder ragged fellow, who has evidently frequented debating-clubs, and speaks with good sense and shrewd good-nature. He cares no more for Lord John than he does for Sir Robert; and, with due respect be it said, would mind very little if both of them were ushered out by Mr. Ketch, and took their places under yonder black beam. What are the two great parties to him, and those like him? Sheer wind, hollow humbug, absurd clap-traps; a silly mummerly of dividing and debating, which does not in the least, however it may turn, affect his condition. It has been so ever since the happy days when Whigs and Tories began; and a pretty pastime no doubt it is for both. August parties, great balances of British freedom: are not the two sides quite as active, and eager, and loud, as at their very birth, and ready to fight for place as stoutly as ever they fought before? But lo! in the meantime, whilst you are jangling and brawling over the accounts, Populus, whose estate you have administered while he was an infant, and could not take care of himself—Populus has been growing and growing, till he is every bit as wise as his guardians. Talk to our ragged friend. He is not so polished, perhaps, as a member of the "Oxford and Cambridge Club;" he has not been to Eton; and never read Horace in his life; but he can think just as soundly as the best of you; he can speak quite as strongly in his own rough way; he has been reading all sorts of books of late years, and gathered together no little information. He is as good a man as the common run of us; and there are ten million more men in the country, as good as he—ten million, for whom we, in our infinite superiority, are acting as guardians, and to whom, in our bounty, we give—exactly nothing. Put yourself in their position, worthy sir. You and a hundred others find yourselves in some lone place, where you set up a government. You take a chief, as is natural; he is the cheapest order-keeper in the world. You establish half-a-dozen worthies, whose families you say shall have the privilege to legislate for you for ever; half-a-

dosen more, who shall be appointed by a choice of thirty of the rest : and the other sixty, who shall have no choice, vote, place, or privilege at all. Honourable sir, suppose that you are one of the last sixty : how will you feel, you who have intelligence, passions, honest pride, as well as your neighbour ; how will you feel towards your equals, in whose hands lie all the power and all the property of the community ? Would you love and honour them, tamely acquiesce in their superiority, see their privileges, and go yourself disregarded without a pang ? you are not a man if you would. I am not talking of right or wrong, or debating questions of government. But ask my friend there, with the ragged elbows and no shirt, what he thinks ? You have your party, Conservative or Whig, as it may be. You believe that an aristocracy is an institution necessary, beautiful, and virtuous. You are a gentleman, in other words, and stick by your party.

And our friend with the elbows (the crowd is thickening hugely all this time) sticks by *his*. Talk to him of Whig or Tory, he grins at them : of virtual representation, pish ! He is a *democrat*, and will stand by his friends, as you by yours ; and they are twenty millions, his friends, of whom a vast minority now, a majority a few years hence, will be as good as you. In the meantime we shall continue electing, and debating, and dividing, and having every day new triumphs for the glorious cause of Conservatism, or the glorious cause of Reform, until—

What is the meaning of this unconscionable republican tirade—*à propos* of a hanging ? Such feelings, I think, must come across any man in a vast multitude like this. What good sense and intelligence have most of the people by whom you are surrounded ; how much sound humour does one hear bandied about from one to another ! A great number of coarse phrases are used, that would make ladies in drawing-rooms blush ; but the morals of the men are good and hearty. A ragamuffin in the crowd (a powdery baker in a white sheep's-wool cap) uses some indecent expression to a woman near : there is an instant cry of shame, which silences the man, and a dozen people are ready to give the woman protection. The crowd has grown very dense by this time, it is about six o'clock, and there is great heaving, and pushing, and swaying to and fro ; but round the women the men have formed a circle, and keep them as much as possible out of the rush and trample. In one of the houses,

near us, a gallery has been formed on the roof. Seats were here let, and a number of persons of various degrees were occupying them. Several tipsy dissolute-looking young men, of the Dick Swiveller cast, were in this gallery. One was loling over the sunshiny tiles, with a fierce sodden face, out of which came a pipe, and which was shaded by long matted hair, and a hat cocked very much on one side. This gentleman was one of a party which had evidently not been to bed on Sunday night, but had passed it in some of those delectable night-houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The debauch was not over yet, and the women of the party were giggling, drinking, and romping, as is the wont of these delicate creatures; sprawling here and there, and falling upon the knees of one or other of the males. Their scarves were off their shoulders, and you saw the sun shining down upon the bare white flesh, and the shoulder-points glittering like burning-glasses. The people about us were very indignant at some of the proceedings of this debauched crew, and at last raised up such a yell as frightened them into shame, and they were more orderly for the remainder of the day. The windows of the shops opposite began to fill apace, and our before-mentioned friend with ragged elbows pointed out a celebrated fashionable character who occupied one of them; and, to our surprise, knew as much about him as the *Court Journal* or the *Morning Post*. Presently he entertained us with a long and pretty accurate account of the history of Lady —, and indulged in a judicious criticism upon her last work. I have met with many a country gentleman who had not read half as many books as this honest fellow, this shrewd *proldaire* in a black shirt. The people about him took up and carried on the conversation very knowingly, and were very little behind him in point of information. It was just as good a company as one meets on common occasions. I was in a genteel crowd in one of the galleries at the Queen's coronation; indeed, in point of intelligence, the democrats were quite equal to the aristocrats. How many more such groups were there in this immense multitude of nearly forty thousand, as some say? How many more such throughout the country? I never yet, as I said before, have been in an English mob without the same feeling for the persons who composed it, and without wonder at the vigorous orderly good sense and intelligence of the people.

The character of the crowd was as yet, however, quite festive.

Jokes bandying about here and there, and jolly laughs breaking out. Some men were endeavouring to climb up a leaden pipe on one of the houses. The landlord came out, and endeavoured with might and main to pull them down. Many thousand eyes turned upon this contest immediately. All sorts of voices issued from the crowd, and uttered choice expressions of slang. When one of the men was pulled down by the leg, the waves of this black mob-ocean laughed innumeraibly; when one fellow slipped away, scrambled up the pipe, and made good his lodgment on the shelf, we were all made happy, and encouraged him by loud shouts of admiration. What is there so particularly delightful in the spectacle of a man clambering up a gas-pipe? Why were we kept for a quarter of an hour in deep interest gazing upon this remarkable scene? Indeed it is hard to say: a man does not know what a fool he is until he tries; or, at least, what mean follies will amuse him. The other day I went to Astley's and saw clown come in with a fool's-cap and pinafore, and six small boys who represented his schoolfellows. To them enters schoolmaster; horses clown, and flogs him hugely on the back part of his pinafore. I never read anything in Swift, Boz, Rabelais, Fielding, Paul de Kock, which delighted me so much as this sight, and caused me to laugh so profoundly. And why? What is there so ridiculous in the sight of one miserably rouged man beating another on the breech? Tell us where the fun lies in this and the before-mentioned episode of the gas-pipe? Vast, indeed, are the capacities and ingenuities of the human soul that can find, in incidents so wonderfully small, means of contemplation and amusement.

Really the time passed away with extraordinary quickness. A thousand things of the sort related here came to amuse us. First the workmen knocking and hammering at the scaffold, mysterious clattering of blows was heard within it, and a ladder painted black was carried round, and into the interior of the edifice by a small side door. We all looked at this little ladder and at each other—things began to be very interesting. Soon came a squad of policemen; stalwart rosy-looking men, saying much for City feeding; well-dressed, well-limbed, and of admirable good-humour. They paced about the open space between the prison and the barriers which kept in the crowd from the scaffold. The front line, as far as I could see, was chiefly occupied by blackguards and boys—professional persons, no

doubt, who saluted the policemen on their appearance with a volley of jokes and ribaldry. As far as I could judge from faces, there were more blackguards of sixteen and seventeen than of any maturer age; stunted, sallow, ill-grown lads, in ragged fustian, scowling about. There were a considerable number of girls, too, of the same age: one that Cruikshank and Boz might have taken as a study for Nancy. The girl was a young thief's mistress evidently; if attacked, ready to reply without a particle of modesty; could give as good ribaldry as she got; made no secret (and there were several inquiries) as to her profession and means of livelihood. But with all this, there was something good about the girl; a sort of devil-may-care candour and simplicity that one could not fail to see. Her answers to some of the coarse questions put to her, were very ready and good-humoured. She had a friend with her of the same age and class, of whom she seemed to be very fond, and who looked up to her for protection. Both of these women had beautiful eyes. Devil-may-care's were extraordinarily bright and blue, an admirably fair complexion, and a large red mouth full of white teeth. *Au reste*, ugly, stunted, thick-limbed, and by no means a beauty. Her friend could not be more than fifteen. They were not in rags, but had greasy cotton shawls, and old faded rag-shop bonnets. I was curious to look at them, having, in late fashionable novels, read many accounts of such personages. Bah! what figments these novelists tell us! Boz, who knows life well, knows that his Miss Nancy is the most unreal fantastical personage possible; no more like a thief's mistress than one of Gesner's shepherdesses resembles a real country wench. He dare not tell the truth concerning such young ladies. They have, no doubt, virtues like other human creatures; nay, their position engenders virtues that are not called into exercise among other women. But on these an honest painter of human nature has no right to dwell; not being able to paint the whole portrait, he has no right to present one or two favourable points as characterising the whole; and therefore, in fact, had better leave the picture alone altogether. The new French literature is essentially false and worthless from this very error—the writers giving us favourable pictures of monsters, and (to say nothing of decency or morality) pictures quite untrue to nature.

But yonder, glittering through the crowd in Newgate Street—see, the Sheriff's carriages are slowly making their way. We

have been here three hours ! Is it possible that they can have passed so soon ? Close to the barriers where we are, the mob has become so dense that it is with difficulty a man can keep his feet. Each man, however, is very careful in protecting the women, and all are full of jokes and good-humour. The windows of the shops opposite are now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with moustaches and cigars ; some quiet fat family-parties, of simple honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W——, who is flinging various articles among the crowd ; one of his companions, a tall, burly man, with large moustaches, has provided himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy-and-water. Honest gentleman ! high-bred aristocrat ! genuine lover of humour and wit ! I would walk some miles to see thee on the treadmill, thee and thy Mohawk crew !

We tried to get up a hiss against these ruffians, but only had a trifling success ; the crowd did not seem to think their offence very heinous ; and our friend, the philosopher in the ragged elbows, who had remained near us all the time, was not inspired with any such savage disgust at the proceedings of certain notorious young gentlemen, as I must confess fills my own particular bosom. He only said, " So-and-so is a lord, and they'll let him off," and then discoursed about Lord Ferrers being hanged. The philosopher knew the history pretty well, and so did most of the little knot of persons about him, and it must be a gratifying thing for young gentlemen to find that their actions are made the subject of this kind of conversation.

Scarcely a word had been said about Courvoisier all this time. We were all, as far as I could judge, in just such a frame of mind as men are in when they are squeezing at the pit-door of a play, or pushing for a review or a Lord Mayor's show. We asked most of the men who were near us, whether they had seen many executions ? most of them had, the philosopher especially ; whether the sight of them did any good ? " For the matter of that, no ; people did not care about them at all ; nobody ever thought of it after a bit." A countryman, who had left his drove in Smithfield, said the same thing ; he had seen a man hanged at York, and spoke of the ceremony with perfect good sense, and in a quiet sagacious way.

J. S.—, the famous wit, now dead, had, I recollect, a good story upon the subject of executing, and of the terror which the punishment inspires. After Thistlewood and his companions were hanged, their heads were taken off, according to the sentence, and the executioner, as he severed each, held it up to the crowd, in the proper orthodox way, saying, "Here is the head of a traitor!" At the sight of the first ghastly head the people were struck with terror, and a general expression of disgust and fear broke from them. The second head was looked at also with much interest, but the excitement regarding the third head diminished. When the executioner had come to the last of the heads, he lifted it up, but, by some clumsiness, allowed it to drop. At this the crowd yelled out, "*Ah, Butter-fingers!*"—the excitement had passed entirely away. The punishment had grown to be a joke—Butter-fingers was the word—a pretty commentary, indeed, upon the august nature of public executions, and the awful majesty of the law.

It was past seven now; the quarters rang and passed away; the crowd began to grow very eager and more quiet, and we turned back every now and then and looked at St. Sepulchre's clock. Half-an-hour, twenty-five minutes. What is he doing now? He has his irons off by this time. A quarter: he's in the press-room now, no doubt. Now at last we had come to think about the man we were going to see hanged. How slowly the clock crept over the last quarter! Those who were able to turn round and see (for the crowd was now extraordinarily dense) chronicled the time, eight minutes, five minutes; at last—ding, dong, dong, dong!—the bell is tolling the chimes of eight.

Between the writing of this line and the last, the pen has been put down, as the reader may suppose, and the person who is addressing him has gone through a pause of no very pleasant thoughts and recollections. The whole of the sickening, ghastly, wicked scene passes before the eyes again; and, indeed, it is an awful one to see, and very hard and painful to describe.

As the clock began to strike, an immense sway and movement swept over the whole of that vast dense crowd. They were all uncovered directly, and a great murmur arose, more awful, bizarre, and indescribable than any sound I had ever before heard. Women and children began to shriek horribly.

I don't know whether it was the bell I heard ; but a dreadful quick feverish kind of jangling noise mingled with the noise of the people, and lasted for about two minutes. The scaffold stood before us, tenantless and black ; the black chain was hanging down ready from the beam. Nobody came. " He has been respited," some one said ; another said, " He has killed himself in prison."

Just then, from under the black prison-door, a pale quiet head peered out. It was shockingly bright and distinct ; it rose up directly, and a man in black appeared on the scaffold, and was silently followed by about four more dark figures. The first was a tall grave man : we all knew who the second man was. "*That's he—that's he !*" you heard the people say, as the devoted man came up.

I have seen a cast of the head since, but, indeed, should never have known it. Courvoisier bore his punishment like a man, and walked very firmly. He was dressed in a new black suit, as it seemed : his shirt was open. His arms were tied in front of him. He opened his hands in a helpless kind of way, and clasped them once or twice together. He turned his head here and there, and looked about him for an instant with a wild imploring look. His mouth was contracted into a sort of pitiful smile. He went and placed himself at once under the beam, with his face towards St. Sepulchre's. The tall grave man in black twisted him round swiftly in the other direction, and, drawing from his pocket a night-cap, pulled it tight over the patient's head and face. I am not ashamed to say that I could look no more, but shut my eyes as the last dreadful act was going on which sent this wretched guilty soul into the presence of God.

If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is, no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above pages are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it ? In what way does he observe it, —how does he view all the phenomena connected with it, —what induces him, in the first instance, to go and see it, —and how is he moved by it afterwards ? The writer has discarded the magazine "We" altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader,

recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for "I" is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the Sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees,—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both Houses of Parliament, street-walkers, newspaper-writers, gather together before Newgate at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural quiet night's rest, in order to partake of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and Peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race. Government, a Christian Government, gives us a feast every now and then: it agrees—that is to say, a majority in the two Houses agrees—that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but Government can't wait); and on a Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out the word of God, "I am the resurrection and the life," "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,"—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the hands of the Government agent, Jack Ketch, coming up from his black hole, and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them, until he is quite dead—strangled.

Many persons, and well-informed newspapers, say that it is mawkish sentiment to talk in this way, morbid humanity, cheap philanthropy, that any man can get up and preach about. There is the *Observer*, for instance, a paper conspicuous for the tremendous sarcasm which distinguishes its articles, and which falls cruelly foul of the *Morning Herald*. "Courvoisier is dead,"

says the *Observer*: "he died as he had lived—a villain; a lie was in his mouth. Peace be to his ashes. We war not with the dead." What a magnanimous *Observer*! From this, *Observer* turns to the *Herald*, and says, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" So much for the *Herald*.

We quote from memory, and the quotation from the *Observer* possibly is,—"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" or, "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*;" or, "*Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via*;" or, "*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*:" all of which pithy Roman apophthegms would apply just as well.

"Peace be to his ashes. He died a villain." This is both benevolence and reason. Did he die a villain? The *Observer* does not want to destroy him body and soul, evidently, from that pious wish that his ashes should be at peace. Is the next Monday but one after the sentence the time necessary for a villain to repent in? May a man not require more leisure—a week more—six months more—before he has been able to make his repentance sure before Him who died for us all?—for all, be it remembered,—not alone for the judge and jury, or for the sheriffs, or for the executioner who is pulling down the legs of the prisoner,—but for him too, murderer and criminal as he is, whom we are killing for his crime. Do we want to kill him body and soul? Heaven forbid! My Lord in the black cap specially prays that Heaven may have mercy on him; but he must be ready by Monday morning.

Look at the documents which came from the prison of this unhappy Courvoisier during the few days which passed between his trial and execution. Were ever letters more painful to read? At first, his statements are false, contradictory, lying. He has not repented then. His last declaration seems to be honest, as far as the relation of the crime goes. But read the rest of his statement, the account of his personal history, and the crimes which he committed in his young days,—then "how the evil thought came to him to put his hand to the work,"—it is evidently the writing of a mad, distracted man. The horrid gallows is perpetually before him; he is wild with dread and remorse. Clergymen are with him ceaselessly; religious tracts are forced into his hands; night and day they ply him with the heinousness of his crime, and exhortations to repentance. Read through that last paper of his; by Heaven, it is pitiful to read it.

See the Scripture phrases brought in now and anon; the peculiar terms of tract-phraseology (I do not wish to speak of these often meritorious publications with disrespect); one knows too well how such language is learned,—imitated from the priest at the bedside, eagerly seized and appropriated, and confounded by the poor prisoner.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument),—when a man has killed another it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say no—it is *natural*. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man and you must be killed in turn: that is the unavoidable *sequitur*. You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you, “It is natural, and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.”

Does it? The system of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum*,—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the Highest Authority), why, because you lose your eye; is that of your opponent to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum, founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snow Hill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for *the murder I saw done*. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years: one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven’s sake, that some one would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—and a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, “We’ve koom to see the mon hanged!” Tender law, that brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles!

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that, for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man's face continually before my eyes ; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket ; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight ; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.

END OF "SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON."

**MISCELLANEOUS
CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH."**

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH."

MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE.

FROM THE DOOR STEPS.

SIR,—Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces.

Meanwhile how am I to exist?—how, I say, is an historical painter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unworthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, Sir,—*HUNGRY!* Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's meat has not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a shoulder of mutton, which I ate cold—cold, and without pickles,—*icy* cold, for 'twas grudged by the niggard boor at whose table I condescended to sit down.

That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent publisher of Ivy Lane; and by him and by all the world I have been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a single instance of his ingratitude!

I need not ask if you know my work, "Illustrations of Aldgate Pump." All the world knows it. It is published in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec before mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and Foreign nobility.

Nobility!—why do I say nobility?—*KINGS*, Sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription-list. Bavaria's Sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in

the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon*! It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarroti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

From all these Potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation-copies but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the "Illustrations;" but I do not understand German, Sir, and am given to understand by those who do, that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beef-steak to my lips any day of the week; and "Fine words," as the poet says, "butter no parsnips." Parsnips!—I have not even parsnips to butter.

His Majesty Louis-Philippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our Ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our Ambassador, offered the author of the "Illustrations" the choice of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the *officier d'ordonnance* who was to take the snuff-box, a purely artistic memento of his royal good-will. "Go, Count," said he, "to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him to accept, as a testimony of the respect of one artist for another, my own identical piece of INDIA-RUBBER."

When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy Lane. I found him, Sir, as I have said—I found him eating cold mutton; and so I requested him (for my necessities were pressing) to hand me over the diamond box, and returning to my humble home, greedily opened the packet he had given me.

Sir, he kept the box and gave me the india-rubber! 'Tis no falsehood—I have left it at your office, where all the world may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it this letter. I

hear the sound of revelry from within—the clink of winecups, the merry song and chorus. I am waiting outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic—little suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and ridiculous publication; but my proud spirit must bend. Did not the MAJESTY OF FRANCE give lessons on Richmond Hill?

Heaven bless you! Send me out something, and succour the unhappy

ALONZO SPEC,
Historical Painter.



SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

WE have received, by our usual express, the following indignant protest, signed by his Highness the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in the *Times* of December 7th :—

" The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked*; and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants sagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been read* with much interest."

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

The undersigned Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks *Punch*, Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems? If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manoeuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (*Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero*) to be likewise held up to public odium?

Let *Punch*, let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman

naturally is, he lies perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the bay. What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him? A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask. "Sherry, perhaps," is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country). "Rum, I hope," he adds, while with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But, ah! Englishmen! fancy his agonising feelings on withdrawing from the flask a Spanish translation of "The Cowboy of Kennington Common," or "The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville."

Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No. His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the right of nations. He declares himself dissentient from the Dissenters; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the contumely of insulted mankind.

And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural fashion he enters a solemn and hearty protest; lest British captains might be induced to presume still farther; lest, having tampered with the bottle department, they might take similar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in casks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

In conclusion, his Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency (and the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished consideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

(Signed) BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.

REGENT'S PARK: *December 7th.*



THE GEORGES.

As the statues of these beloved Monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace, we have been favoured by a young lady (connected with the Court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of these Stars of Brunswick.

GEORGE THE FIRST—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister :
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son :

My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch :

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French :

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit ;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

GEORGE III.

Give me a Royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuous King the realm e'er knew.

I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.

Ireland I risked, and lost America ;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part ;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon ;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George :

I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets ;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea :
Where was the King in Europe like to me ?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores ;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea ?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee ?

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud ;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.

The rescued Kings came kiss my garments' hem :
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.

My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard :
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower ?

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.

He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.

He deserted his Friends and his Principles.

He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell ;

But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,

And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.

He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham ;

And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius,

An admiring Aristocracy

Christened him the " First Gentleman in Europe." ,

Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,

And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.



TITMARSH v. TAIT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are acknowledged to be the censor of the age, and the father and protector of the press; in which character allow one of your warmest admirers to appeal to you for redress and protection. One of those good-natured friends, of whom every literary man can boast, has been criticising a late work of mine in *Tait's Magazine*. What his opinion may be is neither here nor there. Every man has a right to his own: and whether the critic complains of want of purpose, or says (with great acuteness and ingenuity) that the book might have been much better, is not at all to the point. Against criticism of this nature no writer can cavil. It is cheerfully accepted by your subscriber.

But there is a passage in the *Tait* criticism which, although it may be actuated by the profoundest benevolence, a gentleman may be pardoned for protesting against politely. It is as follows:—

"In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but to Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. *Even* on the Frith of Forth, or Clyde" [this "*even*" is very *naïf* and fine], "or the rivers Severn or Shannon, the same auspicious event is celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost free, and permitted, on coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle, the Peninsular and Oriental Company were so fortunate as to crimp Mr. Titmarsh. . . . We hope they have voted him a yachting service of plate, of at least five hundred ounces."

This latter suggestion I complain of, as being *too* friendly. Why should the critic insist on a collection? Who asked the

gentleman for plack or bawbee? However, this again is a private matter.

It is that comparison of the blind fiddler who "*sends round his hat*," that ought to be devoted to the indignation of the press of these kingdoms. Your constant reader has never played on the English—or on the Scotch fiddle.

He leaves the sending round of hats to professors of the Caledonian Cremona. He was not "crimped" by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor called upon to fiddle for their



amusement, nor rewarded with silver spoons by that excellent Company. A gentleman who takes a vacant seat in a friend's carriage is not supposed to receive a degrading obligation, or called upon to pay for his ride by extra joking, facetiousness, &c. ; nor surely is the person who so gives you the use of his carriage required to present you also with a guinea, or to pay your tavern-bill. The critic, in fact, has shown uncommon keenness in observing the manners of his national violinists ; but must know more of them than of the customs of English gentlemen.

If the critic himself is a man of letters, and fiddles professionally, why should he abuse his Stradivarius? If he is some disguised nobleman of lofty birth, superb breeding, and vast wealth, who only fiddles for pleasure, he should spare those gentlefolks in whose company he condescends to perform. But I don't believe he's a noble amateur;—I think he must be a professional man of letters. It is only literary men, nowadays, who commit this suicidal sort of impertinence; who sneak through the world ashamed of their calling, and show their independence by befouling the trade by which they live.

That you will rebuke, amend, or (if need be) utterly smash all such, is, my dear *Mr. Punch*, the humble prayer of

Your constant reader and fellow-labourer,

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

BLUE POSTS: *March 10, 1846.*



A PLEA FOR PLUSH.

BELGRAVIA: July 1, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having observed on several occasions in your paper a tone of kindly feeling expressed towards the Jeameses of the metropolis, I desire to call the attention of the public, through your means, to an instance of excessive cruelty which is daily practised by a heartless Duchess, who resides in this parish, towards several of the finest specimens of humanity which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

You must recollect, *Mr. Punch*, the state of the thermometer during the past month—generally between eighty and ninety degrees in the shade. Well, Sir, during the whole of that fiery season, the merciless woman whom I am anxious to expose kept four of her fellow-creatures daily encased in close-fitting garments of *scarlet* plush!!! They wear them still.

It makes my heart bleed to witness the protracted sufferings of these large plethoric men; one of them a Hall Porter, of mature age and startling obesity. There they stand, on the steps before the street door, making passers-by wink and nursery-maids blush at the splendour of their attire—white, scarlet, and gold—perspiring exceedingly, and irritated to madness by the blue-bottle flies and impudent little boys of the vicinity, who unceasingly exclaim, with exasperating monotony, "I say, Blazes, vy don't you buy a Wenham 'frigerator?"

I have ascertained with grief, *Mr. Punch*, that these unfortunate men have little or no hard work to do, that all their messages are performed by deputy; they get their five meals a day—with beer—regular, besides snacks, and I feel convinced, that if the hot weather lasts, unless they are indulged with some light genteel occupation, and the nankeen shorts (which have latterly been introduced with great success by several benevolent ladies of rank in the neighbourhood), the wretched creatures

will inevitably be struck down by apoplexy on the hall-steps on which they are so barbarously exposed every day from two till seven.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Φιλοφλυκκς.

[We readily give admission to our correspondent's benevolent remonstrance in behalf of the injured Plush family. But if he had seen, as we did, at the Duchess of Douche's *déjeuner* (where the rain came down in torrents, and the breakfast was served under a macintosh marquee), the dripping condition of several of the nobility's footmen who sported the new summer nankeen lower uniform, Φιλοφλυκκς would acknowledge, that in our variable climate PLUSH is, after all, a better stuff than nankeen for the breeches of a British footman.—EDITOR.]



PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF THE WESTMINSTER HALL EXHIBITION.

SIR,—My three pictures, from "Gil Blas," from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and from English History (King John signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta), not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of Bladders, my colour merchant, to supply me with more paint—I have lost £1500 as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee: indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I congratulate the three prize-holders on their *success*. I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless*, were kept, by *conspiracy*, from the Exhibition.

Mr. Pickersgill is marked first; and I have nothing to say—his picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of King Harold—there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be more obvious; nor is the picture without merit. And I congratulate the public that King Harold *is buried at last*; and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more*, which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

By the way, as the Saxon king is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think Mr. P. might as well step up to my studio, and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of "Boadicea," who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the "Norman Victim."

Mr. Watts, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-

Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that this figure was supposed to represent King Alfred standing on a plank, and inciting his subjects to go to sea and meet the Danes, whose fleet you will perceive in the distant ocean—or *ultra marine*, as I call it. This is another of your five-hundred-



pounders ; and I must say that this King of the Angles has had a narrow escape that the " Queen of the Iceni " was not present.

They talk about air in pictures ; there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail

one way, the Royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the Royal hair off His Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

By the way, there is an anecdote which I met with in a scarce work regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this:—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the King sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the Royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes*, he permitted the *muffins* to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess actually boxed the Royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer*. The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped and in flames, the *incensed harridan*, the rude hut,—and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my "Boadicea" is off the easel.

With respect to the third prize—a "Battle of Meeanee"—in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing, and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British lion mild and good-humoured, as Signor Gambardella has depicted him; not fierce, as Mr. Armitage has shown him.

How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier, with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! "*He's giving him his gruel*," I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give £500 for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is encouraging murder, and the worst of murders—that of a black man. If the Government grants premiums for massacre, of course I can have no objection; but if Mr. Armitage will walk to my studio, and look at my "Battle of Bosworth Field," he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, *with* a combination of the beautiful and the ideal—not like Mr. Cooper's "Waterloo," where the French cuirassiers are riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it; but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the "Historic Muse."

So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners of the secondary prizes (and very secondary their talents are indeed), that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does Mr. Cope mean by his picture of "Prince Henry trying his Father's Crown"? The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. "Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard," is a work of some merit—but why kings, Mr. Cross? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts save under the purple? Does sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have Queen Emma walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes



—her pocket-handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares? My aunt, Mrs. Growley, I know did two years ago. But she was a mere English lady; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for*.

Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the "Birth of the first Prince of Wales" (my subject, again); there is the "White Ship going down with King Henry's son aboard;" there is "King Henry being informed of the death of his Son by a little Boy;" "King Charles (that odious profligate) up in the Oak" (again, my subject). Some-



body will be painting "Queen Boadicea" next, and saying I did not invent *that*.

Then there are Allegories.—Oh! allegories, of course! Every painter must do his "Genius of Britannia," forsooth, after mine; and subjects in all costumes, from the Ancient Britons in trews (whom Mr. Moore has represented as talking to Sir Robert Peel's friend, and the founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, Mr. Julius Agricola) down to the Duke of Marlborough in jack-boots, and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which, I regret to say, there is very little costume indeed.

There are "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise," with the birds of Paradise flying out too. There are "Peace, Com-



merce, and Agriculture," none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is "Shakspeare being educated by Water Nymphs" (which I never knew kept a school), with a Dolphin coming up to give him a lesson—out of the "Delphin Classics," I suppose. Did the painter ever see my sketch of "Shakspeare"? Is the gentleman who has stripped "Commerce" and "Agriculture" of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite them all to my studio to see: North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, *Mfr. Punch*, that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,

I remain, your obedient Servant,

GROWLEY BYLES.

"PUNCH" AND THE INFLUENZA.

AT the beginning of the week, when the Influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household—when the Public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates—when the public schools and all the masters and little boys—when the very doctors and apothecaries of the town were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to *Mr. Punch* to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty: and though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the first moment when *Mr. Punch* himself could stir after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life. First—

That favourite writer, and amusing man, Mr. J-nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other miscellany), was prostrate in his bed. Tortured by pain, and worn down by water-gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side, J-nes was still at work, on the bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J-nes.

J-nes's manuscript secured, it became *Mr. Punch's* duty to hurry to Sm-th for his designs. Sm-th, too, was at his duty. Though Mrs. Sm-th, the artist's wife, told *Mr. Punch* that her husband's death was certain, if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment, *Mr. Punch*, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bed-chamber. And what did he see there?

Sm-th at work, drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced: drawing cheerfully,

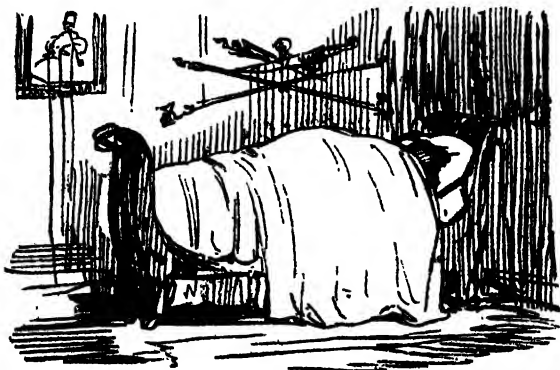
though torn by cough, sore-throat, headache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him) was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a bank-note of immense value, *Mr. Punch* laid it down on Mr. Sm-th's pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated Br-wn, in a word—who was found in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognise in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca.

He was very ill, and seemingly on the point of dissolution : but his gaiety never deserted him.

" You see I am trying to get the steam up still ! " he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching, that *Mr. Punch*, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of *£. s. d.* upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.

The last of his Contributors whom *Mr. Punch* visited on that



day was the Fat One. " Nothing will ever ail *him*," *Mr. P.* mentally remarked. " He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans ; the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease ; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, &c. &c. ; every disease, in fact,

in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever."

Mr. Punch called at the F. C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw, what?

An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All *Mr. P.* could see of the contributor was a part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to *Mr. Punch's* interrogatories.

"Come, F. C., my boy," said *Mr. P.* encouragingly, "everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want your notes upon Archdeacon Laffan, this week; and your Latin version of Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speech."

There was no reply, and *Mr. Punch* reiterated his remark.

"Archdeac! Alstey—ald *Pulch*—ald everyol bay go to blazes," moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed *Punch* in the sad days of the Influenza.



THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN.

BY MR. JEAMES.

I.

LIVIN remoke from the whirld: hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moacely consists of droring hale & beer for the gence who frequent my otel, politticle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when Loy Philip habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favorite *Dispatch* newspaper, where Publicoaler is the boy for me), I cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my little Mary Hann. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the convulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *pokercuranty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little Jeames, to skewer somethink comftable for my two gals, Mary Hann and Hangelina (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherry-bing to behold), and in case Grimb Deth, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf beHind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shooodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold com-

panions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the "Wheel of Fortune Otel." I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and Mr. Buck, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little Plush as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infliged upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws: an infew-riate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their venerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at heverythink sacred; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pittty and admire em with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacrid repthuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitable roof of Jeames Plush of the "Wheel of Fortune." Some has already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratif of the ixcapes and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif, by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise both, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profesn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops), he was called Cantyberry—his reel name being Thomas. You never sor a finer sight than Cantyberry on a levy day, a seated on his goold-fringed Ammer-cloth; a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge; with Marquiz and Marchyness of Jonquil inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! "Hooray!" the boys used to cry hout, only to see Cantyberry arrive. Every person of the estableshment called him "Sir," his Master & Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to

smoke a segar; and when the state-carriage was bordered (me and the Jonquils live close together, the W of F being sitiuated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his body-suvnt called him, and said Lord and Lady Jonquil was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner: not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressadencies of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with Cantyberry! Last yer, being bribed by Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted Lord and Lady Jonquil's box for that of the Kicklebury famly, residing Rue Rivuly, at Parris. He was respected there—that Cantyberry is wherever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apcase, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerry, being so ablcegin as to drive Sir T. and Lady Kicklebury to dinner with the Markee d'Epinard, in the Fobug Sang Jermang, Cantyberry, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Murshong de Vang*, and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, founnd hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin "Vecvly liberty," "*Amore Lewy-Philip*," &c.—"Git out of the way there," says Cantyberry, from his box, a vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out, "Ah, Bah l'Aristograt!"

Lady Kicklebury looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way: and she never was called an aristograt afor. "Your mistaken, my good people," says she: "Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco, Lady Kicklebury, je vay diner avec Munseer d'Eppynar;" and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of Cantyberry's osses, told him to drive down the next

street. He didn't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hofferred the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop (for when aggrywated, Cantyberry drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

"Git out of the carridge," rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at (of the Pollypicnic School, Cantyberry says, though what that is he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, "Miladi, il faut des cendres;" which means, you must git out.

"Mway ne vu pas, Moi Lady Kicklebury," cries out my Lady, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

"Il le fo pourtong," says the Pollypicnic scholar: very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. "We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other; there'll be a fight presently, and out you must git."

Lady Kicklebury set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time, and the hofferred, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild Cantyberry sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and Thomas Cantyberry sat aloan.

"Descends, mong gros!" cries the mob (which intupprited is "Come down, old fat un"); "come off your box, we're goin to upset the carridge."

"Never," says Thomas, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, "Jammy, Dammy!" He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box, hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was Thomas Cantyberry against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—his carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, Thomas always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar: and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses: ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (sezee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, Thomas will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hegsile.

II.

SINS last weak the Deaming of Revaluation has been waiving his flamming sord over France, and has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrwyation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence. Meatings of my bruthring have took place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redymoney prinsaples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irratation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevrал of our Marters came amongst us, pore Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt peraps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpithy: when Chawls Garters, late Etendant in the famly

of the Duke of Calymanco in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris—Madamasell de Calymanco, the Duke's only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por Chawls, and have



procured the consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrild with Amotion, and tears of pitty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart'a afektions have been crusht. Madymasell was sent to a Convent ; and Chawls dismist with a poltry 3 months wages in advance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

Frederic Legs also moved us deaply; we call him leggs, from the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint had nearly profuised his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French People pursewing every Henglish livery, Fredrick (in suvvie with a noble famly who shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possible to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for Frederick—the bewty of his legs epcared through his trowsies. The Reublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats; and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole Chawls by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and arastacrattic Guvment; and as for Frederic, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearants was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no reason why we shouldn't do right. "On the contry now is the time," I said, "for Hengland to show she is reely the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of Brittannier.

"The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think may be pinted out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the Prince of Bovo, at Parris, and of Lord Y Count Guttlebury, in this country.

"At Parris, As is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers. 'Serviture,' says the Prince, 'Veeve la liberty; let the Hosskeepers be turned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France.' The Puple left the Sitsen Prins with a chear for *stratunnity*, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

"But what inshood? The nex day, the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carriages, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those hignorant French call buggiz), landores & all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how, I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddling?

"Lord Ycount Guttlebury's is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splendor of his Lodships entytainments is well known. That good and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him? why should we?—Nayter has implanted in our busum tastis of a thousand deferent kinds. Some men have a pashn for fox-untin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies; some like Politticle Aconomy. I've waited behind a chair and heard soax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I've nearly dropt asleep myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then? Give every mann his taste, I say, and my Lord Guttlebury's was his dinner.

"He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse—that sellabrated mann Munseer Suprême. Munseer Sooflay persided hover the cumfeckshnary; and under Supraym were three young aidy-congs: a Frenchman, a Bulgarian, and a young feller from the City, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

"He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F: and whenever he came with a cassyrowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my Mary Hann, he was I'm sure always welcome. But John Baster was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtcry which has been rose against foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to git ridd of Supraym and the other contynententials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lords kitching.

"Forgitting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envious raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspirracy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavored with ingyans. He pysoned my Lord's chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a convulsion, or so horrid an

igsreshn of hagny in a man's, has (I'm told by my exlent friend, the Majordomy) my lord's face ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

"The axdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R—l P—s—n—dge was dining with his Loddship; another when 6 egsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igspecially better than on any other, because the doctor had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself: this last day drove him madd. He sent for Suprame, addresst that gentelman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and Suprame rasined on the spott—which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

"Soufflay and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day. And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for Lord G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon good apinion of Master Baster, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

"It wasn't badd. Baster has tallint of no mien border. You couldn't egsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jennysquaw*, constatutes the tiffnants between talint and Genus—and my Lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, its trew, taysting all the ontrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young Baster at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his dinners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em—nothing.

"Lord Guttlebury was *breaking his Art*. He didn't know how fond he was of Supraym, till he lost him—how nessasurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where Supraym had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony of which he is a naytif, last weak without saying a word to his frends with only Sangsew his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels—my Lord went to France and put himself again under Supraym. The scan between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My Lord has taken a Shatto near Supraym's house, who comes to dress the dinner of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan.

"The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen—all the quizeen, in coarse including Baster—and this is all he has gained by his insidjus haytrid of forraners. and by his foolish hambishn.

"No, my friends," I concluded; "if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnnts, it's not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world."

I trust that my little remarks pazified some of the discontented sperrits presnt—and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands; every man paid his Skoar.



IRISH GEMS.

FROM THE "BENIGHTED IRISHMAN."



OUR troops having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag, which now floats over the butcher Clarendon and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country, such as only the annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of Brian Boromhe such days of peace, plenty, and civilisation shall not have been known, as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital.

The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic. The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior Golconda article. Irish linen and shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home, and absenteeism, have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself, viz., by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For, as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill-fortune) should starve, than that multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island : and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it, that when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason : arguing, that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers ; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an aristocrat just as well as upon a housebreaker ; for, are not men *men*, whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland ? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free ; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And the land being unencumbered, you will have the farther advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathises with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered, than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live-stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing ; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus, we

shall never want henceforth ; and while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed money-mongers now vend them.

FROM THE "UNITED IRISHWOMAN."

The Duties of our Women.

In the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shilly-shallyers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to house-keepers we have already given ; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won't look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies' linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior's brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather : if a footman, why not a private soldier ? Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him ; send the dish-cover with it ; or at tea-time try him with the silver tea-urn. Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Resides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are

evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grape-shot; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it. Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon, if dropped on his nose from a second storey. And the children's washing-tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a sloop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us, if they dare, in darkness and drought.

You will of course empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bedroom foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or a wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave! May life weary him! death dishonour, and futurity punish him! Liar Saxon! ruffian Saxon! coward Saxon! bloody Saxon! The gentle and the pure defy ye, and spit on ye!



MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH.

MY DEAR SMITH,—When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder, that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me, when I was a boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. Jones imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character, that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

All our difference, my dear Sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the Throne nowadays, one may feel that those private virtues and excellences are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the Royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus, relative to the private letters which passed between Louis-Philippe and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. "Why," said you, "did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether, in the voyage from Dover to Calais, 'my poor Montpensier' was dreadfully sick, and the King did not suffer at all?" Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why

placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity? And, indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess Royal (in which her "old cousin," Louis-Philippe, announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once, as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman), it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made "my poor Montpensier" so unwell.

But if the privacy of Royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces? Why is that Court Newsmen not stifled? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown whom we ought to abolish, and whom, it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers, as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows—

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was dressed in sky-blue velvet embroidered with gold. The dress of Prince Alfred was of white and silver, and the three Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshal; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.

"The royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse."

Gracious goodness! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that Prince Alfred wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same, over white satin? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us? These details may interest Mr. Mantalini, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at

people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud Macartney's British spirit in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the Emperor of China? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-Age ceremonials—as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as Queen Quashymaboo's cocked-hat and epaulets, or King Mumbo-Jumbo's glass beads and tinsel.

When the procession of the sponsors and Her Majesty's procession had passed, and the Queen and the other Royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *chorale* was performed—such a *chorale* as was seldom presented to an infant before :—

“ In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
By sin and folly is enslaved,
Oh, may the Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved !
So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways.”

Now, Mr. Smith, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to, or diminish, the splendour of the Throne? Is it true that if, in “the morning of youth,” the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to “encompass all her ways”? Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent Her Majesty to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people against you and your like, than all your sermons can convince, or your good example keep faithful.

And I say that we are, *Mr. Punch* and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the

Labouring Classes, at which his Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke.

"Depend upon it that the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education." (*Cheers.*)

Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. "These are imperial words, and worthy kings." There is no Gold Stick in this empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing-Master, or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting, that will yield to *Mr. Punch* and your humble servant in loyalty, when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that Princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is and knows itself to be the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be the guardians of the English Throne; and may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria.



YESTERDAY: A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL.

BY A LADY OF FASHION.

"The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at Willis's on Monday night."—*Morning Paper*.

LIONEL DE BOOTS was the son of Lord and Lady de Bootertown, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim; his features beautiful: although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin, *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, Lionel had all the budding virtues, and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect Nimrod in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his Commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink (Colonel Gizzard), and was presented, on his appointment, on the birthday of his Sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her Ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful Lionel. The lovely Frederica de Toffy (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the Earl and Countess of Hardybake, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of De Boots.

Frederica nearly fainted with pleasure when her Lionel

presented himself at Alycampayne House in his charming new uniform. "My military duties now call me," said the gallant youth, with a manly sigh. "But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in Lady Smigsmag's Quadrille at the Polish Ball. *Au revoir—adieu!*" Emotion choked further utterance, and, staggering from the presence of *Love*, Lionel hastened to join his regiment at *Kn-ghtsbr-dge*.

That night, as the Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sate in their tents, carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the Commander-in-Chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. "Up, Cavaliers!" said the noble De Gizzard, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras. "Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms!" Calling his battle-cry, Lionel laced on his morion; his trusty valet-de-chambre placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet Saint Willibald, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next—and the plumes of the Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the mid-night down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the National Anthem of Britons.

Lionel's mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier*. Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. "Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath," she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds*, emblazoned with the crest of the De Bootses). And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk night-cap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his war-chamber. "May my soldier sleep well," she exclaimed mentally, "till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy!"

Frederica, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her Lionel. "*Ah, Crinolinette*," she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress, "*Ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!*"

Lionel slept not on that night—not one wink had the young

soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleaguered Policemen—now interposing between the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials—everywhere Lionel's sword gleamed. In the thick of the *mêlée* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. "Oh," thought he, "that I could measure steel with Fussell, or could stand for five minutes point to point with Cuffey!" But no actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when Colonel Gizzard sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-Chief of the gallantry of young De Boots.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though Lionel, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water-gruel and lay down for half-an-hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep—he thought of Frederica! "To-night I shall see her," he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for Frederica, consisting of the rosy Magnolia, the delicate Polyanthus, and the drooping and modest Sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and Lionel, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise, and a mere riband of lace round his neck. He looked a young Apollo as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips, when the clarion again sounded to arms. "Confusion," said the gallant Gizzard, "the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth." The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry, that Lionel only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night; the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour Frederica was looking out of the left window at Almack's, waiting for Lionel.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night—the rain descended, the wind was more chilly, the dastard

Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah ! 'twas a piteous night !

Frederica was carried at daybreak to Alycampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night : she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* Cavalier ; her Lionel, who never came ! Her *mamma* marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as she put her daughter to bed, and wrote a hurried note to Dr. I—c—ck.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved : but, ah me ! for the recruits ! Lionel was in a high fever—two nights' exposure had struck down the gallant boy—he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed ! “ Mamma ! Frederica ! ” he shouted—

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the De Bootses, the other the lozenge of the Alycampaynes, wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. Lionel and Frederica were laid in the same grave ! But how much of this agony might have been spared if the odious Chartists would but have stayed at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of Morison's Universal Pills, instead of the vile medicine with which “ the Faculty ” killed them ?



SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

AMONG the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs, upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

*" To HIS ROIL HIGHNESS THE CHANSLOR, and the Nobs of the
University of Cambridge.*

TOM SPRING'S.

" Sein perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is litell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Royl Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signts I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann.

" I ave sean on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar $\frac{1}{2}$ his sighs ; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

" I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann pervented from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

" I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with ; and that the fust and most nessary duty of a feller is to know how to defend his nob.

" I should like to know in some instanses whether all your Algbry and Mathamadix, your Greik and Latn and that, would

serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

"Peraps I could not stand up before Dr. Biggwhigg and Doctor Squartoos in the Latn Mathamadics; but could they stand up to me with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do lickwise.

"Therefor I propose to your Royal Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Scients of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and without the mufflers, it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a fond mother to see a galliant young feller pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?) and would etract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwersaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

"The Cribb Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham,

"With the deepest respect,

"Your Royal Highness's obeadient to command,
BENJAMIN BENDIGO."



From PROFESSOR SOYER.

PALL MALL.

"MIGHTY PRINCE, AND REVEREND, AND ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!—It has been universally allowed by most nations, that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest, by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

"I agree with the poet Solon in this remark—and if, as I have no doubt, it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Royal Highness—I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

"Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A healthy digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn: and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner, without knowing how to cook it?

"May it please your Royal Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England, and you ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gypps, and common sizars of the Royal University of Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move—I ask you at once, and with unanimity, to ordain that MY Science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England.

"Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical, it acts on the health: moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University, what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

"Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

"Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that *they* are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

"I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going

down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce. I say, most noble, mighty, and learned Sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like Saint Augustin, but he bears a sauce-pan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cottage to cottage, improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourers' soup with simple herbs, and roasts the stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable which before were sickening; families are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns, which bad diet had banished from the cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal. Ah! honoured Prince, and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony! Talk of schools, indeed! I very much doubt whether a school-inspector could make a soufflé, or S. G. O. of the *Times* could toss a pancake!

"And ah! gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall preceded by his *casserole* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board, and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell; this—this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened, the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

"And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself, the First

Professor of Cookery in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the nectar which he discovered, and the sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

"Waiting your answer with respectful confidence, I am, of your Royal Highness and Gentlemen,

"The profound Servant,

"CORYDON SOYER."



THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called "Authors' Miseries" will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself: otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exercitation; have reading-rooms supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of Hamlet, the Royal orrery and dissolving views, the female characters in Mrs. Jones's novels, &c.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer—I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, Sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms:—

"L. A. HUGGLESTONE.

"ARE THE WRITINGS OF HUGGLESTONE MORAL OR IMMORAL?"

"Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission 2d., Children 1d."

I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced Mrs. Hugglestone to pay her money. She returned home, Sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by Mr. Groutage (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor Louisa, who had taken our little James, who is at home for the Christmas holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart that our Jemmy should have heard his father so slightly spoken of by Groutage, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and Groutage got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, Sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book, than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely), those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend Huffy, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday

nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused Huffy to say, with a look of considerable scorn, "that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation." The fact was, we were not anxious to hear Huffy's opinions about



Plato at all; and preferred scalloped oysters to that controversy.

I submit that, in this case, both parties were right,—Huffy in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer—of our scalloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the

country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain, that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum, or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of Yawny, the Honourable Mr. Drawleigh, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and Mr. Drawleigh was right to give them.

He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, Lord Yawny, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of Drawleigh's own travels, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, "the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilisation, the Pharos in the Storm which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful," as Professor Jowls said at the Inauguration Meeting,—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, *Mr. Punch*;

this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and Heaven send every such scheme prosperity!

But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious "to secure the leading literary talent."

Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble Lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want "to secure literary talent"? Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep, at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators—whom it is a privilege for any community to hear—but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles—to spend ever so many scores of pounds—to lose weeks upon weeks of time—and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of So-and-so, and to hear Lord This, or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilisation, and that the learning of the ingenious arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

Advance, civilise, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say

300 MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH.'

amen to all this ; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom ; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar ?

Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*, most respectfully,

LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE.



PARIS REVISITED.

BY AN OLD PARIS MAN.



REVERED PUNCH,—When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time?—Louis Napoleon may be Emperor, or Louis Blanc may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next;—meanwhile, permit me, Sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours' residence in this ancient and once jovial place.

It was on the stroke of eleven at night, Sir, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, that a traveller might have been perceived plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient cliffs of Albion loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing-machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave, as the boat with *The Traveller* on board went grinding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, the waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, the traveller stepped on board the deck of the famous steamer "*Vivid*," commanded by the intrepid and polite Captain Smithett; and the Mails presently coming off in their boat with

the light at its bows, away went the "Vivid" at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour—so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the "Vivid," Captain Smithett caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel, and declared we would write to the *Times*; but there was One Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, Sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement, by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne, as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen, and an enthusiastic omnibus-driver, lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the Saint Pierre Station of the railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled—the train set forth—we plunged into the country, away, away, away!

At eleven o'clock, Sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet?—do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come forward, like the Count in the Opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing "*Cari hughi*"?

Living constantly with your children and the beloved and respectable *Mrs. Punch*, you don't see how tall Jacky and Tommy grow, and how old—(for the truth must out, and she is by no means improved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught



sight of my beloved Lutetia, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the station, was that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly

fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carrotty hue most warlike and remarkable) that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Débarcadère; some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw, pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked, was the Revolution begun? "No," the omnibus conductors said, laughing, "everything was as quiet as might be:" and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, Sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door he put his head and a blunderbuss out of window and asks "Who is there?"—of course some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written, with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road; in the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here?—of the stalls and the carts and the crowds about the wine-shops, and the loungers; and the cries of the busy throng? Something has stricken the place. Nobody is about: or perhaps there is a review, or a grand *fête* somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace that used to look so splendid in former days, stretches out its great gaunt wings and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching out with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets: pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads, one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814; and oh, *Mr. Punch*, what a change was there! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more; or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop, at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring twined round them; bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabouts, ostriches, and birds of paradise—

“Once in their *bows*
Birds of rare plume
Sate in their bloom,”

as an elegant poet of your own sings—they are all gone, Sir; the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up and many of them to let—the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops—you see nobody buying in the others—soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows and the great blank daguerreotype pictures, which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun, then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the shops facing the Palais Royal proper are closed down the whole line.

As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more—a couple of thousands of them, I should say—were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy under-vestments, were cooking about the court; there they formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles

beginning to make a noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square; the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on. A lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of Chevet, Véfour, and the Trois Frères. The show at all is *very satisfactory indeed*. The game looked very handsome at Chevet's, and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer-looking truffles than those in the baskets in Véfour's window; and the display of fruit at the Frères would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by your obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTEBURY.



TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS.

IF one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other ! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performance of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face ; but permit me to say, that there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing ; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that your modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children : we will tolerate no indecorum : we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

Excuse my blushes, Sir ; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres, and have come away amazed at the cynicism of the people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitan. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began—a pretty man you would be, *Mr. Punch*, if you were a Frenchman ; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate Judy !

After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and

hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all ; when France, in the piece called the " Foire aux Idées," says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house. The Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation ; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith ; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays, which announces that France and Co. have closed that branch of their business ; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth ; and strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out ; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation was in a volume of a novel by poor old Paul de Kock, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

Is the end of time coming, *Mr. Punch*, or the end of Frenchmen ? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more ? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most bloodthirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the most profound tragedies. There was something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of " God save the King " set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of " La Propriété c'est le Vol," we had the honour to see Adam and Eve dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither Eve nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves ; and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty

little painted population of Lorettes and Bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting, to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious—let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the "Foire aux Idées," there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the "Mystères de Londres," and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, Sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked-hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design; which was to free his country from the intolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved Erin might get her own. For this end his Lordship had organised a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which were called the "Gentlemen of the Night." Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely—your swell mob, your Saint Giles's men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged bank-notes, and uttered the same, thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great commercial city; the jewellers sold sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and led them on to ruin! the physicians called in to visit their patients, poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions; the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged; and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was

evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrature tampered with—Therlis was bribed on her very bench; and even the Beefeaters of the Queen (one shudders as one thinks of this) were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

Numbers of lovely women of course were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of Lady Brompton, the special favourite of His Grace Prince Dimitri Tolstoy, the Russian Ambassador.

Sir, his Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her Ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been his Excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen? The theft was committed in the most artful manner. Lady Brompton came to Court, her train held up by her *jockey*. Suzanna (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket; the pages were changed; the jewels were taken off Lady Brompton's neck in the ante-chamber of the palace; and his Grace Prince Tolstoy was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned!

Beyond this point I confess, Sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the Mysteries of London, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of Saint James's, the Beefeaters, the Life-Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those of the Countess of Derby, the Lady Campbell, the Lord Somebody, and the honourable Miss Trevor, after whom the Archbishop of Canterbury came. Oh, such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher-cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

I hear that the author of this great work, Monsieur Paul Féval, known for some time to the literature of his country as Sir Francis Trollope, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners ; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys ; Lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs ; and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oilskin hats, with white kersey-mere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it ! I recommend it to the notice of *Mr. Punch*.

These, Sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal *these*.

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS.

SOME few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses Jenny Lind's singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows me of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbour at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old Joe Millers, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *nois* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

I rejoiced, Sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon, when you carve it.

All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about Miss Br-wn (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was

she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one,—solitary Barmecide banquets,—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

"Monsieur will dine at the *table-d'hôte*?" the *laquais de place* said at the hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place*. My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table-d'hôte*?—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? "Lucullus dines with Lucullus to-day, Sir;" which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, "I never dine at *table-d'hôte*, except at an extremity."

I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at Véry's, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend Voisin opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of Bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time: and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between sherry and madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Château Lafitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as

happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature is like giving pearls to—*to animals who don't know their value.*

What I like, is to sit at a restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half-an-hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of Champagne, say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the



favourite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old Antoine—who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour*; and vows that you *rajeunissez tous les ans*—with a plate of oysters—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine—not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork: and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a

little radish,—you crunch and relish ; a little radish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch—when lo ! up goes the curtain, and Antoine comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the *Place Vendôme*, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

My first visit was for Tom Dash, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality : and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return Tom and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon Brown, upon Jones, upon Smith, upon Robinson, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to Tom Dash.

"Where are we to dine, Tom?" says I. "What is the crack restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards."

"Oh, hang restaurants," says Tom—"I'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. Thompson came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me."

There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with Thompson and Tom Dash, at the latter's charges—and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

"Dev'lish good dinner," says Thompson, covering the salmon with lots of Harvey sauce—and cayenne pepper, from Fortnum and Mason's.

"Donnez du sherry à Monsieur Canterbury," says Tom Dash to François his man. "There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it."

They poured me out sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked; I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese: and it was for this that I have revisited my dear Paris.

"Thank you," says I to Dash, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. "This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?"

Tom Dash laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say we had not port wine, but claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sat over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall, for all the good I had out of it.

But, Sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

Robinson, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

Brown, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so being called on to appoint my own day—I selected Sunday.

Smith is miserably poor, and it would offend him and Mrs. Smith mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

Meanwhile, our old friend Jones had heard that I had agreed to dine with Brown, with whom he, too, was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

"I have but Saturday," says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

"Oh, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you," cries out Tom Dash; "and made a dinner expressly for the occasion."

And this, Sir, was the fact. This was the way, Sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beefsteak; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcom-

ing me—we drank sherry ; we talked about Mr. Cobden and the new financial reform ; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a club in London, last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street, for all of Paris that I saw.

I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

Your very obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

P.S.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel*:—"Lady Jane Grey (femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible."



HOBSON'S CHOICE ;

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF
A MAN-SERVANT.

I.

BEFORE my wife's dear mother, Mrs. Captain Budge, came to live with us,—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, Albert, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven and a half years of age,—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed Phillis of a parlour-maid, in a nice-fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap; and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river, from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall, or an old-clothesman's shop: so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my Anna Maria under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you Mrs. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, Albert, gingerbread, whenever he passes her shop; one became the wife of Policeman X, who distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the

Chartist riots; and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, Mrs. Captain Budge, Mrs. H.'s mother, or "Mamma," as she insists that I should call her—and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature,—came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling Albert's birth, *anno Domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, Mrs. Captain B. stayed to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room, ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved in a *humble sphere*, viz., in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of Mrs. Captain B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids; the rough below-stairs work of knife and shoe-cleaning being done by Grundsell, our greengrocer's third son.

But though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with *her every thought* for our good; yet I think that without Mamma my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them, of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an Albert was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called Emma Buck, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day Anna Marla came downstairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and Emma bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed Anna Maria's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, Mrs. Captain B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room: burst out into tears and calling somebody a viper.

"Hullo," says I, "my beloved, what is the matter? Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street" (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). "Who is the serpent?"

"That—that—woman," gurgles out Mrs. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and Mrs. Captain B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

"What, Emma?" I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, Emily, through the scarlet fever.

"Emma! don't say Emma in that cruel audacious way, Marmaduke—Mr. Ho—o—obson," says my wife (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). "You call the creature by her Christian name before my very face!"

"Oh, Hobson, Hobson!" says Mrs. Captain B., wagging her head.

"Confound it"—("Don't swear," says Mamma)—"Confound it, my love," says I, stamping my foot, "you wouldn't have me call the girl Buck, Buck, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed Emily through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her"—

"Yes; and when *you-oo-oo* come home from the club, Marmaduke," my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see Anna Maria? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school)—alone in the dining-room, where *that very* Emma would have had to wait upon me?

Not one morsel of chicken would Anna Maria eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state, a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, Mrs. Captain B. remarked justly; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off, for Boker, our medical man. Boker saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated Mrs. Captain B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked downstairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take an affidavit that I

was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after His Royal Highness the Prince.

"I know, I know, my good fellow," says Boker, poking me in the side (for he has a good deal of fun), "that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, Hobson, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do," says Boker, looking me in the face hard, "though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?"

We had been bred up at Merchant Taylors together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

"Well, then," says he, "Hob my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife; she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here."

"Boker," says I, "Mrs. Captain Budge is a lady who must not, at least in *my* house, be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says Anna Maria is her favourite daughter." And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from Anna Maria (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that Boker had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologised, and took another medical man. And as for Emma Buck, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about; my little Emily, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to Emma, and she told her grandmamma: who would have related all to Anna Maria, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, "Marmaduke, have you any sovereigns to give away?" &c.

After Emma Buck came Mary Blackmore, whose name I

remember because Mrs. Captain B. called her Mary Blackmore (and a dark swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor Mary Blackmore was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being downstairs again long since) Mrs. B. saw everything that was passing at the door as she regularly sat in the parlour window.

After Blackmore came another girl of Mrs. B.'s own choosing : own rearing, I may say, for she was named Barbara, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late Captain Budge was quartered, in command of his company of marines. Of this girl Mrs. B. would ask questions out of the "Catechism" at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a Tom would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, Miss Barbara very quickly became a dressy, impudent-looking thing ; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, Barbara was sent back to her mother, and Mrs. Budge didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her ?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appearance or history it is not necessary to particularise—the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say ; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as Grizzel Scrimgeour, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out. "Marmaduke," Mrs. Captain B. said to me one morning, after this Grizzel had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread ; "women servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and in families of a certain rank a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper : it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes : and ~~we~~ we are of those classes. In Captain Budge's life-

time we were never without our groom, and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the Conquest; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable: your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the West of England; you have connections both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs and known in the fashionable world; and (though I shall never speak to that man again) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. *He* keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor Anna Maria occupying an inferior position in society to her sister Frederica, named after the Duke of York though she was, when His Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said "—

"In mercy's name," says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, "have a man, if you like, ma'am, and give me a little peace."

"You needn't swear, Mr. Hobson," she replied, with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.



II.

PETER GRUNDELL, the knifeboy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my greengrocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth with his pale cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with, the

key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us : the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock ; he did odd jobs for the cook ; he went upon our messages and errands ; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers ; he attended school at Saint Blaize's ; he turned his mother's mangle :—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. Mrs. Captain Budge then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from Peter to Philip, as being more genteel : and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trouser-seams, and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who, I should think, could *protect herself* very well ; but when Philip had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without Philip after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening without that boy on the box of the cab.

Mrs. Captain B. is fond of good living herself ; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend to ; but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed ; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially Mrs. B., who takes a heavy supper, which I never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking, that if these folks knew their luck *sua si bona uerint*, as we used to say at Merchant Taylors : if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords, that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them ; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor ; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency : they need not be robbing their employers or taking fees from

tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk Raddles has a hundred and twenty a year and eight children; the Reverend Mr. Bittles, our esteemed curate, at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good elegant *angel** of a Mrs. Bittles ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths; and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread and milk-and-water, which the Raddles family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town), on my walks from Hampstead on a Sunday evening:—I say, I, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire—have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

Well, then, this young Philip being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him, as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle—on which or on a sack in his father's potato-bin, he used to sleep—and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it?—for the deuce knows how many they take) meals a day upon the young rascal was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress from the little dummy in Holborn (a bargain of Mrs. Captain B.'s), which was always a tight fit, grew tighter and tighter; as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians, the little gormandiser levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam-

* I say this, because I think so, and will *not* be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in Mrs. Bittles, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye; but a more elegant woman I have never seen, no, not at a Mansion House ball, or the Opera.—M. H.

pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawob of Mulligatawney's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage (and which, I must confess, I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it), the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs off the covers of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punch-bowl my Anna Maria was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table, he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord! Lord! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon *that* point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour: then he was a little later: at the end of a month he came yawning downstairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives: barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (Mrs. Captain B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed)—in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until, my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. But Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was "Philip, you are a fool;" "Philip, you dirty wretch;" "Philip, you sloven," and so forth, all dinner-time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, Mrs. Captain B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well. My weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and Master Philip stayed on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't *in my crockery*, did Master Philip's business. Hearing a great laughter

in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good house-keeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account) stepped down,—and what should she find?—Master Philip, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, "Look, this is the way old Mother Budge goes!" And pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban Mrs. Captain B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, "Now, Philip, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?" &c.

Mrs. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business; for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after Philip had left us; and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket, as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy Augustus was something like him, and he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, Augustus Frederick York Budge, a midshipman on board the "Hippopotamus" frigate, Captain Swang, C.B. (I knew the story well enough), who died of yellow fever on the West India Station in the year 1814.

III.

By the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second Herod, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy; be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a charwoman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen; get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may; but never have a boy into your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain

that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner ; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees ; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertises himself in the *Times* as a youth who has two years' character, and leaves you for higher wages and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen. Our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions. I took John Tomkins out of the garret where he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him ; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation ; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a year. Well, John Tomkins left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—"He never 'ad been used to cold meat ; it was the custom in no good families to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised." And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Abershaw, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with General Hector—only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, Mrs. Colonel Ajax, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, Mrs. Captain B., waited upon her, Mrs. Captain B. remarked that Mrs.

Colonel's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in Mrs. Colonel's room when Mrs. B. entered it at one o'clock; but, perhaps, she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which Mrs. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and Mr. Abershaw stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour; and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about; and, though he had a villainous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table; but, as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought, and once Mrs. Captain Budge saw Mr. Abershaw in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of Mrs. Colonel Ajax, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and of course took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him; but he said afterwards that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were—our three children, ourselves, and Mrs. Captain B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most “singlar” misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about eleven o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and a greatcoat, and two hats, and an umbrella, were gone.

“Thank 'Evins! the plate was all locked up safe in my

pantry," Mr. Abershaw said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspecting, enjoyin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a know'd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.

He was talking on in this way, when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently out she ran, roaring out, "Anna Maria! Cook! Mr. Hobson! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!"

"Where's the scoundrel?" says Abershaw, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards Mrs. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely; for, if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of Mrs. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strewn about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and Abershaw, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of Mrs. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone; then, it was her Cashmere shawl; then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets; nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none

of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, Abershaw clapping to all the bolts of the house-door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which Mrs. Captain B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussy was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while Mr. Abershaw gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous Scroggins indeed.

As soon as the famous Scroggins saw Abershaw, all matters seemed to change—"Hullo, Jerry!" said he; "what, you here? at your old tricks again? This is the man what has done it, sir," he said to me; "he is a well-known rogue and prig." Mr. Abershaw swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit to this fact, nor was Mr. Scroggins a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street Police Court and examined by the magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfor-

fortunate in his youth : that he had not been in General Hector's service these five years ; that the character he had got was a sham one, and Mrs. Ajax merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man ; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty ? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself : he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I *had* seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him ; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police Office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his Honour was questioned. And Mrs. Budge believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money ; nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when Mr. Abershaw and Mrs. Colonel Ajax were both transported for forgery.



THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY.

(BEING A LETTER FROM MR. J—S PLUSH TO A FRIEND.)

WHEEL OF FORTUNE BARR,
Jenyoury twenty-fith.

MY DEAR RINCER,—Me and Mary Hann was very much pleased with the box of feznts and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flavieur. Some we gev away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr: and I hope youll soon come back to London, Rincer, my boy. Your account of the Servants' all festivvatics at Fitz-battleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovly (I dont know how to spell it) with Lady Hawguster, emused Mary Hann very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so: but in my time I thought the sun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind survices to Mrs. Lupin, and tell Munseer Beshyniell with my and Mary Hann's best wishes, that our little Fanny can play several tuncs on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbitts and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likts to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to Mrs. Jeames and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will

ocur in the best reglated famlies you know) or when some private mellumcolly or sorer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

Yesday evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, inwolving the carrickter of our profession—that profeshn which you and me, Mr. Rincer, did onst belong to. I'm not above that profeshn; I ave its hintarests and Honor at art: and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—(not that I need be phonder of him for that; on the contry, I recklect at our school where I lunt the fust rules of athography and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchin into beach other)—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah! I regret that hold Father Time is doing somethink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war!

A commady, Sir, has been brought out (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country) in which I was creddably informmed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, a *Footman*, forms the prinsple dram-mitis-parsony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respeckful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determingd to see; and in case of hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss proply; and bought sevrul horringers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *necessaty*.

My dear Rincer. I greave to say, that though there was nothink againt our purfeshn said in the pease—and though the most delligit and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensabillaty than a well-reglated foot-man is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commady of "Leap Year," yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved purfeshn.

The plot of the Pease is founderd upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, Mr. Buckstone, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip-Year (or whats called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosing their usbands, and not as in homary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you old feller who are a
 *reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year,

and kip *hout of the way* that year) and this pragtice must be common anough in Hengland, for a commady is a representation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry: igsept one, and she asts two of em.

Onst upon a time there was an old genl'mn by the name of Flowerdew as married a young woman, who became in consequence Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. She made this hold buck so Appy during the brea'f coarse of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over, failing vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry crangements hold Flowerdew died. Peace be to his Hashes !

His widder didnt cry much (for betwist you and me F. must have been rayther a silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid I should think, entertaining her frends like a lady: and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom: had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

If I had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than Mrs. Flowerjew did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dixtinguidges us from the vulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman as hacted Villiam Valker, Mrs. F's man, was sadly defishnt. He was re-speckble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me Rincer ave seen footmen and know whats the proper sort—seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time ! Do you recklect Bill the Maypole as was with us at Lord Ammer-smiths? What a chap that was ! what a leg he ad ! The young men are not like us, Tom Rincer,—but I am diwerging from my tail, which I reshume.

I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presnts of Mr. & Mrs. C. Kean in a droring-roomb, Mrs. K. at a tabble pertending to right letters, or to so anky-shuffs, or somethink, Mr. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a quoating poatry & Byrom and that sort of thing like anythink.

Mrs. Kean, she was the widdo, and Mr. K. he was Villiam the man. He wasnt a Buttler dear Rincer like U. He wasnt

groom of the Chimbers like Mr. Mewt at my Lords (to whomb my best complymnce), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page : but he was a mixer of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip ; he had a coat like a Hunndress John : he had the helegant mistary of Mr. Mewt, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I wish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

Haltho in hour time, dear Rincer, we didn quoaat Byrom and Shikspyer in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young Jeameses do talk potry.—Well, for sevrul years, during which he had been in Mrs. F.'s service, Walker had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at once to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of niissis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a gentlman in livary goin on between em, and in one word that they were pashintly in love with each other. This wont surprize *you* Rincer, my boy ; and in the coarse of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O Lady Harabellar ; but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

Several shutors came to whoo the widow ; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes *as a husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprentiship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harmy, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely the piece hends by the widdo proposing to William Walker, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

I don't hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look at it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, Rincer. Hand, I can't help seeing that it is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

I say theres a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and rewolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may haph hany day to hany Mann ; as a chimbly-pott may drop on his head, or a homnilus drive hover him. We cant help falling in love with a fine woman—we are men : we

are fine men praps ; and praps she returns our harder. But whats the use of it ? There *can* be no marriages between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of Johns that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. John would be holways up in the droring-room courting : or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry : you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate proply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord ? It's impaw-sable. We may marry in other families but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor ; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal brothering. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and families will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isnt a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it.

Yours hever, my dear Rincer,

J. P.

To Mr. Rincer,
at the Duke of Fitzbattleaxes,
Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

SIR,—I am a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, *and the noise and the crowds*, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for *my whole life*.

My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of Portman Square; and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspecting little charges into the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling Anna Maria instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent Anna Maria.

The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church—the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the dismal solitude. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up

in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon; and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family: my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great ghastly, naked edifice paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, "Take us out of this place, Grandpapa." I would have done so. I started to get up (the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

The next view we saw was the Summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to Saint Paul's by my dear mother as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

The Haidorrama is next by, and my dear little third grand-child insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place, and saw—what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often, fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little *monkeys*!) and the birds of various plumage.

Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children, an immense brute of an elephant, about a hundred feet high, rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him back! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—ah, Sir! I saw an immense boa-constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure*: was to the Waxwork in Baker Street,—of which I have only to say that, rather than be left alone in *that* gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens. There is a

woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is Her M——y and the R-y-l Children looking as if they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify *any* Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

But my second boy, Tommy, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where Napoleon's carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what?—to the Chamber of Horrors, Sir!—they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold—murderers, Sir,—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—Robespierre's head off in a plate—Marat stuck and bleeding in a bath—Mr. and Mrs. Manning in a frightful colloquy with Courvoisier and Fieschi about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

Jacky, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the Simoom was represented. Have you ever seen a simoom, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson; in which camels, horses, men are swept into death in an instant—and this was the *agreeable* sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement, viz., the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

Ah, Sir! of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful *summer* even—but what to say of the winter? By heavens, Sir! I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners

groping about in the snow round the ship ; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright, that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who *have nerves* to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day ; and remain,

Your obedient servant,

GOLIAH MUFF.



THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA;

BEING LADY NIMROD'S JOURNAL OF THE PAST SEASON.



I.

WHEN my husband's father, Sir John Nimrod, died, after sixteen years' ill-health, which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise, I am sure, I would never have married Nimrod, or gone through eighteen years of dulness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monté'd* my *maison* in London. I married Nimrod an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance; and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as Dante says: having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry Nimrod: I gave up for him Captain (now General) Flather, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; Mr. Pyx, then tutor to the Earl of Noodlebury, but now Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom, I dare say, have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise! Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly principled girl will, and became Mrs. Nimrod—remaining Mrs. Nimrod—plain Mrs. Nimrod, as Mr.

Grimstone said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. Nimrod has no powers of conversation, and I am all soul and genius. Nimrod cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science; and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements*? Had I any idea that the old Sir John Nimrod would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor Mrs. Pyx, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor Sir Charles Nimrod generally lives, shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller*. My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it, alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. Sir C——N—— does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde*. He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether Dr. Buckland was a poet, whether Sir Sidney Smith was not an Admiral; he generally overeats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both Snooker's and Toodle's, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure George the Fourth at six years of age.* What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear Sir C——N——? There are some of us gifted but unfortunate beings whose lot is the world. We are like the Wanderer in my dear friend Eugène Sue's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, "*Marche, marche*:" for us pilgrims of society.

* It was *not* before George the Fourth, but before the Prince of Wales that Lady Nimrod, then Miss Bellairs, performed at the Pavilion.

there is *no* rest. The Bellairs have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's, and was carried home paralysed; I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three-quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.

I am a creature of the world, then; I cannot help my nature. The Eagle (the crest of the Bellairs) flies to the dazzling sun, while the "moping owl" prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received,—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear dear sculptors, I adore them!), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries, the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great generals, the great *everybodies*, have honoured the *réunions* of Clementina Nimrod. I have had at the same dinner the wise and famous Monsieur Doctrinaire (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris; but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and eighteen orders), Signor Bombardi the Roman tribune, General Prince Rubadubsti the Russian General, and dear Tarboosh Pasha, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had Monsieur Sansgêne, the eminent socialist refugee; Rabbi Jehoshaphat, from Jerusalem; the Archbishop of Mealypotatoes, *in partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings; Brother Higgs, the Mormon Prophet: and my own dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lively* board. I have had that darling Colonel Milstone Reid, the decipherer of the Babylonish inscriptions; the eminent Professor Hódwinck, of Halle, author of those extraordinary "*Horæ Antediluvianæ*," and "*The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period*;" and Professor Blenkinhorn

(who reads your handwriting in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of Greenacre at the same *soirée*; and I am not ashamed to own, that when during his trial the late atrocious Mr. Rawhead, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the bare-faced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of Mrs. Tripes, was hanged, and, of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey; when I hope that my dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy will come.

Indeed, what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. Lady A. and Lady B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. Lord C.'s whiskers are exactly like Mr. D.'s, and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées*, sweets, and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an undertone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there is the same music—the same Mario and Lablache, the same Lablache and Mario. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connections, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half-true, or untrue; I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life: one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I

admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only: because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and Mlle. Vandermeer, and the Hippopotamus, one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the Pope, or the Duke of Bordeaux, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the "Memoriam" (and a most pleasing poet), or Mr. Cumming, the Lion Hunter of South Africa, or that dear Prelude; next year, of course there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in; and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the lists of my lions with pleasure. Poor Sir C——, in the same way, keeps a game-book, I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions, and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, Mr. Cumming (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more)—if Mr. Cumming, I say, keeps *his* journal of springboks, and elephants, and sea-cows, and lions and monsters, why should not Clementina Nimrod be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?



II.

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties—I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish absurd creatures!) and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard Mr. Grimstone the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in



society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours; that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house; that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the peerage, and Grimstone says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor

Lord Muddlehead to take the lady of the house to dinner. Lord Muddlehead never speaks; but drinks unceasingly during dinner-time, and is there, Grimstone says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice, and the hearing of his twenty guests, "Lord Muddlehead, may I have the honour of taking wine with your Lordship?"

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well then?—what must we acknowledge?—that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is Nelson come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is Tom Smith who has gained the silver sculls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be Master Thomas who has just come from Cambridge, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society—and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steamboats on the Rhine, and at *tables-d'hôte* on the Continent, very well-informed persons, really very agreeable and well-mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance—and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognise on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do): but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very Mr. Grimstone—Lady Tollington took him up, and, of course, if Lady Tollington takes up a man he goes everywhere—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bedroom, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde*, and I lost sight of him for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received—difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

"O Mr. Grimstone!" I said, "how charmed I am to see you among us. How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you

were at Lady Tollington's and Lady Trumpington's; and of course you will go everywhere: and will you come to my Wednesdays?"

"It is a great comfort, Lady Nimrod," Grimstone said, "to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before?"

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his *A's* very decently; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved quite well. Lady Blinker says he is satirical: but he seems to me simple and quiet.

Mr. Grimstone is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a Radical; and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to Lady Tollington's.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian Hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut Dr. Hawtrey, at Eton, for correcting the boys?—*my* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, Count Knoutoff, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it who has hanged twenty-five Polish colonels, like Count Knoutoff; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like General Garbanzos, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation, that he would shrink from giving pain—he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and, besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's

own country to do : but consider the difference of the education of foreigners !—and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear General Garbanzos *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him*.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful Madame Andria came amongst us (whom Grimstone calls Polyandria, though her name is Alphonsine), who ever thought of refusing to receive her ? Count Andria and her first husband, the Baron De Frump, are the best friends imaginable ; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the Prince Gregory Ragamoffski, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope Miss Hulker, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad odious husband, an uncomfortable hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that Ragamoffski was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'aimable* ; and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things ? Ragamoffski was everywhere in London : and there were Dukes at Saint George's to sign the register ; and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old Hulker gave, without inviting *me*, by the way. Thence, I say it ought to be clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours—and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices ought to be put down ! Cry out against them, indeed ! Mr. Grimstone says, that if the Emperor Nero, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle—and that if Queen Catherine of Medicis, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to Queen Elizabeth, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

III.

AMONG the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention Bobbachy Bahawder, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Aurungzebe, his august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of Hookabadars, Kitmutgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence, that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his Imperial master, to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become Empress of Delhi in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss His Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country, that this the real object of his mission transpired: for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but his Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

Lady Lynx took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her Ladyship is *lâché* with some of those odious directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and, as I believe, sells, the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country; but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill-will and envy of Lady Lynx only made me

the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person ; and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor of Delhi. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity ; but if reasons of State prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him ; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting his Excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid uninteresting Hungarian General whom Lady Lynx brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense ; but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens ; said I was the Lady Nimrod, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to swim at me, Mr. Grimstone said, and made me a most elegant bow ; answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi, and throughout the East ; and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. " Ah ! " he often said afterwards, " why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature ? What a lucky individual is he (meaning Nimrod) who possesses such a pearl ! It is fit to be worn in an Emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him ; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you."

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well bred. As for my marrying the Emperor, that is out of the question, for Nimrod is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bowstringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the Emperor must never think

of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in after times, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street. When I called upon him in my carriage with my footman, the door was opened by a maid of all work, who told us with wonder that "the Injan gent," as she called him, lived on the second-floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!) and there found his Excellency on a horsehair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the Park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger, as he sat by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had Miss Higgs, my companion, and Fido on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the Opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner choisi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for Her Majesty, with which the "Burrumpooter" East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. "Landlord," he said, "he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think Bobbacy Bahawder not pay. Stop till 'Burrumpooter' come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador." Indeed his Excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the "Burrumpooter."

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London.

I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street—all sofas black, all sky black: why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously his Excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachi took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pillaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The portrait of his imperial master, the Emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious Grimstone, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from his Excellency! Mrs. Cramley, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous Miss Cramley, who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old Lady Glum said if she

allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the Emperor and all India with him; little Miss Cockshaw was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask his Excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was "Bobbachy Bahawder and suite," "His Excellency Bobbachy Bahawder," "His Excellency Prince Bobbachy Bahawder," everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country would have formed a series of Books of Beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from Bloomsbury and the City, when the news was made public of the nature of his Excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old Miss Cruickshanks had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; Mrs. Bibb, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a school-girl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before his Excellency's hotel, and some bribed his Excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the ante-room until he should pass out from breakfast. That Lady Lynx said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes; and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory, that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the "Burrumpooter" Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I dare say has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the "Burrumpooter" at all; and that the Bobbachy and his

secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian Princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachy I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of Mr. Green, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of his Excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody; and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his Imperial master.



THE CHARLES THE SECOND BALL.

SINCE the announcement of the Costume Ball a good deal of excitement has been prevalent about the Court regarding it. It is known that Charles the Second used to feed ducks in Saint James's Park, and it is thought that this amusement of the Merry Monarch is harmless, and may be repeated on the present festive occasion. Rewards have been offered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office for a means of keeping the ducks awake till twelve o'clock at night.

We hear that some Duchesses decline altogether to assume the characters of their namesakes in the time of Charles the Second; and that the Dukes, their husbands, perfectly agree in this spirited decision.

For the same reason as their Graces', the parts of Maids of Honour are not in much request. But for the character of Catherine Hyde, who married the heir to the throne, there are numberless proposals among the young ladies of the polite world.

For the character of the Duke of Buckingham (of Charles the Second's time), who kicked down a grand fortune without being able to account for it, we hear a great number of noblemen named; among others, Lord Addlestone, Lord Muddlehead, and the Lord Viscount Wildgoose.

The young gentlemen about Downing Street are reading the "Biographie Universelle," and acquiring a surprising fund of historical knowledge. Young Tapely, old Tapely's son, who is eighteen, and has just entered the Foreign Office, proposes to appear as Colbert: whom Guttleton admires, not as a Minister, but as inventor of Colbert soles. Vander Souchy, of the Dutch Legation, announced at the Club that he would go as the Pensionary de Witt. "Behold de miracle instead of de witt," said Flicflac; and added, that Count Narcissi (the envoy from

Pumpnickel) had best assume this character, because the women are always tearing him to pieces.

General the Earl of Slowgo (who does his best to be an F. M.) has just been credibly informed that a work exists—a remarkable work—although a light work he may almost say a biographical



work—relative to the times of Charles the Second, called "Pepys' Diary," and purporting to be edited by a member of their Lordships' House, the Lord Viscount Braybrooke.

General Slowgo has, therefore, presented his compliments to Lord Viscount Braybrooke, and requests to know if the Viscount

has edited the work in question? Should his Lordship's reply be in the affirmative, General Lord Slowgo will write to the Librarian of the British Museum, to know: 1st. Whether the work entitled "Pepys' Memoirs" be in the Library of the British Museum? 2nd. Whether that work contains an authentic account of the reign of his late Majesty King Charles the Second? 3rd. Whether the Librarian of the British Museum can bring the volume, if a rare one, to Slowgo House? and, 4th. If not, whether, and at what time, General the Earl of Slowgo can consult the work in question at the British Museum?

The two little Miss Budds (who go about with Lady Crabb) have had another contemporary work lent to them by their cousin Rowley, and are busy reading Grammont's "Memoirs." When Lady Crabb heard that her wards were reading history, she was highly pleased, and observed that she has no doubt the volume is instructive, as the family of Grammont is one of the highest in France. The Miss Budds say the book is—very instructive.

Miss Grigg, who is exceedingly curious in books and antiquarianism, has come upon some surprising illustrative passages in her papa's library, in the works of Wycherley and Sir C. Sedley, and in Suckling's poems.

Colonel Sir Nigel M'Asser, who has the largest and blackest whiskers not only in the Horse Guards Green, but (with the exception of one sapper, now at the Cape of Good Hope) in the British Army, when he heard that whiskers were not worn in the time of Charles the Second, and that gentlemen would be expected to shave, instantly applied for leave of absence; and, if that is refused, he will send in his papers.

Lady Rosa Twentystone and her daughters have been to Hampton Court, and taken careful note of the Lelys there. But when they came down to dinner in the dresses which they had prepared, and rehearsed the part before Mr. Twentystone, he ordered the whole family up to their rooms, and the dinner to be covered, until they were.

"Lady Rosa is so delightful," Varges says, that he thinks one "can't see too much of her."

Lord Viscount Methuselah has put himself into the hands of new artists, and will appear with the cheeks, hair, and teeth of twenty. He has selected the character of Lord Rochester, and has sent a request to the Lord Chamberlain that he may be

allowed to make his *entrée* into the ball through a window and up a rope-ladder.

Lord Hulkington hopes to be able to get into a page's dress which he wore once in private theatricals at the Princess of Wales' Court at Naples in 1814; and the ladies of his family are busy (for his Lordship, since he came into his fortune, is become very economical) in trying to enlarge it.

Lady Howlbury expects to make a great sensation, and not at a large expense; having attired herself and daughters each in a curtain of the State bed at Ivybush, under which Charles the Second passed three days after the battle of Worcester.

If the Lord Mayor is invited with his suite, the City Marshal, of course, will go as Marshal Tureen.

Lord Tom Noddington was much surprised when he heard that Charles the Second had been up a tree, and always thought that he ran for the Oaks. His opinion was that Charles the Second had had his head cut off; just before his son, James the First, came into this country, from Scotland—where Lord Tom goes shooting every year. Mr. Bland Varges, who is the most notorious wag at Spratt's, said that as Tom Noddington had no head himself, he had better go as the Marquis of Montrose—after his decapitation. Tom Noddington said he would be hanged if he went as Montrose, which Varges said was more and more in character. Lord Tom said he didn't know. He knew that he had shot the Duke's country, and hoped to shoot there again; and he thought "it was devilish dangerous, begad, in those confounded levelling times, by Jove, for fellas to go about saying that other fellas had their heads cut off; and that sort of thing, begad, might put bad ideas into other fellas' heads, and radical fellas, and dam republican fellas." Mr. Varges said that Lord Tom needn't be afraid about *his* head, and that if he lost it he wouldn't miss it; on which Tom Noddy said that Varges was always chaffing him.

Lord Addlestone—when his librarian informed him he had heard that Louis the Fourteenth as a young man wore a periwig powdered with gold-dust—has hit upon a brilliant thought of his own, and ordered that his wig shall not only be powdered with gold, but that he will have a *papillote* of banknotes.

If these are scarce, as his steward informs him, his Lord-

ship's man is directed to use promissory notes bearing his Lordship's valuable signature.

The young officers of the Eclectic Regiments, horse and foot, Cornets and Lieutenant-Captains with ten shillings per diem of pay, are greatly gratified at the idea of having to pay forty pounds apiece for their wigs at the Ball.

It is said that a venerable Prelate of a Western Diocese is going to represent all the seven recusant Bishops of James's time at once; and Cardinal de Retz, who had a genius for conspiracies, fights, rows, and hot water in general, has a representative in Golden Square, with a hat and costume ready bought and paid for.

Ensign and Lieutenant Tipton, of the Coolstreams, says that he intends to take Marlborough's part as a young man, for he is very good-looking, is as poor as a rat, and ready to borrow money of any woman who will lend it.



PANORAMA OF THE INGLEEZ.

(From the "Beyrout Banner," "Joppa Intelligencer," and "Jerusalem Journal.")

THE renowned and learned Sage and Doctor of Beyrout, the excellent Hadjee Aboo Bosh, has just returned to his beloved country from his wonderful travels in distant lands, having visited most of the cities and people of Franghistan. He is familiar with all languages, and has deeply studied the customs and manners of the Infidels. He has caused skilful limners amongst them, at the expense of many millions of piastres, to paint pictures representing the chief towns of the Franks ; which works are so wonderful, lifelike, and resembling nature, that true Believers, without leaving the cushion of repose, or the pipe of meditation, may behold the towns of Europe presented before them, and have the mountains to come to them which would not advance in former ages, no, not even to meet the Prophet.

The famous and skilful Hadjee has arranged, near the Bazaar, by the Rope-makers' quarter, in the large vacant hall formerly occupied by the baths of El Thawer, a vast chamber, in which he exhibits the wonders which he has brought from foreign countries. Having paid money to a negro at the door, you are introduced through obscure passages into a chamber as dark as Gehenna, and into a place which they call a pit, where you sit in expectant terror, before an awful curtain, lighted but by a few faint lamps.

Many of the stoutest Agas and Effendis in Beyrout entered this gloomy apartment, not without awe. The women of the harem of Papoosh Pasha were placed in a box, guarded by a gilt cage ; as were the ladies of the establishment of Bluebeard Bey, and the three wives of the Grand Mollah. Women's curiosity, indeed, will go anywhere. As the poet has sung—

"There is no secret so dark, but the eye of Zutulbe will penetrate it.
 There is no tangled skein, but the finger of Leila will unravel it.
 There is no lock so cunning, but the crooked nose of the old hag
 Fatima will pick it."

—Indeed, a vast audience of the officers, lords, and topping merchants of Beyrout were present to behold the Abou Bosh's wonderful pictures.

Before the curtain drew aside, and our eyes were dazzled, our ears were diverted by a dexterous slave, who executes the barbarous music of Europe, and the favourite songs of the unbelievers, by merely turning the handle of a small chest, called a Hurridee Gurradee. The handle operates upon a number of bulbuls who are confined within the box, each of whom at his signal comes forward and pipes in his turn. One sings the hymn of the French Feringhees; he is called the Parees Yenn: when he is tired, another warbles the war-song of the Ingleez; he is called the Koolbretawnia: this over, a third nightingale begins to pipe the delicious love-song of the Yangkees, who are a kind of Ingleez, and the name of this song-bird is Yankeedoodool. The sweetest of all the songs is this, and fills the heart with delight.

When the birds are tired, he who turns the handle of the box stops turning, and the music ceases with a melancholy wail. And then, as in a blaze of splendour, the pictures begin to pass before the astonished beholders.

The City represented yesterday was the City of Lundoon, which lies upon a river called the Tameez: over which are twenty thousand bridges, each twenty hundred parasangs in length, and to which there come daily a hundred thousand ships.

In one quarter of Lundoon, during the winter months, it is always night. It is illuminated, however, with fire, which gushes out of the bowels of the earth, and affords a preternatural brilliancy. This quarter is called Stee; twenty thousand carriages rush thither every minute, each carriage holding forty persons: the drivers and grooms crying out "Stee, Stee!" In this quarter the shroffs and principal merchants reside. The palace of the Lord Cadi is here, and each ward of the City has an Elderman: who becomes Cadi in his turn. They are all fat in this district, drinking much of an intoxicating liquor made of citrons and rakee, called Panj or Poonj, and eating of a stew of tortoises, of which they take many platefuls. Abou Bosh owned

to having tasted and liked the stew, but about the liquor he was silent.

After seeing the Merchants' quarter the view changed, and exhibited to us the great Mosque of Paul, whereof the dome is almost as high as Mount Lebanon. The faithful pay two paras to enter this Mosque; which sum goes to the support of the dervishes. Within, it is surrounded by white images of captains, colonels, and effendis; whose figures show that the Ingleez were but an ill-favoured people. In the court is an image of a beloved Queen: the people say, "Queen Anne is dead," and tear their beards to this day, so much do they love her memory.

The next view was that of the building in which the Councillors and men of law of the kingdom meet for their affairs. In all Stambool there is not such a palace. It is carved without, and gilt within. The Chambers of Council are endless; the chair of the Queen is a treasure of splendour; and Aboo Bosh says, that when she comes in state, and surrounded by her vizeers, this intrepid Sovereign of an island race, that governs provinces more vast and distant than Serendib and Hind, always carries in her arms three lions. But the Hadjee did not see the Queen of the Ingleez, and I doubt of this story.

Besides the Mosque of Paul, there is the Mosque of Peter, whereof we likewise saw a view. All religions are free in this country, but only one is paid. Some dervishes shave the top of their heads, some tighten a piece of white cloth round their necks, all are dressed in black—we saw pictures of these, as also of the common people, the carriages, the Queen's janissaries in scarlet, with silver caps on their heads, and cuirasses made of a single diamond. These giants are all ten feet high: their officers fifteen: it is said that each consumes a sheep, and drinks a barrel of wine in the day.

Aboo then showed us the triumphal arch, near to the house of Wellington Pasha, who has but to look from his window and see his own image on horseback. Ten thousand images of Wellington are placed about the town, besides: the English being so proud of him because he conquered the French General Boonapoort. But lovers of poetry know the opinion of the bard:—

"The victory is not always with the bravest; nor the robe of honour given to him who deserves most.

An eagle is shot down, and a leopard runs away with the spoil."

Near this is the Maidaun, where the young Lords and Agas ride, with nymphs as beautiful as those of Paradise, arrayed in tight-fitting robes, and smiling from prancing chargers.

And now came a buzz of wonder in the crowd, and outcries of delight from the women's boxes, which made the eunuchs move about briskly with their rattans, when the wonderful picture dawned upon us, representing the prodigious Castle of Crystal and pavilion of light.

It is many miles long, and in height several furlongs. It is built of rock crystal and steel, without putty, wood, bricks, or nails. On the walls are flags, in number one hundred and seventy-eight thousand. We said "Praise to Allah!" when we saw the scarlet standard with the crescent and star of our august master, Abdul Medjid.

This palace was built in a single night by an enchanter named Paxtoon. This wonderful man possesses all the secrets of nature; he can make a melon in ten minutes grow as big as a camel, a rose spread out before your eyes to the size of an umbrella. Lately, in a convent of dervishes, he caused in one evening a cabbage to grow so big, that after hearing a sermon from one of their Mollahs, who got up into the boughs, axes were brought, the plant was felled, and the whole community dined off it; several bursting with repletion, so delicious was the food. This was told Aboo Bosh by a Mollah of Birmingham, a twisting dervish, who had seen many wonders.

Having seen the exterior of this Hall of Light, Aboo Bosh now showed to us the wondrous interior. All the treasures of the world are there, surely. Ten hundred and ten thousand persons come thither daily, and they all go first to see the saddles, and embroidery from Beyrout. What arcades of splendour! what fountains! what images! The tallest trees grow in this palace. The birds cannot fly to the roof: it is so high. At one end is a place where travellers are served with cakes and sherbet by ravishing houris, with moon faces. O Aboo! O Hadjee, I suspect that Fatima, your one-eyed wife, has not heard the end of those tales! What says the poet?—

"The best part of the tale is often that which is not told.

A woman's truth is like the cloth the Armenian sells you in the bazaar: he always cribs a portion of it."

And now, having spent several hours in examining this

picture, the bulbul-box was again set in motion, and the greatest curiosity of all was represented to us. This is an Ingleez-family of distinction, whom Aboo Bosh has brought with him, and who will be exhibited every day at three hours before, and three hours after sunset. But the account of their strange behaviour shall be reserved for the next Intelligence.



AN INGLEEZ FAMILY.

ALL along, the Exhibition was explained to us by a Frank Interpreter, who understands perfectly our language.

Among the Ingleez, he said, men are allowed but one wife : a hard case, O Agas ! for these poor women ; for, as the bard has remarked—

“ When I am in a queer temper, in my hareem, I may beat Zuleika with my slipper, but I smile upon Leila and Zutulbe.

“ When Leila's fatness becomes disagreeable, then Zutulbe's leanness commences to be pleasing.

“ When both annoy me, then little Zuleika resumes her reign ; for strawberries ripen at one season of the year, at another time figs, at another time water-melons. But always strawberries would be wearisome : as to hear bulbuls all day would cause one to yawn.

“ Man takes delight in variety, as the bee sips of a thousand flowers.”

So, for any poor creature to be subject always to the caprices of one man, is cruel on her ; as to compel one man to have but one wife, as amongst the Ingleez, is a tyranny unheard of amongst civilised nations like our own ; and we may thank our stars that we do not live in Lundoon, but Beyrout.

If all the old women among the Ingleez are no better-looking than the one whom Aboo Bosh showed to us, I do not envy the elderly gentlemen of that nation, and can quite understand their habitual ill-humour.

In the first part of the play appeared this old woman, the Khanum of the house, or “ Misseez,” as the Interpreter says she is called ; her two daughters, Lola and Lota ; her son, the young Aga ; and the father of the family, called Brown Effendi.

Brown Effendi is fifty- five or six years old ; he is tall and of sportly shape, and, like all the elderly Ingleez, is bald : nor has

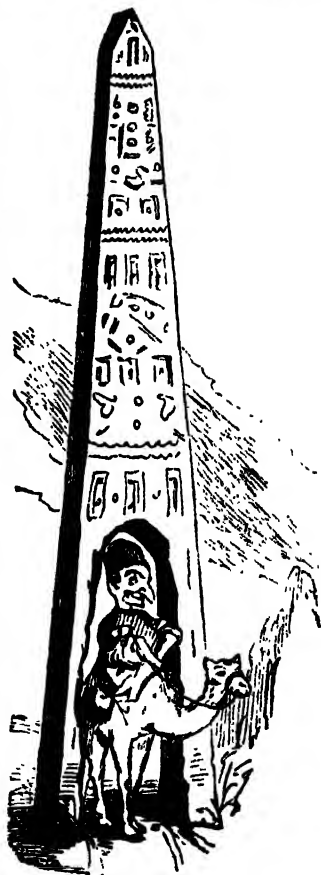
he the decency to cover his baldness with a couple of caps, as we do, but appears with his shining pate without any shame.

His wife is two or three years younger ; they must have been married these thirty years : no wonder that they quarrel together, and that the Effendi is tired of such an old hag !

The Interpreter explains that it is the beginning of the day. A table is set out, covered with a snowy damask cloth, with urns and vases of silver for tea, cups of porcelain, one for each of the family, bits of roasted bread, hot cakes, meat, honey, and butter. This meal the Ingleez of distinction take in common. An Effendi often does not behold his family (always excepting the old hag of a wife) except at that hour.

"Before the girls come down, and you go away to the Stee, Mr. Brown," says the Misseez, "will you have the goodness to give me some money? Look at these bills."

"Jehannum take the bills!" roars out Brown, rising up and stamping. "Can't you let a man read his newspaper in quiet?"



O Allah! read his newspaper in quiet! It is an immense sheet, as big as the Capitan Pasha's mainsail. I should think it has as many letters and lines as the Koran itself. The Interpreter says, every Ingleez reads a paper every morning—it is called in their language *El Tims*—from beginning to end, every day before going out. Praise be to Heaven that we live in Beyrout!

"Well, don't swear at a woman, Mr. B.," she says. "Don't swear when the children and servants are coming in. How can I help it, if the house is expensive? I lived in a better before I came to yours. My mamma"—

"Confound your mamma! How much is it?" says Brown Effendi; and drawing a paper from his pocket-book, he writes an order to his shroff to pay so much money.

The daughters now come in—there was a great sensation among us, especially in that rogue who sat by me, Poof Allee, who is always on the look-out for almond eyes. These virgins were young and fair, of fine shapes seemingly, wearing a sort of loose gowns buttoned up to the neck, with little collars and little caps, with little ribbons; their cheeks pale, their eyes heavy—nevertheless, comely damsels, that would fetch a round sum of piastres in the market.

"Why don't you come sooner?" growls the father.

"They were at Lady Polk's, at Mrs. Walls's, and were not home till four: the girls must have sleep, Mr. B."

"Why do they go to those confounded balls?" asks Brown Effendi. The Interpreter explains that a ball is a dance where many hundred women assemble.

"They ought to be in bed at ten," growls the house-father.

"We *do* go to bed at ten when there is nothing at night, papa," says the eldest. "We couldn't live if we didn't go to sleep on the off nights."

"You don't wish them not to go in the world, I suppose, Mr. B.? You don't wish them not to get establishments? You don't suppose it is for *my* pleasure that I go about night after night with these poor things, whilst you are drinking with your male friends, or at your clubs!" (The Interpreter explains that a Club is the Coffee-house of the Ingleez: they sit there smoking until late hours.) "You don't suppose that I go to dance?" Brown Effendi burst into a laugh. "You dance, Polly!" says he. "Do I suppose the cow jumped over the moon?"

"I wish papa wouldn't use those expressions," says Miss Lola to Miss Lota.

Papa now sits with his face buried in *El Tims*, and when he has read it (only in this Exhibition, or play, of course, the actor did not read the whole of the immense sheet, or we should have sat till night)—this labour over, and his breakfast done, he goes away to Stee.

"That is the commencement of the day with thousands of English Effendis in Lundoon," the Interpreter explains. "He rises at eight. He shaves. He meets his family: kisses them, but rarely speaks, except to swear a little, and find fault. He reads through *El Tims*. He gives money to the Khanum. He goes to the Stee: where his counting-house or office of business is, and which is often a long way from his house. He goes on foot, while his wife has a chariot."

"That I can understand," says Poof Allee. "A man will not allow his womankind to go out except in an aroba, guarded by the slaves. Even an unbeliever is not such a fool as *that*."

"You are in error, O Effendi," said the Interpreter. "The women are free to go whithersoever they please. They wear no veils. They go about the City unprotected, save by a male servant, and even he is not necessary. They frequent the shops, and bazaars, and public gardens. I have seen ten thousand in the Spring-time basking in the gardens of Kensington."

"O my eyes! I will go there," said Poof Allee, stroking his beard, that sly rogue.

"They are to be seen everywhere," continues the Interpreter, "and at home, too, receive men into their houses."

"This, I suppose, is one," remarked a looker-on. "He is splendid; he is tall; he has richly-carved buttons on his coat. He takes up the silver urn. Is this an officer of the Sultaun?"

"That? That is a servant," said the Dragoman. "He is bringing breakfast for the young Effendi, who comes down later than the rest of the family."

"That," cried Poof Allee, "a servant? Why, he is a pearl of beauty. He is a Roostum. He is strong, tall, young, and lovely. Does an old Ingleez allow such an Antar as that to walk about in his hareem? Psha! friend Interpreter, you are joking."

"It is even so, sir," said the Dragoman. "So strange is the pride of certain classes of the Ingleez, and so barbarous—

blasphemous, I had almost said—their notions with regard to rank, that the aristocracy among the Ingleez take no more account of the persons below them, than your Honour does of the black slave-boy who fills your pipe. And of late, one of the lootees—or buffoons among the Ingleez—acquired no small share of popularity, and received from his bookseller ten thousand pieces of gold, for a book of jests, in which a servant was made the principal hero, and brought to live among Lords and Agas—the point of the jest being, that the servant was made to feel like a man."

Here came in the young actor, who, the Interpreter said, represented the son of the house. He drawled into the apartment, nodded languidly to his sisters, kissed his mother's forehead, and sank into the vacant chair by his sisters.

He called to the servant. "John!" he said, "pale ale!"

"My love!" said the mamma.

"Tell the cook to devil some dam thing," continued the youth.

"My darling!" said the old lady.

"Hot coppers, ma'am!" said the young man, pulling a little tuft of hair on his chin. "Keep sad hours—know I do. Out on the crawl till five o'clock this morning. Last thing I weckol-lect, shandy-gaff."

"You'll kill yourself, child," cried mamma.

"So much the better for brother Dick. Youth is the season of enjoyment. O dam! what a headache I've got! 'Gather ye roses while ye may.' Youth is the season of pleasure."

"What sort of pleasure?" asked one of the sisters.

"Well—I think it was with two cabmen off the stand, at Bob Cwoft's," said the young man. "It's not very good fun, but it's better than those dam balls that you go to every night. Here comes the breakfast."

And the curtain-bell ringing, the first part of the entertainment was over.

During the interval, the Interpreter continued to explain to us the manners and customs of this queer people: and the curtain again rising, showed us a view of the Queen's Palace (before which there is a figure of a Lion and Unicorn, which makes one die of laughing); the Courts of Justice, the Castle of Windsor, which seems, indeed, a pavilion of splendour in a rose-garden of delight; and an immense hole bored under

the sea, the dark appearance of which made poor Poof Allee shudder. And now, having seen the Ingleez in the morning, and heard how the men pass the day in their offices and counting-houses, the women in the shops buying, in their carriages, in the gardens, visiting one another, and receiving company at home,—the Dragoman said, "We shall show them as they are dressed of an evening, expecting visitors for the evening."

The curtain drew up. Brown Effendi was now dressed with a white band round his neck, that made his eyeballs start out of his head, and his red face blaze like the standard of the Sultan. Mrs. Brown appeared so changed since the morning, that you would not know her, and Poof Allee (that rogue) said, "O my eyes! the old woman to-night looks quite young, and I always liked a stout woman." They stood one on each side of the fireplace—the Interpreter said, in the attitude of receiving dinner company.

Schaun, the servant, came in with a note on a silver salver.

"It's from Wagg," said Brown Effendi. "D—n him! he says he's ill; but he's asked by a lord, and has thrown us over. Take away one cover, John."

How splendidly attired now is this Schaun! His costume of the morning is nothing to that which he now wears. A white coat barred with gold lace; a waistcoat of red and gold; shulwars of plush, the colour of buttercups—and has he grown grey since the morning? No, he has put powder into his hair. He is beautiful to behold; a peacock is not finer.

And now, who enter? Who are these two houris? Who are these moon-faced ones, with the lustrous ringlets, the round arms, the shining shoulders? The heart beats to behold them. Poof Allee's eyes brighten with rapture. They are the damsels of the morning, Lola and Lota.

"This is the habit of Ingleez damsels," says the Interpreter, with rather a sly look. "All day they cover themselves up, but at night, because it is cold, they go with very little clothes. They are now going to dinner; they will then go to a concert; they will then drive to a ball or dance."

"But a ball, of course, only amongst women?" said his Excellency Papoosh Pasha, Governor of Beyrout, who was smoking his kaboon in a box near the stage.

"Among women, excellent sir! There are men, too. If

there were no men, the women would stay at home. This is the way that the Ingleez"—

"Silence, shameless!" roared out his Excellency. "Kislar Beg! Carry my women home this moment. Stop the Exhibition. All the principles of morality are violated. Women in that dress show themselves to men? Never! or if they do, it can only be among barbarians, and such a fact must not be known in a civilised country. Hadjee Aboo Bosh! this part of the Exhibition must be no more represented under pain of the bastinado." And his Excellency flung out of the room in a passion, and the Exhibition ended abruptly.

As for Poof Allee—that rogue—he has gone off to England by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer.



POOR PUGGY.

THOSE who know Topham Sawyer, the accomplished young Earl of Swellmore, are aware that under a mask of languor and levity he hides considerable powers of acuteness and observation. His letters are much prized, not only amongst the friends of his own rank, but by his Bohemian acquaintances in the *coulisses*. Of a sarcastic turn, he is yet not without a natural benevolence ; has cultivated his talents and his good qualities in secret, and as if he was ashamed of them ; and not blameless, alas ! in his life, he is correct, even to fastidiousness, in his spelling—in this affording an example to many of the younger nobility ; and may be pardoned some of his bitterness, which may be set to the account of his well-known disappointment, two years since (when he was, as yet, but the penniless and Honourable Topham Sawyer, when the lovely Lady Barbara Pendragon, daughter, we need scarcely state, of the Marquis of M-ngel-w-rzelshire, threw him over, and married the Roman Prince Corpodibacco, nephew of the Cardinal of that name. Trifles from the pens of the great are always acceptable in certain circles ; and the following extract of a letter from Lord Swellmore to his intimate and noble friend the Marquis of Macassar, though on a trifling subject, will be read not without interest by those who admire our country's institutions. The noble Earl, whilst waiting at his Club to see Messrs. Aminadab and Nebuchadnezzar on pecuniary business, having promised to write to the Marquess of Macassar at Paris (indeed, concerning bills of exchange, on which both the noble Lords are liable), dashed off a letter, partly on private affairs, and concluding with the following lively passages :—

I sit here, my dear Macass, and see the people go by to the Exhibition. It's better than going there. *Suave mari magno :*

you see the ocean devilish well from the shore. You're only sick if you go to sea. I wish they'd give us a smoking-room fronting Piccadilly. Why don't the new men who have been building, have smoking-rooms to the street? I like those fellows at Brighton who sit on the cliff, in a ground-floor room, smoking—after dinner—having nuts and port-wine at three o'clock on



Sundays. I saw a fellow there lately—his stout old wife went out to church—and there he sate, with his legs on the second chair, unbuttoned, and looking out of window with a jolly red face. I felt inclined to put my hand in and take a glass and say, "Your health, old boy!" His cigars smelt offensively, but I envied him rather—not that I envy anybody much, or pity

anybody, or despise anybody, or admire anybody. I've nothing what you call to live for—now you have, Macass. You're very fond of your whiskers, and anxious about overcoming your waist. You have an aim, my boy, and a purpose in your existence; coax your whiskers, and struggle manfully with your corporation, my poor old Macass, and thank your stars that you have these to interest you.

Here's a fellow who has had an object in life, too, it appears. I cut his advertisement out of the *Times*. It's a devilish deal better than the leading article.

DUTCH PUG FOR SALE—A very fine specimen of this almost extinct breed. He is one year and a half old, and very gay and lively, and is the *bona fide* property of a gentleman, who, from continued ill-health, is unable to keep him. Lowest price 30 guineas. No dealer need apply, either directly or indirectly. May be seen at Mr. Harridge's Forge, Pitt Street Mews, Park Lane.

Now, I say, here's something to excite your sympathy. An announcement more affecting than this can't well be imagined—a dog of an almost extinct breed, and the owner of that rare animal obliged, from continued ill-health, to part with him. Think, my dear Macass, of a tender and benevolent-minded man, his fine faculties overclouded by disease, fondly attached to his darling pug, yet seeing that between him and that beloved being a separation must come! The last interviews are now taking place between them: the last breakfasts: the last fricassee of chicken: the last saucers of cream; the little darling is now lapping them up, and licking the hand which shall soon pat its black nose no more. He is "gay and lively" now, the poor little beggar—quite unconscious of his coming fate—but eighteen months old—it's heartrending. Ain't it?

What degree of ill-health is it, or what species of malady can it be, which obliges a gentleman to part from such a *bona fide* darling? This invalid's ill-health is "continuous," the advertisement says. Do the caresses of the pug increase his master's complaint? Does continued anxiety for the pretty favourite prevent the owner's return to strength, and must he wean himself from the little black-nosed, cock-tailed, cream-coloured innocent, as delicate mammas do from their babies? What a separation, *mon Dieu!* Poor Puggy! Poor poor Master!

Of course, he won't part with him to a dealer, directly or indirectly; no, no. Fancy a man's feelings, the separation over, at seeing Puggy some day in the Quadrant, in the red-waist-coat pocket of a dirty-looking blackguard, with six other dogs, and a wideawake hat! An invalid, as this gentleman is, couldn't stand such a sudden shock. He would be carried off to a chemist's; and we should hear of an inquest on a gentle-

man at the "White Bear." Puggy in the Quadrant—Puggy in the company of all sorts of low dogs, brought up in the worst habits, and barking in the vulgarest manner! Puggy, the once beautiful and innocent, in the Quadrant!—Oh don't—I can't bear the 'orrid thought!

But must a man be in high health to keep a Dutch pug? Does the care and anxiety incident on Dutch pug-keeping make a man of naturally robust habit ill and delicate? If so, it's most generous of the owner of the little Dutchman to warn the public. You pay thirty guineas—the very lowest price—you incur responsibility, infinite care, unrest, disease. You lose your peace of mind, and break your heart in cherishing this darling; and then you part with him. You recollect what happened to the heroes in Homer, how they were made to dogs a prey. Here is a modern torn in pieces by a little pug.

A little Dutch pug, with a little turned-up black nose. And is there no other pretty possessor of a *nez retroussé*, which man coaxes and dandles, and feeds with cream and chicken, and which he parts with after a struggle? Ah, my good fellow! Ah, my dear Macassar! We are sad dogs! we are cynical! You take my allusion, and your knowledge of the world will enable you to understand the allegory of

Your affectionate

SWELLMORE.

The Marquess of Macassar.



PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION.

As a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentleman connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained prizes at the Exposition of 1851.

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which, if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of *Mr. P.*

As specimens taken at hazard merely, *Mr. Punch* offers for the present week the following biographies and portraits.

Mr. Podgers is the eldest son, though the *third child*, of Major Podgers, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded, on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married Bella, seventh daughter of Sir Muffton Wroggles, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon family of Wroggles, or Worogles, has been located since the days of Alfred. The Podgers family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. Mr. Podgers received his elementary education under the care of the Reverend Doctor Grig, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of Doctor Parr, Sir William Jones, Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals were studying there. It does not appear that Master Podgers took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at

the exhibition of 1851; his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

Mr. Podgers was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not dis-



SAMUEL PODGERS, ESQUIRE, EXHIBITOR IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT: AN IMPROVED SPUD, NOT IN THE LEAST NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE.

tinguished for classical attainments, he was very near gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic barge-man at Ifley Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man.

and an injury to Mr. Podgers's nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodges, Podgers, Hants, where he now resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. Mr. Podgers is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by Emily, daughter of the Reverend Felix Rabbits) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and it is unnecessary to particularise this invention, which has not been found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

Mr. Podgers's opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent; and has often been heard to say, that if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is threescore years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.

Mrs. Glinders retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. Mr. Glinders, her father, has long been known as a distinguished medical practitioner at Bath. Mr. Fitzroy Glinders, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief part of the existence of Mrs. Glinders has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the Reverend Mr. Fiddlebury, which was so scandalously broken off by the Reverend Gentleman, who married Miss Bluff. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss Glinders £500 for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin the (then) young Fitzroy Glinders, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family, and indeed Mr. Glinders's *quiver* is so full of them, that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in Mrs. Glinders. The thoughtless chimney-sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition.

The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

The counterpane, sent for *previous* exhibition to the national Exposition, is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco. It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied Mrs. Glinders two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was



MRS. FREDERICA GLINDERS, AUTHOR OF A COUNTERPANE.

£17. 14s. 6d. For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own Sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted, monarch, Mrs. Glinders thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had ~~fit~~ on not finding her name in the prize list, and had even entertained an idea that Mr. Glinders would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console Mrs. Glinders under these disappointments: and for the sake of her family and friends, it is to be hoped that she

will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, "herself again."

Horatio Nelson Slamcoe was born in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother, having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar's conqueror, determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names of the departed; hence, in due time, the two



PROFESSOR SLAMCOE:—"A MALOWATURÆ," OR "SLAMCOE'S GENT'S OWN HEAD OF HAIR."

Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of Mr. Slamcoe were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired, he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of Horatio Slamcoo toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, Mr. Slamcoo learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful Nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perruquier? At twenty-one years of age, Mr. Slamcoo had the honour of attending at Lambeth Palace, with a wig, made by his young hands, and offered to a late reverend Prelate of our Church. Professor S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As Napoleon crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that Horatio Slamcoo dubbed himself Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted Continental travel, his "Balsam of Bohemia" was discovered; just as America was discovered by Columbus before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-Dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, "The College of Beauty," with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the *Kalonatuse*, or Gent's Own Head of Hair, should have been rewarded by a medal, is one of those instances which, often, come on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a conspiracy on the part of rival wig-makers (enemies of Mr. Slamcoo through life) which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's has through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will restore the world, at least, from guessing what ravages grief has visited, and manly pride would hide; though it will scarcely be credited, the Professor's own hair is indebted for its rich jet-black colour solely to the Carthaginian discover

